Collier's

TEN CENTS

APRIL 22, 1944

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THE JEW AS A SOLDIER

By FRANK GERVASI

PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH ROYLE, W.C.S.

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April, 22, '44

Yes, you can get Vacuum-Packed Coffee!

LOOK, coffee vacuum-packed and roaster fresh—fragrant, full-bodied, delicious! Yes, today at your grocer's you'll find leading brands vacuum-packed in Duraglas jars . . . Replace the cap after each use—you'll hold the flavor *in*, keep all other tastes *out* . . . Light, sturdy Duraglas containers save you money by keeping coffee better. Remember, too, that all coffee in Duraglas jars is vacuum-packed. Enjoy coffee with its original roaster-fresh flavor—buy coffee packed in Duraglas jars.

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Paint and Brush
Can be Truly Magic Things—
They Stir a Child's Imagination,
They Kindle Bright Hopes for Tomorrow.

We see her a Woman—Talented and Reliant and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

ENJOY YOUR painting, little girl! Let the magic of your colors, the strokes of your brush stir your imagination!

To you—and young Americans like you—is given a wealth of opportunity to develop the talents, skills and character that will enable you to face the future, able and confident and *smiling*.

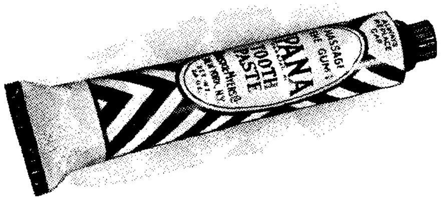
Yes, *smiling!* For even their smiles have the best of care. Today, in classrooms all over the land, youngsters are being taught a lesson many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender . . . often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"!

If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist*. He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums as well. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Adopt the sensible, modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

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Victor Record 11-8579, $1.00

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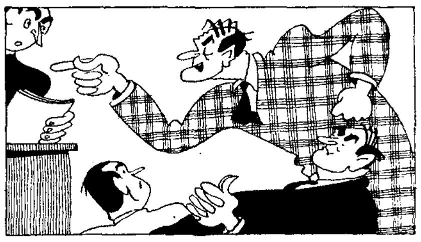
ANY WEEK

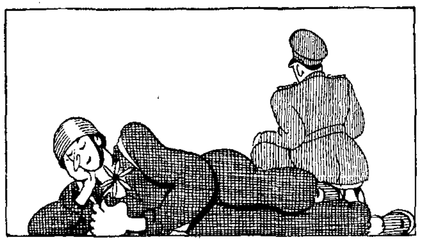
JUST by way of warming up for the campaign to come, a gentleman named Quirk was spellbinding a hall full of citizens in Detroit. We dropped in because we had found that we were a little behind in our dawdling and wanted to catch up. Two clearly drunk citizens were sitting up front. One of them weaved to his feet. Had a question. We didn't quite catch it. Anyway the speaker, Mr. Quirk, replied, "Sorry, my friend, your question is not germane." This settled that drunk, but his pal was aroused. He lurched to his feet, pointed his finger at Mr. Quirk and said, "Germane, heh? Well, you keep my wife's name outa this."



AMONG our more serious readers is Herr Doktor Hans Pfung von Schmugghussel, editor of Der Kolnische Illustriete Zeitung—*the Cologne Illustrated Paper. We know this because from one of our former fellow toilers in the Tower of Light, Pfc. Eddie Sutro, we have just received Schmugghussel's paper in which are reproduced four of Larry Reynolds' familiar cartoons of Butch the Burglar. The doctor does this to show his readers that all Americans who are not gangsters, mobsmen and hoodlums (and they are very few) adore them. Then there's a subcaption: "Even during wartime, Collier's glorifies the gangster for its millions of readers." And yet Schmugghussel has hope. When der Fuehrer finished with America is, these thugs and this debased Collier's with its gunmen-editors will executed be. So. That's what says Schmugghussel yet.*

A SOLDIER with a postwar plan has just left our office. It's a strictly personal plan, and he assures us that the rest of us can have what's left. "All I need is a corncrib and four colored boys," he told us. "In the morning I will go out and lay down beside that corncrib—my head in the shade and the rest of me anywhere it lands. As the sun rises, it will be the duty of the colored boys to move the corncrib so's my head's always in the shade. After sunset they will carry me to bed and go home. That's all I want. Divide the rest among you."

HE TOLD us about a buddy of his. When this buddy was inducted, he was asked what he did in civil life. "Nothing," said he. "But you must have done something," they reminded him. "How did you eat?" He replied: "Oh, just natural. Always seemed to be something to eat." They asked him whether he had any ambitions. "Nope. None." The psychiatrist stepped in. What would he prefer to be or do in the Army? "Nothing," he replied. Whereupon, the officers went into a huddle. They were pretty deep, too, when he interrupted: "Don't worry about me. Just put me anywhere. I'll do it wrong, anyway." The story should wind up with the news that they made him an MP or an artilleryman or something. But it doesn't. He's just in the Army—doing nothing every time General Marshall's back's turned.



NEVERTHELESS, there's a sign in the window of a merchant in Cleveland, Ohio, who is making a pretty two dollars on fine-grade work ensembles for ladies who weld and otherwise work on munitions assembly lines. Glamorous coveralls and similar female war-worker garments are his specialty and the sign reads: She-Man Clothes. We get this from Mr. Robert A. Bolon, so it must be so. That's about all the sign languages this week—except that Mr. Brian Boru Dunne of Sante Fe, New Mexico, is embarking on a nation-wide crusade against

(Continued on page 81)

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APRIL 22, 1944

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Man's Best Friend. Your liver g small thanks for all the work it do and it seldom complains. Page

●

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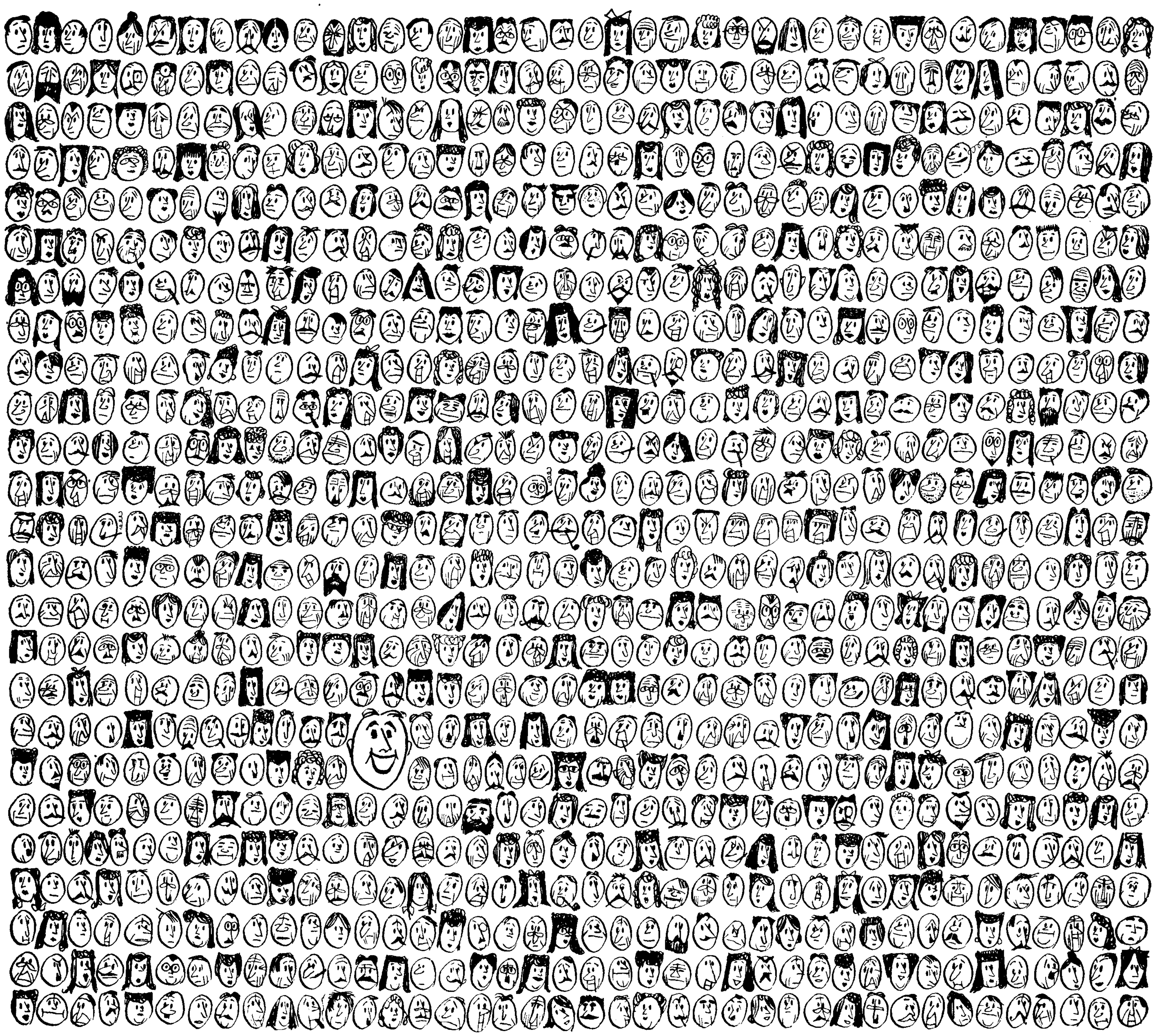
COVER RALPH ROYLE—W.

Only 1 in 1000 would know!



WE WERE going to make a survey. 1000 interviews. Then we had a better idea.

"Why bother all those busy people? Probably not more than *one* of them would know the answer, because it's something they take for granted. . . . Let's just print it here and save a lot of time!"

So here's the question: "What's the *smallest* item and BIGGEST bargain in most family budgets?"

And here's the answer in one word: "Electricity."

Look at the last item in these recent cost-of-living figures from the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics (reprinted at right). Considering how *many* household jobs electricity does daily, that's a rather startling statistic.

Then remember that electricity is *still* sold at low pre-war prices — remember that the average U. S. family gets about *twice* as much electricity for its money as it did 15 years ago — and you'll realize that there's no bigger bargain today!

(Of course, if you already knew all this, you're pretty smart. In fact, *you're* that one in a thousand!)

• *Hear "Report to the Nation," outstanding news program of the week, every Tuesday evening, 9:30, E.W.T., Columbia Broadcasting System.*

DON'T WASTE ELECTRICITY JUST BECAUSE IT ISN'T RATIONED

WHERE THE WORKERS' MONEY GOES

(Wartime Cost-of-living Index, wage earners, 56 cities. U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics)

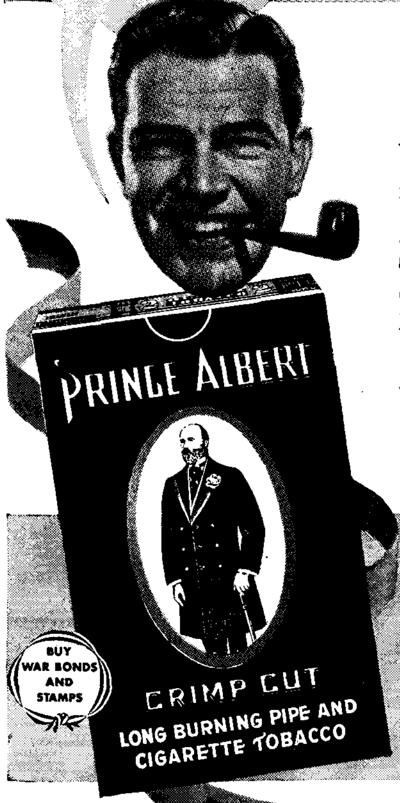
FOOD	41.8%
RENT	17.3
CLOTHING	12.1
MISCELLANEOUS . . .	19.7
FUEL AND ICE	4.7
HOUSEFURNISHINGS .	3.1
ELECTRICITY	1.3
Total	100%

154 ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES★

★*Names on request from this magazine*

SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES

A PERFECT
COOLER, MILDER, RICHER-TASTING!
*SHE—YOU—AND PIPE APPEAL
U.S.



SURE a man with a pipe "takes" a woman's eye. But follow through, friend... add true Pipe Appeal. Rise and shine with the personal pipe-joy of choice, bite-proofed Prince Albert. Mellow MILDNESS for your tongue...a revel of RICHNESS to your taste. Cool? It's *cooler!* Crimp cut, too . . . easy packing, easier drawing. A pass to good "caking"...stays lit. P. A. for pipe-joy...peak Pipe Appeal!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

***PRINCE ALBERT**

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem,
North Carolina

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The beating of the surf against the coasts of North America produces a constant vibration in the ground throughout the continent. While this pulsation rarely varies in deserts, it is joined and greatly increased in urban areas by the vibration of machinery and traffic. In New York City, this activity causes the ground, the natural pulse of which is 10 beats a minute, to vibrate more than 200 times a minute during the busiest hours of the day.

After about 18 months of hospitalization, two out of five mental patients in this country today are either recovered or improved sufficiently to return to their homes.—*By Mary Dusenberry, Washingtonville, N. Y.*

The impersonation of an American military officer, which is a felony, is subject to a maximum penalty of a three-year sentence, or a $1,000 fine, or both; while the illegal wearing of a uniform, which is a misdemeanor, is subject to a maximum penalty of a six-month sentence, or a fine of $300, or both. Yet impersonators constituted 318 of the 756 persons caught and sent to prison last year for these offenses.—*By William Swallow, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Of the $5,250,000,000 that was paid into the U. S. Treasury for its Old Age and Survivors Insurance funds up to February 1, 1944, only $460,000,000, or less than nine per cent, was required for payment of these benefits.

Nine states place no limit on the amount of money that may be spent by or on behalf of a candidate for a state, county or city office during his campaign: Delaware, Illinois, Maine, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont and Washington.

In a recent test, guinea pigs which suffered no organic change when an electric bell was rung in their cage for 60 days developed ear degeneration and became badly emaciated, some even fatally, when the same vibrations were transmitted to them through the tin floor of the cage for only 14 days.

Some 200,000 tax-exempt nonprofit organizations will be required to file an income report this year for a congressional study because, among other reasons, many of these groups are in competition with private tax-paying enterprises. For instance, some labor unions compete with realty firms by operating office and other buildings, and some farmers' co-operatives compete with food processors by operating canneries and other packing plants.

The Apostolic Delegation in Washington is the clearinghouse for all mail transmitted between the Vatican and the United States, Canada, Mexico, Australia, New Zealand and the countries of Central and South America. After official censorship this mail, which totaled 350,000 letters in 1943, is sent by ship and plane between New York and Rome, via Lisbon.

A new tape measure, on which figures are graduated in pounds instead of inches, gives the exact weight of a cow when it is placed around the animal's body about two inches behind her front legs and pulled taut. This method is based on the fact that a cow's weight varies in direct ratio to her girth at the heart region.—*By C. Elliott, Jr., Kew Gardens, N. Y.*

On night raids, Allied airmen now wear oxygen masks from the time they take off until they land because recent research has disclosed that the rod cells of the eye, used in night vision, require a greater supply of oxygen than the cone cells, used in day vision.

Maryland holds the record for having given its popular vote to the successful Presidential candidate the largest consecutive number of times, or in all 13 elections between 1892 and 1940.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Dinah Shore appears on her own radio program, every Thursday evening, over CBS.

Only FM radio brings you Dinah Shore in glorious "Natural Color"

She's glamorous, she's a hit, *she's different* — on an FM (Frequency Modulation) radio!

This new kind of reception is what engineers from the beginning of radio have tried to give you—music in the home that sounds exactly like music in the concert hall.

Conventional radio can't quite do it. Something happens to the transmitted notes. They lose "color." Realism is gone.

But General Electric FM radio works on a different principle! The tones and *overtones* that give music its beauty come through clear and true. The highest high notes, the lowest low notes, which conventional radio can't pick up clearly, are reproduced now without distortion. You are listening, for the first time, to music in glorious "natural color"!

General Electric built the first FM radio receivers, and has built more FM broadcasting equipment than any other manufacturer. General Electric also operates its own FM radio station.

When it is again possible to manufacture radio sets for the home, General Electric will bring you radios and radio-phonographs with FM, table models, and a new kind of portable with its own built-in storage battery and charger. *General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

- Tune in General Electric's "The World Today" and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E.W.T. over CBS network. On Sunday evening listen to the G-E "All Girl Orchestra" at 10 E.W.T. over NBC.
- **Every week 192,000 General Electric employees purchase more than a million dollars' worth of War Bonds.**

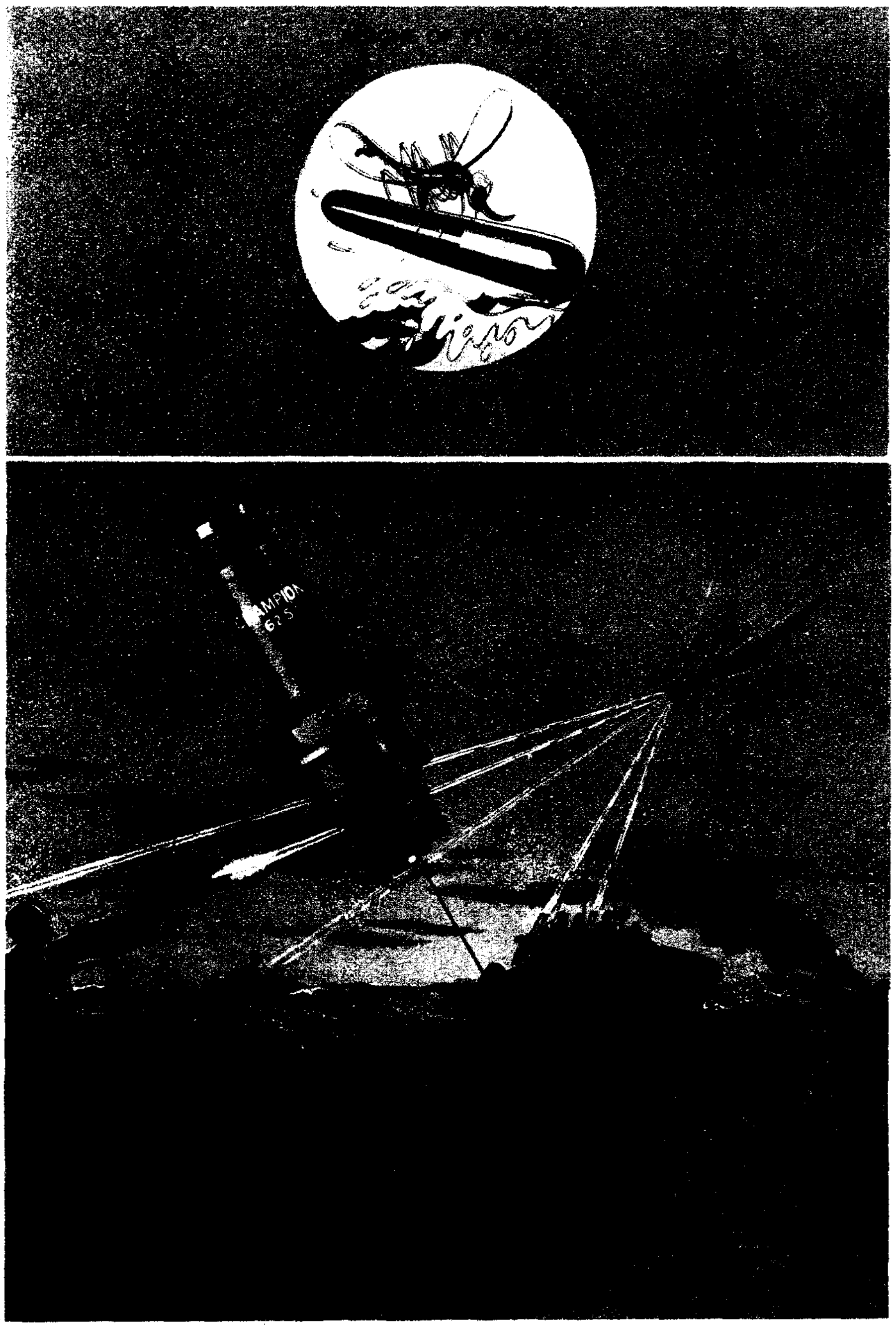
RADIO · TELEVISION · ELECTRONICS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-CS

Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

The heart of every General Electric radio-phonograph, portable radio, or table model radio is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in amazing G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants across the continent.



Dependable ..CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

Provide Flawless Ignition

Speed and the enormous offensive power of its torpedoes are what make a Motor Torpedo Boat the dread scourge of enemy ships. Speed also is its main defensive equipment. Powerful engines are crammed into its light, thin, but strong hull—engines that must always respond with a burst of speed reminiscent of the famous Miss Americas. In many of these miniature warships, as in all of the Miss Americas, Champion Spark Plugs are playing their vital role by providing that flawless ignition which has built for them an unequalled reputation for dependability. Champions are on active duty on every front, on water, on land and in the air.

GUARANTEED DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUG

TO SAVE GASOLINE —KEEP SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

ARMY E NAVY

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS

WING TALK

INTERNATIONAL

Like an adder protecting its nest, a Focke-Wulf 190 viciously attacks a damaged Fortress after the bombing of an F-W factory

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—Most of the Yanks call it the "Piccadilly ribbon." It's the strip of brown-green - black - red - white - and - blue that denotes service in the European Theater of Operations. Unless it has on it the little stars that indicate actual combat, it is not taken seriously. But it is only fair to say that one class of our soldiers here is eager to wear the colorful little strip.

These are the air crews, enlisted and commissioned, who are entitled to wear wings, particularly when those wings are worn on the blue cloth patch that shows a man to be on active combat status. Further value is added if the airman has a decoration—a Purple Heart showing he has been wounded, this taking the place of the right-arm gold chevron of the last war; or an Air Medal which a man gets after he has had five missions against the enemy. Each Oakleaf Cluster on the Air Medal represents five additional "ops."

The reason that the ETO ribbon worn in conjunction with combat wings and with air decorations has such proud significance in the eyes of Yank air fighters over here is their firm and reasonable belief that it proves they are doing their stuff in the toughest air theater of this global war. Five scraps with the Luftwaffe, they say, is equal to ten against anyone else—and they do not mean to be derogatory.

Combat itself, in the moments when you have the enemy in your gun sights or he has you in his, is the same anywhere. Death is as final, wounds are as unpleasant over blue lagoons and palm jungles as over the farmlands and towns of northern Europe. The surroundings, the circumstances of operation, all the things that lie before and after the actual fighting are what make the ETO the "major league," as the fliers call it; plus geography, numbers, size—and the very tough cookies of the Luftwaffe.

Fliers who have fought both the Jap and the German give the latter the nod. For example, twenty-six-year-old Colonel Elliot Vandevanter, Jr., who was with the famous 19th Bombardment Group that smacked the Japs all the way from the Philippines to Java and the Southwest Pacific. Recently he led his present combat group of Forts on hot missions over Germany and Occupied Europe. He holds the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with Cluster—in addition to the Southwest Pacific and the ETO ribbons.

Men like Vandevanter say the German is immeasurably tougher, cannier and more resourceful, and possesses more stick-to-itiveness than the Jap. As in so many analyses concerning war courage, it isn't necessarily on the measuring stick. Airmen recognize a far more important factor—air-mindedness. The present great military air powers were the great prewar civil air powers.

The five main islands of Japan proper are volcanic, almost entirely mountainous, in reality, huge jagged exposed reefs constantly beset by the vilest weather; only fifteen per cent habitable. Airfields are possible only on limited sectors of the coastal perimeter.

Before this war, Japan had fewer airports than Rhode Island. Her flight training is done chiefly in Manchuria, in Occupied China and on islands. It is good training. The pilots are skillful and brave. But never to the home Japanese, never to the generation she grew for this war, was the plane an everyday affair as it is to Americans, Russians, Britons and Germans.

AS TO geography—well, northern European weather is something new and bitter in the experience of Yank flying men. It's not only a matter of finding second base—the target—but of finding some base. Much of the flying and fighting is done just under, sometimes even in, the substratosphere—on oxygen—for deep penetrations of four or more hours at a stretch, which is an unnatural strain. Winter temperatures at bombing altitudes run from thirty to sixty degrees below zero.

I would guess that more than a third of the casualties in the air are due to frostbite of various degrees, and you only have to see one case to realize how dreadful a hazard this is. The Martian getup—heavy clothing, cumbersome gear, protective armor—that absolutely must be worn against such conditions makes it difficult to move, let alone fight.

Pinpoint navigational accuracy is another necessity. There are no easy contour reference marks such as those offered by the myriad clustered islands of the Southwest Pacific. Moreover, when you fly over Hitler's Fortress, there are no safe, dead in-between spots. The pathways from the Channel or the North Sea to Berlin or any other goal are one vast spitting carpet of flak. The air commands undoubtedly know precisely how many thousands of those antiaircraft guns there are, but it cannot now be told here.

Lastly, with all those and other factors already stacked against you, there are the German fighters. The R.A.F. and Yank crewmen have respect for the courage and skill of "Goering's Yellownoses"—his crack fighters—as well as for the less

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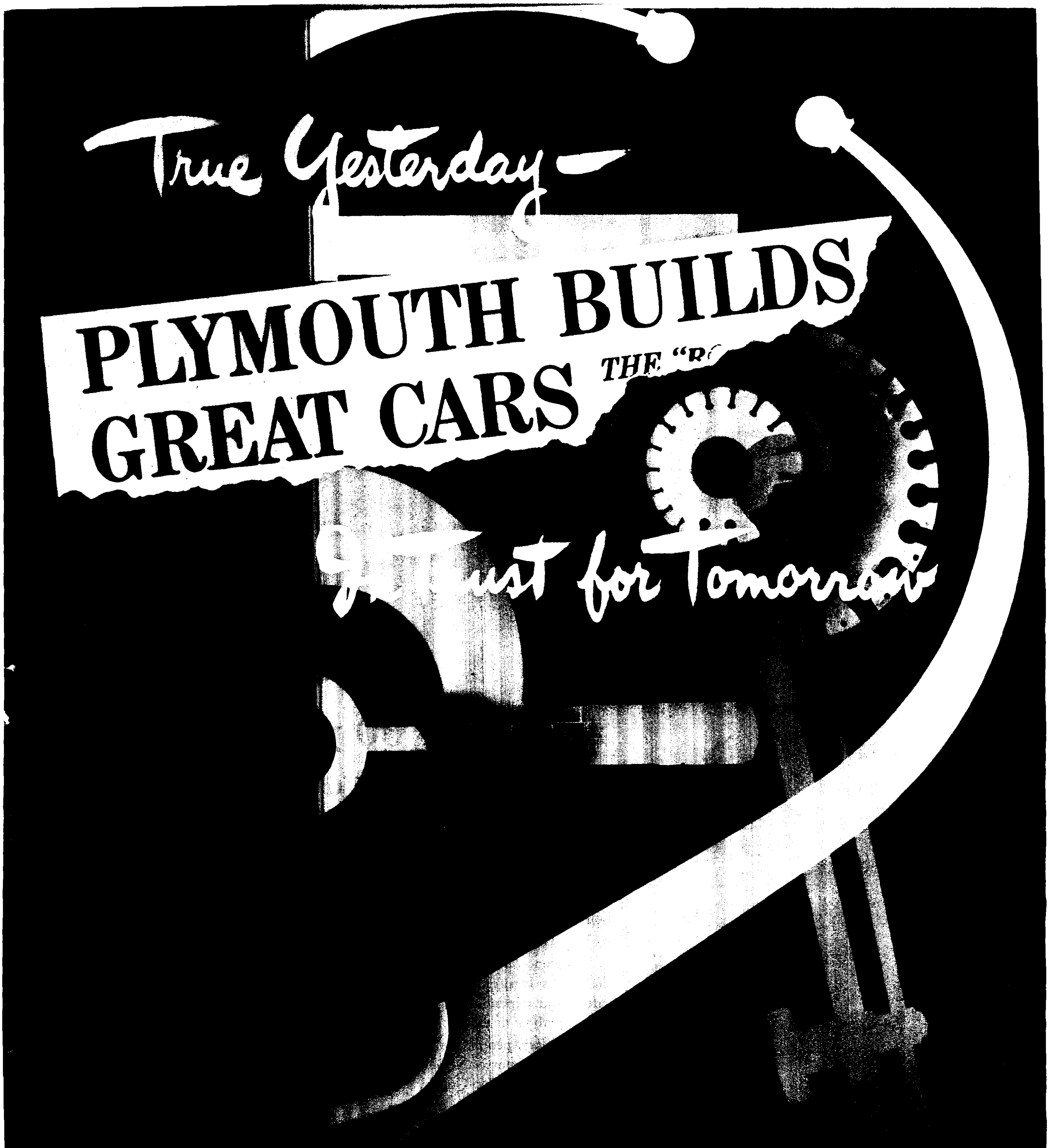

True Yesterday—
PLYMOUTH BUILDS
GREAT CARS
THE "R
ust for Tomorrow

N are busy at Plymouth on the highest standards of war production. Precision is the foundation some three million Plymouth cars now serving owners superbly. High-precision work, in volume, parts to tolerances of four millionths of an inch. The great tradition of Plymouth precision is one ant to be maintained for the car owners of tomorrow. ★ PLYMOUTH Division of Chrysler Corporation.

BONDS! ... LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK

. . . some things never change

For 30 years . . . Generals have always been *Worth the Extra Price*

Year after year, for more than a quarter of a century, millions of car owners have gladly paid *more money* to buy The General Tire.

Experience has shown them that General's longer mileage, greater safety and dependable performance were worth many times the extra price.

And today, people realize that you may pay less but only General gives you its famous Top-Quality.

The tire crisis is *still acute,* of course, and you must *conserve* the tires you have. Ready with expert help—at Quality Tire Headquarters—is your General Tire Dealer. See him—for repairing, General Tire-Kraft System recapping and mileage advice. He is a mighty good man to know.

BUY MORE
WAR BONDS

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR APRIL 22, 1944

A NAZI flier was shot down into the Channel off Folkestone. A young officer of the British Royal Engineers, standing on the breakwater, watched the German plane strike the Channel's heaving, unfriendly surface some 300 yards away and saw a figure emerge from the wreckage and heard it shout, "Help!" The young officer swam to the Nazi and saved him. Later, when Lieutenant M. E. Jacobs was congratulated on having risked his life to save a Nazi, he said: "Well, I could hardly have watched the fellow drown." Lieutenant M. E. Jacobs is a Jew.

So is Major Walter Leslie Forster. In November, 1942, he was decorated for "courage, skill and perseverance" in preventing sizable quantities of stored oil from being captured and used by the Japs in Burma. Forster, a prominent oil engineer, also contributed to the success of last summer's Ploesti raid by furnishing secret data on what targets to hit.

Also a Jew was Brigadier General H. F. Kisch, chief engineer of the Eighth Army, twice decorated in the last war and once in this one, who was killed while personally superintending the removal of the last batch of land mines, after General Montgomery broke Marshal Rommel's Mareth Line.

And there was David Lazarus, 17 then, the youngest member in Britain's Home Guard. He was on his way to duty in London when a bomb hit a tenement house as he passed. He fought through the debris and rescued four persons. A wall collapsed and buried him as he tried to save his fifth. David was badly hurt, but he lived to receive the George Medal.

Jewish work battalions went to France armed only with picks and shovels, and those who survived Dunkerque returned to England among the best-armed troops. They got their weapons from the Germans they killed with hastily issued grenades, and in hand-to-hand combat. Early in the war, Jews were used only in work battalions—Pioneers.

And remember our own Meyer Levin and Barney Ross of the ring and what they did in the South Pacific. Radioman David Goodman got one of his two Oak Leaf Clusters and his Silver Star for helping to get General MacArthur out of Corregidor. Goodman was last reported missing. Jews are expendable, too.

Patriots without a Country

Jews fight in the armies of the United Nations. They fight in the guerrilla bands of occupied and conquered countries. They fight under the flags of their adopted countries and under no flags at all. Despite this, the myth persists that Jews are not a belligerent people, but rather a race of merchants and moneylenders.

Palestinian Jews have given the word "work" new meaning and new dignity. The methods they have employed in creating a new civilization on the unfertile earth of Palestine have opened the way to what is probably the only sound, scientific and economically feasible solution for the agricultural rehabilitation of most of Europe. What they have accomplished in the deserts of the Holy Land raises them to a level with the Russians in vitality. Many are of Russian origin, and many are of German, Rumanian, Lithuanian, Polish, Italian or American derivation. Physically, and in the mode of their living, the Palestinian Jews are more like Americans than like Russians. And that goes all

(Continued on page 28)

COURTESY UNITED PALESTINE APPEAL

Of the half million Jews in Palestine, 25,000 volunteered for service in the British army. This is a Tel Aviv unit

Before refugees leave European countries, the underground teaches them farming. Here, girls work a Nahalal farm

KLUGER-BLACK STAR

HIGHER AND FASTER

BY ROBERT DeVORE

ILLUSTRATED BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON

Here's everything the Army will let you know about the airplane of the future—the new jet-propulsion ship which, though as yet unperfected, has already made all existing fighter planes obsolete

JACK WOOLAMS put on a fleece-lined winter flying suit, which seemed a curious thing to do as the temperature that July day on the desert was 115 degrees. He climbed into a single-seater airplane, and that appeared to make no sense, either, because the plane had no propellers.

Yet, minutes later, Woolams was colder, in his fleece-lined suit, than he ever had been in his life, and he was flying higher, in his propellerless ship, than the combat ceiling of most American military planes.

Woolams was the first American to test for altitude that new mystery fighter, the so-called rocket plane, the existence of which (and little more) was disclosed recently in a joint announcement by the United States and British air forces. Details of the plane, its engines and its performance must remain secret until the Army deems it prudent to disclose them. But on the basis of what was revealed, plus a vast accumulation of data on the principles of propulsion without propellers, the prediction may be safely made that:

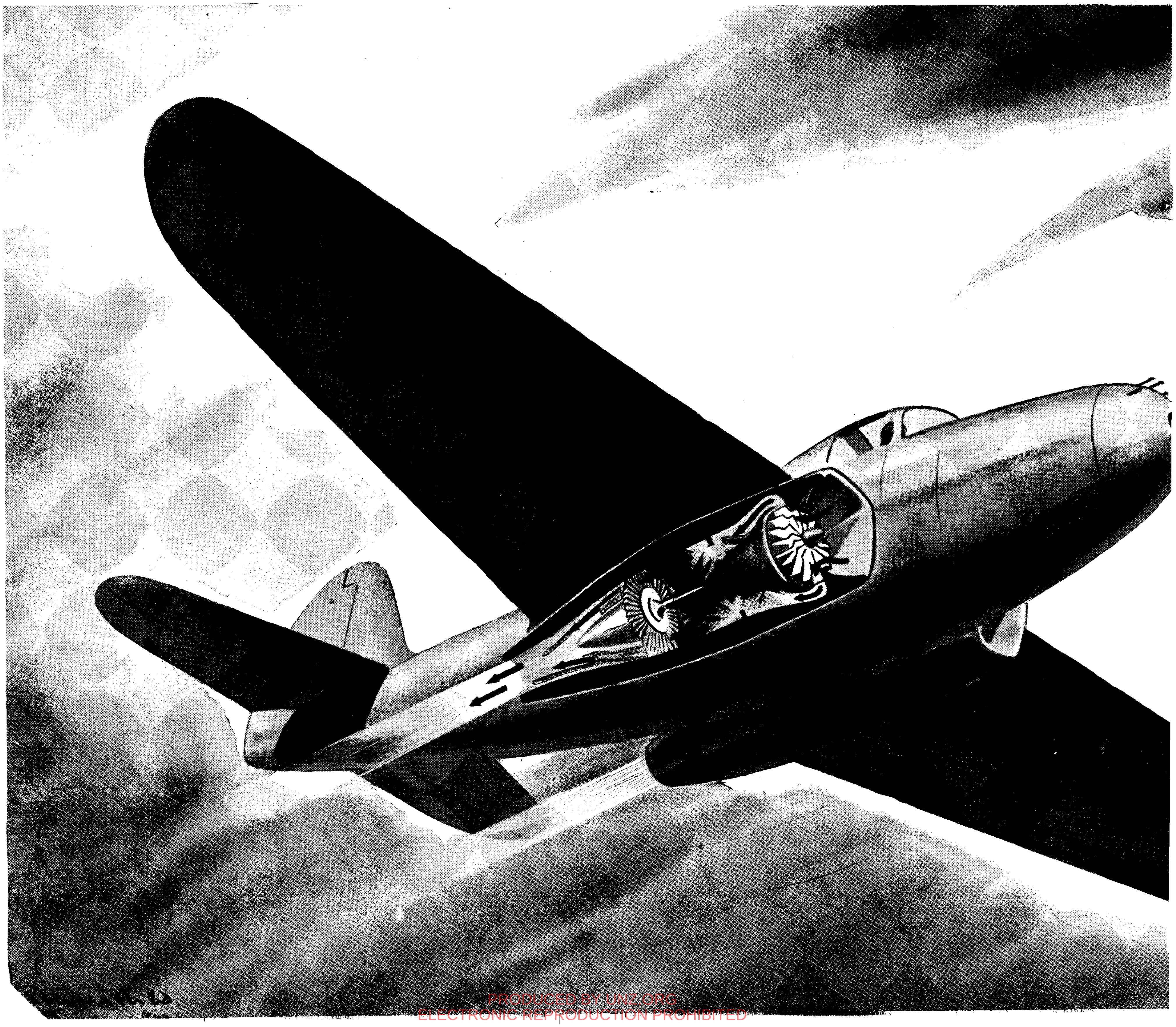
1. The plane, without substantial modification of its design or its engines, should be able to fly at least 100 miles an hour faster than propeller-driven fighters.
2. Successive refinements and adaptations of principles embodied in the ship some day will produce aircraft that will fly at heretofore undreamed-of speeds at altitudes far greater than the still secret ceiling of the so-called rocket plane.

Theoretically, it should be possible to build engines similar to those in the Army's plane, that would develop speeds as high as 1,200 miles an hour. Aircraft, designed to utilize a part of this terrific speed range, are beginning to emerge from brains and drawing boards of engineers in virtually every airplane company.

Almost literally, Woolams, senior experimental pilot for the Bell Aircraft Corporation, was riding a couple of rockets that day in July, 1943, over the desert near Muroc, California. At least, the airplane was powered by a pair of engines embodying a principle of propulsion in many respects similiar to that which causes a Fourth of July rocket to take to the sky. The principle has been known for about 2,000 years.

In precise and sober truth, two jet-propulsion engines drove that incredibly fast and high-flying airplane, now known affectionately, as "the Squirt." And this is the scientific gospel: Woolams rode like a bat out of blazes in an application of an elemental law of physics that "every action has an equal and opposite reaction." He was being thrust into space, faster and yet faster, higher and still higher, by a physical phenomenon duplicated, in miniature, when a small boy permits the air to escape from a toy balloon as he releases it for flight.

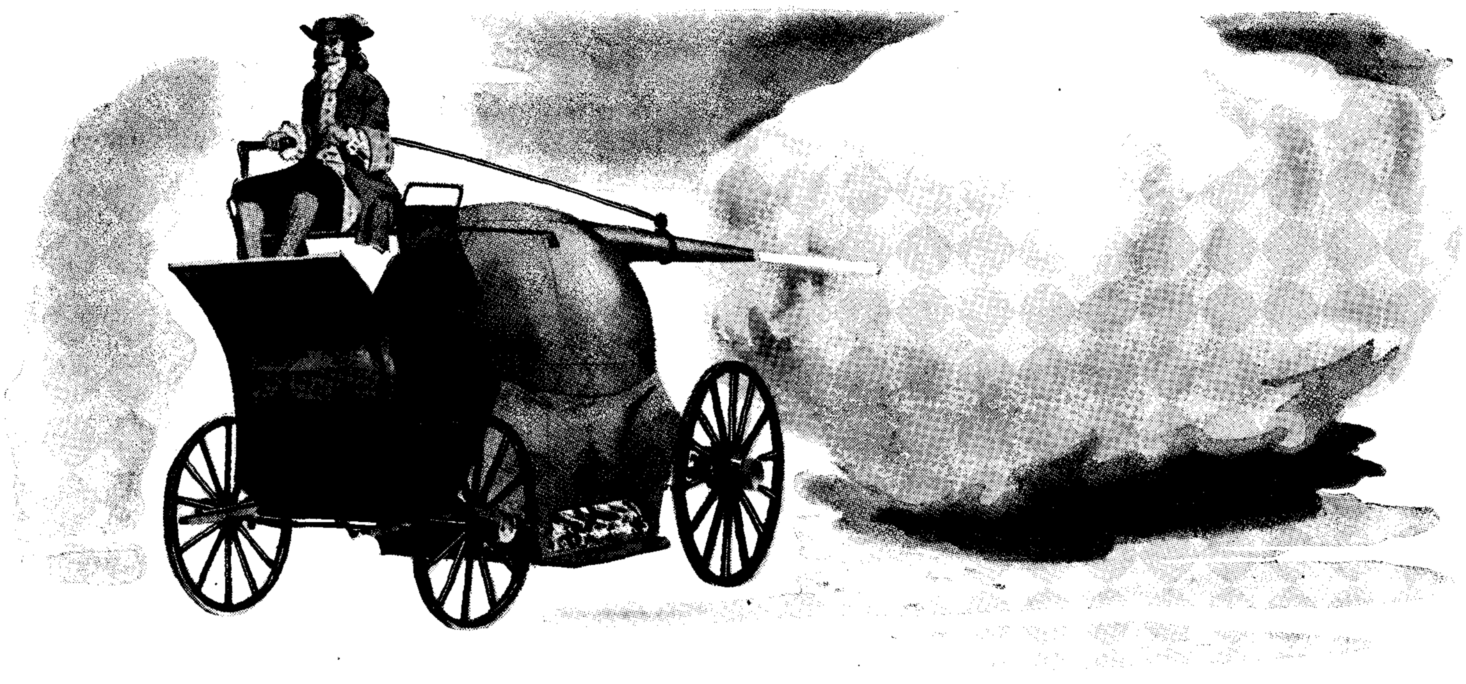
The tiny stream of air escaping through its nozzle propels the balloon. Expanding gases, hot as a blowtorch and rushing through a jet at hurricane velocity, drive



the rocket plane. Both toy and airplane fly with a forward speed that bears a direct relationship to the force of rearward spurting air or other gases. Similarly, the kick of a gun reflects the force with which it fires a bullet.

Few standard conveniences for upper stratosphere flying had yet been built into the jet airplane when Woolams took it aloft initially to test actual altitude performance against the ceiling for which it was designed.

The plane lacked an air-tight cabin for maintaining near-normal air pressure at very high altitudes. Neither was there available to him that special kind of pilots' clothing that keeps air against the body at low-altitude pressures. Concerned lest he should acquire a case of the bends, an extremely painful condition brought about by the formation of nitrogen bubbles in the blood vessels, Woolams breathed pure oxygen for about 20 minutes before he went up. As a further precaution, he wore, on the flight, a new type mask which delivers oxygen to the lungs as it is needed and under pressure. You can get the bends, as Woolams knew from unhappy experiences, by remaining too long at high altitudes without sufficient oxygen.



This is a mode of a "horseless carriage," embodying jet propulsion, with which Sir Isaac Newton experimented in 1680

There was no heat in the plane, either. But Woolams, as he prepared to take off, could feel sweat trickle down his chest beneath that fleece-lined flying suit, so he gave no thought to the prospect of freezing. The precautions he took saved him from the bends.

There was no escaping the cold. That got him. From 115 above, Woolams flew into colder and colder weather, until the temperature outside the plane was 67 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. Save for its tiny windshield directly in front of him, the plane's cabin was completely encrusted with frost. Its instrument panel was similarly obscured. All warmth had gone from the fleece-lined suit, and the cold was taking hold of his bones as he closed the throttle and started down.

Back on the ground he thawed himself in the blazing sun. Then it dawned on him and the tiny select group of engineers and mechanics to whom the Army had confided secret hopes to be converted into a secret airplane, that they had witnessed the final chapter of an aviation story matching, in drama and significance, the flight of the Wright brothers 40 years ago.

The first chapter was written over the same desert on October 1, 1942, when the jet airplane made its maiden flight piloted by Robert M. Stanley, Bell Aircraft's chief test pilot. Then they learned definitely and for the first time that the plane would fly. They found out, also, that it would fly exceedingly well—so well as to make obsolete, in a matter of minutes, all existing United States fighter planes.

Woolams wrote a chapter on altitude and all-around superiority of performance. He learned that the Squirt would fly where air is thin and precarious, take tight turns and give other signs of a degree of maneuverability that some combat airplanes could not duplicate at much lower altitudes.

But this was the most important part of his story: the Squirt performed as a military airplane, carrying the equivalent in weight of a full complement of guns and ammunition. The ship flew very high, not because it was designed especially for altitude, not because it had been stripped of every disposable weight, but simply because great altitude is the natural habitat of the jet-propulsion engine.

A jet-propelled airplane, with a cutaway showing the jet engine. Some of the details are omitted. The forward thrust is obtained by hot and expanding gases roaring through a nozzle at the rear end of the engine

In truth, the jet, under certain conditions, is capable of faster flight at low altitudes than any airplane with conventional engines and propeller. But at high altitudes, it has no competitor for speed and performance. The higher it flies, the faster it flies, up to a certain maximum altitude. The faster it flies, the more power its engines can deliver for still greater speed. And what, in some respects, is even more remarkable, at extremes of speed and altitude the Squirt is a good acrobatic airplane.

Woolams flew the plane for altitude on several occasions. Each time he flew higher than before, yet not as high as it is believed to be capable of flying. On later altitude tests, the plane's heating system was working. It kept the inside temperature at about 60 degrees, yet Woolams continued to wear his winter flying suit because "at those altitudes, if you had to jump out, you would freeze to death on the way down without one."

Not Radical in Appearance

When fantasy begins to turn into reality, it frequently makes its initial appearance in everyday dress. Thus, the jet resembles, but for its lack of propellers, any one of several well-known Army planes. In the air, it looks like the A-20 Douglas attack bomber that the British call the Havoc. On the ground, with its tricycle landing gear, it has the appearance of a larger, middle-winged, twin-engined version of its manufacturer's P-39, the Bell Airacobra. Its engines are set in the wings, close to and on either side of the fuselage. From the front, the engine installation looks roughly like the cowling of a radial engine. The jet, or tail pipe, obtrudes from the trailing edge of the wing.

Every engineer with a comprehension of the possibilities of jet propulsion knows that this as yet unnamed and unfought Army fighter presages the development of airplanes whose appearance and superior speeds and altitudes will make museum pieces of existing aircraft, including the Squirt. When Woolams and the jet passed their altitude test, fantasy and reality began to merge. From the dream world of newspaper comic strips, Buck Rogers started to come to life.

The jet airplane is a war baby that had to be born. Maximum possible speeds and altitudes had very nearly been attained with the conventional gasoline engine-propeller combination. A totally different power plant was imperative. Air combat has only one law of survival: Fly higher and faster than the enemy.

In peacetime, no one would have wanted the jet engine in its present stage of development. Up to 400 miles an hour (which no commercial airplane has yet approached) and at altitudes up to about 30,000 feet, the gasoline engine rates relatively high in efficiency, the jet engine relatively low. It burns several times more fuel than ordinary engines at low altitudes. But the jet gives good mileage above 30,000 feet and faster than 400 miles an hour.

There is another factor which, for some time, may prevent the use of jet engines to fullest advantage. That is the airplane itself. As at present designed, it simply could not withstand jet speeds. In the neighborhood of 700 miles an hour at low altitudes, conventional planes would tend to be torn apart, if indeed they were not virtually knocked out of the sky by terrific air forces generated at that speed.

But economy never was a material consideration in war. Furthermore, jet engines can be made to weigh a fraction of the weight of reciprocating engines of comparable power. Lighter engines mean greater fuel capacities. Quite probably, therefore, jet-propelled interceptor airplanes may be found to have ranges comparable to those of propeller-driven fighters of this class.

When an engineer speaks of efficiency, he means the ratio of fuel burned to the force obtained. But in dollars and cents the jet airplane certainly should be at least as economical as gasoline-engined ships. Conventional military airplanes are powered by 100-octane gasoline, a very expensive commodity. The British already have let the world know that their version of the Army's rocket plane flies on kerosene, a relatively low-priced fuel.

As a matter of fact, jets can be run on almost any fuel in the hydrocarbon class —mineral oil hair tonic, for example, or alcohol, or paraffin. Powdered coal would do very nicely if some means could be found of carrying enough of it in a plane.

Not so very long ago, the superlative in aircraft engines was thought to be one that would deliver one horsepower for every pound of its weight. Jet engines should reach the equivalent of four horses per pound at speeds somewhat below those of the better conventional fighters. And the ratio would be higher as the engines were driven at the greater speeds of which they would be capable.

A jet engine, installed, should add less than 1,000 pounds to the weight of the ship. Such an engine should deliver in the neighborhood of 3,000 horsepower at 400 miles an hour. A conventional

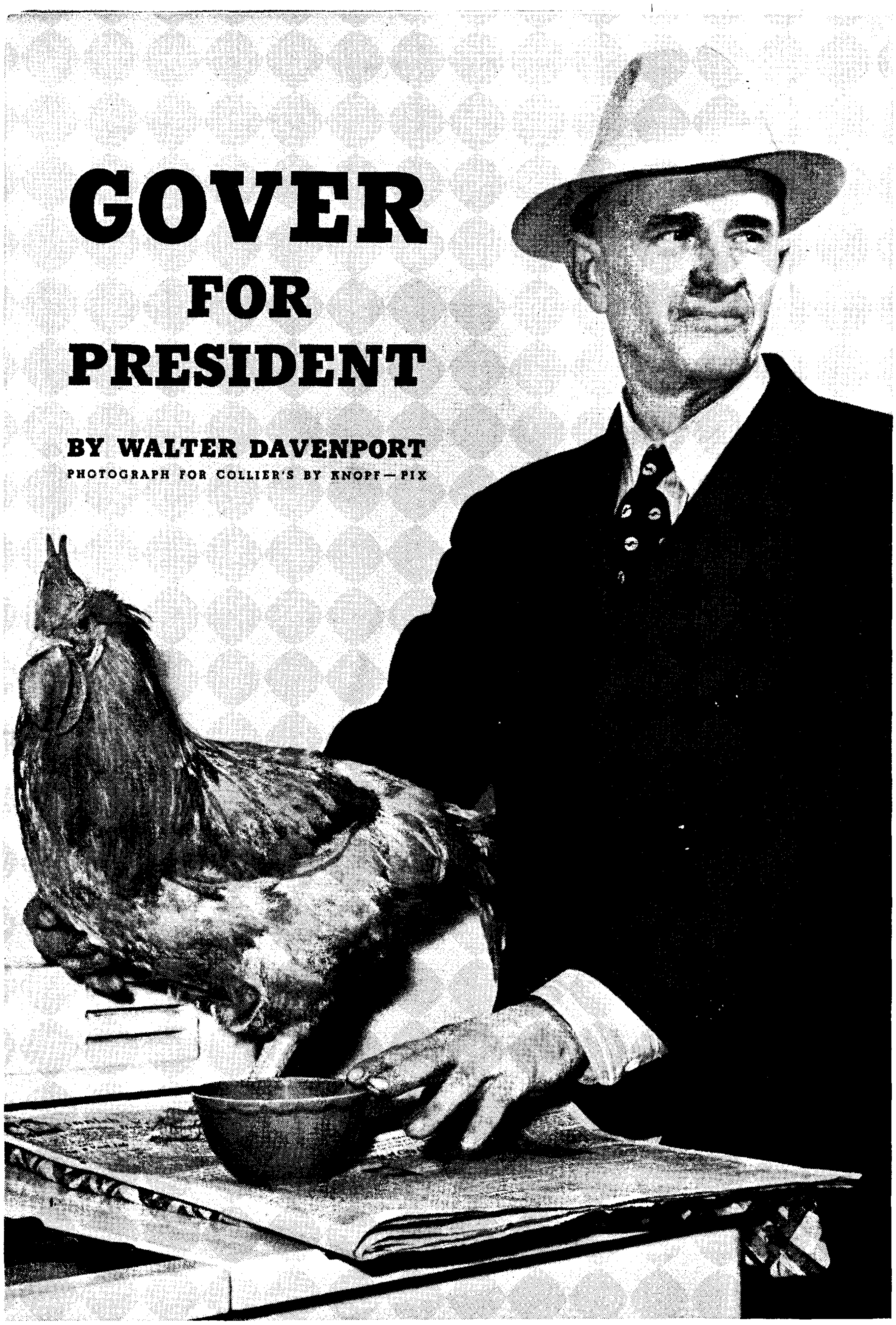
(Continued on page 80)

GOVER FOR PRESIDENT

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF—PIX

Detroit's voters having shown no interest in his many candidacies, Mr. Bowen Gover will seek wider fields



Mr. Bowen Gover will not be the next President. Too bad—for he is a man of short platforms and no foolishness. We're afraid he's a little discouraged

SPRING was all aflutter in Redford Township, Wayne County, Michigan, and hope was welling anew in the breast of Mr. Bowen Gover. The sun had unbuttoned Mr. Gover's first World War blouse, and as he fed his Rhode Island Reds, a song was on his lips: "Chick, chick, chick! Gotta think it over. Chick, chick, chick! *Gotta think it over.*"

Part of the chant was addressed to the chickens. The "Gotta think it over" was for us, the voters of America. Mr. Gover had about decided to run for President again. Not that he wanted to, exactly, but things had come to a pretty pass, and these are days when the public good takes precedence over the individual's personal convenience.

He bade us keep our voice low. He spoke softly himself, glancing apprehensively and frequently at the house from which came an energetic thumping and swishing and sounds of dragged furniture. Mrs. Gover was housecleaning and, without saying so, Mr. Gover let it be understood that Mrs. Gover was in no mood for nonsense—politics for example. We gather, too, that if he enters the lists in November, he will do so without her enthusiastic endorsement.

Last November while Mr. Gover was seeking the office of township supervisor, Mrs. Gover ran for township clerk. It was not a successful campaign. Each received precisely thirteen votes in the township and two in their own district—out of 1,096 cast. It was Mrs. Gover's first campaign for votes, and she asks for no further evidence of the absence of popular acclaim. But Mr. Gover has been offering himself for public office annually since 1929 and has become more or less used to massing an incredibly small number of votes.

However, he did admit that for the Protestant United Party of which he is father, founder, national chairman and outer guard, last November's results were somewhat of a facer. Something, he thinks, must have gone wrong.

We had called on Mr. Gover in our customary prowl through the country, looking at candidates and listening to their shills. Mr. Gover hires no shills to beguile the citizenry, nor pitchmen to attract crowds to listen to his lay. He employs no hillbilly choirs to soften the voters. He has fetched no melancholy mountain songs from his native Kentucky to wean the defrauded electorate from bossism. No concertinas, banjos, fiddles, star-spangled soloists or thighful drum majorettes precede or accompany him into the lists. Once was enough.

Once when running in Detroit's mayoralty primaries against the Honorable Frank Murphy, now a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Gover had a puckish moment. To attract a little more attention than the public seemed inclined to give him, he announced a beauty contest which was to send twenty-six of Detroit's more overwhelming girls to the Grand National in Atlantic City. This created a considerable stir, until a truly Goverian lack of success caught up with the idea on the evening of the judging.

As the young ladies began to present themselves in brief costumes designed to emphasize what they had most of, the large and unimaginative janitor of the school wherein they were to be viewed by Mr. Gover took matters and a broom into his horny hands.

Repelling the lovely invasion with Babe Ruth swings of his broom, he spoke as follows: "Is a beaudy condest, huh? So maybe is a damn' good valloping vhere it ain't forgot quick. . . ."

At the Crest of a Colorful Career

So there was no beauty contest. Mr. Gover exchanged a few futile words with the janitor but conceded later that the fellow was fundamentally a sound man. Incidentally, Mr. Gover came in a vanishing last in a field of five in that primary. At that time Mr. Gover was a reasonably prosperous razor-blade salesman. Later he devoted all his time to the promotion and sale of an ice-cream cone of revolutionary design. Still later, he went into the radio and confectionery business. But the war got that, too.

At present he just raises chickens. He and the blade manufacturers parted when it became something of a question as to just who was running the business. Then, too, the war-born steel shortage had something to do with it. Mr. Gover does not linger over the subject, except to say that he has doubtless been the victim of ruthless political machinery.

Mr. Gover told us that while he had not yet made up his mind to run for the Presidency this fall, we would nevertheless be reasonably safe in predicting that he would.

Just where the Protestant United Party will hold its convention has not been decided, but it will convene after the Democrats and the Republicans have made their nominations and announced their aims.

Mr. Gover is by nature a lone worker. His motto is that if you want a thing well done you had better do it yourself. That is why he ran for President in 1936 on Michigan's ballot, getting almost a hundred votes, although the exact number has never been ascertained to his complete satisfaction. He doesn't contend he was counted out but he does suspect he was counted down.

"Who was on the PUP ticket with you?" we asked. "Vice-President?"

Mr. Gover's brow puckered. He looked hard at the horizon. He sucked his teeth, rubbed his chin reflectively and said: "Vice-President, hey? Now l-e-t m-e s-e-e-e." But the name of his running mate had escaped him.

"Oh, we had a feller for Vice-President," he said "Yep, we had one. L-e-t m-e s-e-e-e-e. Can't seem to recollect at the moment. Nobody pays much attention to the Vice-President, anyway. You know—like the feller they got in there now. L-e-t m-e s-e-e-e-e."

Mr. Gover said that he'd think of the fellow's name later. In the meantime we fell to discussing current political issues. Mr. Gover said that it was bound to be a most unsatisfactory discussion because such are the dimensions of public confusion that folks can't remember an issue overnight. There isn't a public man in the world today, he said, who can remember this week what he said last week.

"And it's just as well, too," Mr. Gover added, "because nobody else remembers, either. And also, the chances are that it ain't so. L-e-t m-e s-e-e-e-e. Who was that feller?"

Because of the extremely flimsy character of the public's memory and the highly *(Continued on page 72)*

TOMORROW IS A LOVELY DAY

BY ALEC RACKOWE

Young or old, man or woman, boy or girl—each of us must learn that home is where the heart is, whether the heart be gay or burdened with sorrow

TOMORROW was going to be a lovely day. There was not a cloud in the arching sky, and the stars were bright, as the sedan sped toward Pucket's Bowl and home. Penny sat in front with Ed Danning, and Kitty Rhodes giggled in the darkness behind, where Joe Remson was whispering to her.

A cigarette dangled from the corner of Ed's mouth. He took one hand from the wheel and slid his arm across the back of the seat. Penny moved her small, rounded body farther away, and Ed laughed. He spun the cigarette through the window with a snap of his thumb and forefinger. His voice was amused, assured: "You're a queer kid. But I like you. We can have fun together."

Penny said nothing. He was rather impressive, this date Kitty had arranged for her. Kitty worked with Penny in the office of Maltby's in Fall City. There weren't many boys in Pucket's Bowl even at the best of times, and nothing to do there if there had been. Penny had been glad to accept the Saturday-night date.

They'd gone dancing at Coke's. The men had had beer, and Penny and Kitty had sipped orangeade. The place had been crowded with people who worked in Fall City's big places: in Canner's or in Marston-Cray, where Dad was a foreman in maintenance. Laughter and amber lights, swirling smoke and bright dresses, and soldiers from the camp a few miles outside the city.

The road dipped down a long hill. Pucket's Bowl was a collection of dollhouses white in the moonlight. "You turn here," Penny said, and Ed Danning swung the car as they crossed the bridge over the Carlisle River and ran along the broad meadow that was Dad's property—the meadow with the gas station and repair shops at the crossroads that had been boarded up for many months.

There were ancient trees along the one main street; a few stark shops. They ended, and there were only the small spaced houses.

Penny said, "That's the house. On the left with the picket fence."

The car slid to the curbless rim of the road. Ed Danning killed the motor. "What d'you call this place? Pucket's Hole?"

"Bowl," Penny said automatically.

Ed laughed. "What you need is being away from it more." He swung around to face her, his brows lifted. "They can't do this to me. They can't coop a girl like you in this sad dump. You'll grow roots and bark instead of that skin." He glanced at the house. "Any more Jameses in there?"

"Mom and Dad."

"You the only offspring?"

Penny shook her head. She said slowly, "I had a brother. He was killed overseas."

It sounded just as unreal as ever. Ed Danning said, "Tough. That *is* tough." But he wasn't thinking of it at all. He wasn't thinking of Sam. Penny couldn't expect him to. It was something impossible to conceive, even to her. Ed Danning said deeply, "You're wasted here, Penny. What do you do with yourself?"

"Nothing much," she told him. "I take the bus in to Fall City mornings and take it back in the afternoons. Sundays I don't."

"For Pete's sake! That's all right for old people who've shot their bolt—but not a looker like you." He put his hand on her arm. "Look, Penny—I like you. I want to see a lot of you. You could even be in my plans, and they don't stop at Fall City."

KITTY laughed in the back seat, and Joe chimed in.

Ed Danning said, "This place gives me the willies. What about tomorrow?"

Penny raised her head.

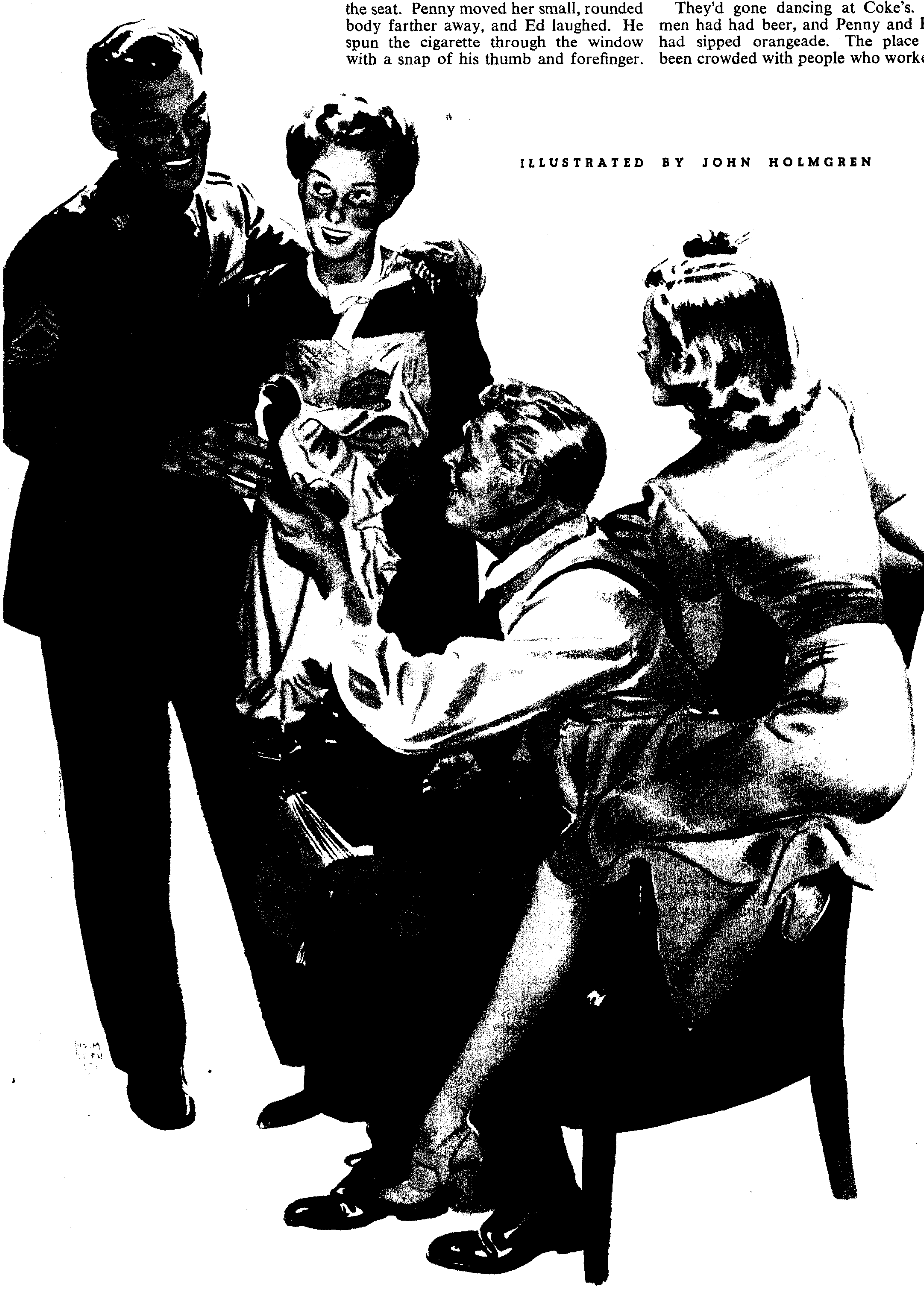
Ed said easily, "I'll give you a ring early in the evening. I'll think of something for us to do. I can't let a girl like you waste away in a backwash like this. It's got nothing to offer." He put his finger expertly under her chin. When Penny turned her head away, he laughed. "I can wait."

Penny said her goodbys and watched the red taillights recede. The sound of the engine died in the distance, and Penny went up the three steps to the porch. It was very still. There was no slightest sound of life, and Penny felt a surging, youthful protest.

She closed the door and went up the stairs. The door to her parents' room was

(Continued on page 34)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN



They were all clustered about Dad. He was saying, "You want to talk to Johnny, I know," and handed the phone to Johnny

ESCAPE FROM BEAUTY

BY PETER PAUL O'MARA

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

MR. WARWICK O'BRIEN HATHAWAY, his socially minded wife, Caroline, and their daughters—Moira, Sheila and Erin—live in Whitestone, Virginia. All three girls are fabulously beautiful; all three have been at some time more than mildly interested in a young artist, Stephen Sawyer.

A strange, temperamental person, Sawyer is indifferent to them all. So Moira has permitted Jean Desalles, a nasty little very rich man, to marry her and take her to his Long Island estate, where she has borne him three children. Sheila marries four times; her latest husband is an Englishman: Sir Alistair Bowers, a Royal Air Force hero. Erin becomes engaged to Lloyd Curran, a powerful figure in Hollywood now a major in the Army.

Erin *thinks* that Stephen—who has joined the Army—is somewhere in the Pacific. She is wrong. Honorably discharged, after Guadalcanal, he is in this country. Now, just as her engagement is being announced, he shows up. Realizing that she loves him, she asks him to marry her. Sawyer tells her bluntly that he does not want a wife.

A short time later, Erin is badly injured when a horse she is riding in a hunt meet falls with her. When the bandages are removed from her lacerated face, Curran is shocked (as is everyone else) by her appearance. She is no longer beautiful. But he tells her that, beauty or no beauty, he wants to marry her. Erin forces him to take back his ring, and he goes away—she suspects, much relieved.

Dr. Dane Johns—a young man who had been brought up by the Hathaways and now has a practice in New York City—suggests that Erin come to New York and let Dr. Greenberg, a noted facial surgeon, do what he can for her.

Greenberg's fees are high. The Hathaways have no money. How can the great man be paid? Sheila solves the problem; she gives her father a valuable bracelet and tells him to sell it. It so happens, though, that Erin does not want her beauty repaired. She feels her scars free her from a life she despises and from her obligation to marry money. For a time she co-operates; then, in New York, she disappears!

The newspapers shout the story. The police search for the missing girl. They do not find her—or her body—for a very good reason: Erin has simply disguised herself, dropped out of sight. She confides in only one person: Dane Johns. Dane does what he can for her; he gets her a job as a maid in the "Children's House" on Desalles' country place. Under the supervision of a housekeeper, Miss Mary, Moira's three children live there, as Jean Desalles does not care to have them in his home!

All goes well for a time. Then Erin is forced to take the children to call on their mother and father. With her charges she enters the handsome house; she is ushered into a large room. Stephen Sawyer (in a bitter mood), Desalles (in a mood just as full of hatred) and Moira are there. Moira recognizes Erin. "Oh, my dear!" she exclaims. "Oh, my poor dear!" Desalles is puzzled. He seizes his wife's wrist roughly. "What is it?" he asks. "What startled you?"

III

AS JEAN DESALLES leaned over his wife, his fingers on her wrist, Erin stood waiting with a sense of helplessness for the words that would betray her. But when Moira finally spoke, her voice was vague and almost petulant:

"It's nothing, Jean. Just her mouth—she must have hurt it."

Erin felt her leg muscles tense as Jean's eyes flicked across her face, but there was no recognition in them. He released Moira's hand, and his lips turned up in a faint smile.

"You must excuse my wife," he said. "She did not mean to hurt your feelings."

Erin felt a sharp wave of relief, and the tension went out of her, but when she glanced at Moira, her relief changed to wonder. The sympathy that had been in her sister's face was gone, and for a moment there was something else, something like fear in the enormous eyes. And then it, too, was gone, so quickly and so completely that it might never have been there at all, hidden behind a mask of detachment.

Stephen moved, and Erin looked at him with belated concern, wondering if he, too, had recognized her, if he were about to plunge her back into danger. But his eyes merely flicked over her and came to rest on the children.

"Such handsome young!" he said. "Moira, I might have known you were intent on providing the future with its quota of Hathaway beauty!"

That broke the spell that had fallen on the room with Moira's first exclamation. Jean moved away from his wife and went back to the piano. Moira sank again into her chair, graceful and remote, and the children moved forward into the room.

They went to their mother first. Each in turn leaned forward and kissed her on the cheek, saying politely, "Good afternoon, Mamma." And to each of them she gave an identical smile, cool and sweet, returning identical greetings.

"Good afternoon, Yvonne."

"Good afternoon, Jeanette."

"Good afternoon, Pierre."

Erin watched the process with growing amazement. Moira did not touch any one of them or encourage more than the barest brushing of their lips against her cheek. Indeed, after the little boy had touched her with his moist, baby mouth, she took a handkerchief and wiped the dampness from her face, and there was a quick, carefully controlled distaste in the way she did it.

The children then went to their father, and the performance was repeated almost exactly. But Erin's attention was on Moira, sitting quite still, as calm and indifferent as a wax figure in a museum, completely forgetful of the children now that she had accomplished the ordeal of greeting them. Erin had to force herself to repress a sudden shiver of revolt.

The children stood in a row before their father, answering his questions about the progress of their lessons, in neat, precise French. Erin saw Stephen watching them speculatively, and wondered uneasily what he was thinking and what he was doing here in the first place. It was the last house on earth in which she would have expected to find him. Of course, it was his pictures which had brought him here, and it was about them he had been fighting with Jean. But it was not like Jean Desalles to tolerate a man who threatened him in his own house—nor, for that matter, was it like Stephen to threaten.

"They would make a charming picture, Desalles," Stephen said suddenly. "Something in the manner of Romney."

Desalles looked up in quick interest. "Could you paint it?" he asked.

ERIN, standing quietly at the door of the drawing room, waited for Stephen to explode. The suggestion that the great Sawyer should spend his time imitating the pretty clichés of Romney was enough to blow the house down. But, amazingly, Stephen did not explode. There was a kind of satisfaction in his eyes, and he grinned, even though the grin was bitter.

"Holding the brush between my teeth," he said, "I could paint better than Romney."

"Well, why don't you?" There was a guarded urgency in Desalles' voice. "Why not stay here and paint the children?"

With growing uneasiness, Erin listened while the arrangements were discussed and completed. It was all wrong and illogical and disturbing. These two men hated each other, yet now they were both apparently eager to stay in each other's company.

It could not be merely the portrait of the children; painting in the manner of Romney could be no more than a synical joke to Stephen, and certainly Jean Desalles was too fastidious to wish to own an imitation eighteenth-century portrait. In both of them were other motives—obscure and questionable motives.

Desalles addressed Erin suddenly, startling her. "You may take the children away now, young woman. I'm afraid their mother finds them a little wearying."

Since their mother was paying no attention to them at all, Erin thought that statement more than a little far-fetched, but she said, "Yes, sir. Come, children."

They reversed their greetings, bidding goodby first to their father and then to their mother, bestowing on her lovely cheek the same small kisses which they had given it earlier, and receiving in turn the same cool, impersonal smiles. But when little Pierre was kissing his mother, he brushed her sleeve back accidentally, and Erin saw something that made her feel weak with outrage. Already turning dark on Moira's delicate wrist was a bracelet of bruises—bruises that must have been left there a few minutes before by what Jean Desalles had made to seem like a soothing gesture.

When the children came to her, Erin could scarcely tear her eyes from the wrist. Without looking at her, Moira must have become conscious of her gaze, because she pulled her sleeve down with a quick gesture of alarm. Erin forced herself to turn with the children and to walk with them from the house and across the gracious sweep of quiet lawn.

When they reached the first line of trees, the children's repression disappeared in hilarity, and they ran

about, pushing one another and shouting with laughter, as though through noise and activity they could forget the big house and all its inhabitants.

Erin followed them gladly, happy as they were to have escaped—but she knew that she had not really escaped. She had brought foreboding away with her. There were dark, unhappy things brewing in Jean Desalles' house, and she wished that she knew what they were.

DANE was sitting on the side porch of his Children's Hospital, feeling quite satisfied with himself and with life. His assistant had just been turned down by the Navy, and his best nurse had been jilted by her soldier, so that she would not, after all, be leaving to get married at the end of the month. Dane was sorry for them both—but good doctors and nurses were hard to find in these days of war.

He leaned back in his rocking chair with his feet on the porch railing, contentedly smoking his pipe. He could see a long way down the moon-whitened road that led past the Desalles place to the Sound. Someone was coming along the road, a girl alone, hurrying, and he watched her incuriously for some minutes before he realized that it was Erin. Immediately, he felt uneasy. He had forgotten her visit to the main house that afternoon, and now he hoped that nothing had gone wrong.

He got up and went down the porch steps to meet her, frowning a little. He had been a fool to let her go; he should have called and told Desalles that Miss Mary's cold was infectious. But he grinned when Erin came up to him.

"Well, little handmaiden! How goes the hewing of wood and the drawing of water?"

She did not answer his smile, and he peered at her through the moonlight, worried and trying not to show it.

"I want to talk to you, Dane," she said abruptly. "Have you got a few minutes?"

"For once, I have. Is it too cool out here? Would you rather go inside?"

"This is all right."

She sat down in his rocking chair, and he perched on the porch rail, watching her without looking directly at her. He found himself thinking suddenly that the accident had had the strange effect of bringing back to her face the look of the child Erin—the Erin she had been before she was beautiful, the little Erin who had padded around after him, demanding his help and his attention and his sympathy. Between that child and this plain girl frowning in the moonlight, there was a closer link than there ever had been between the child and the lovely Erin Hathaway.

"Dane," she said at last, "I—Dane, I'm worried."

He was worried himself, but he did not press her. In her own good time, she would get to it.

"Why?" he prompted. "What worries you?"

She looked up at him, her eyes puzzled. "Everything. I'm not sure, really. What's Stephen doing in Jean Desalles' house?"

"Stephen? Is he here? Did he see you?"

"Yes."

"Did he recognize you?"

"I don't know. Moira did."

"Did she give you away?" he asked sharply. "Desalles will have our heads if he ever finds out I smuggled you into his place."

"She didn't give me away."

HE DREW a deep sigh of relief, but he was curious. What was bothering her if her indentity was still safe?

"Dane," she said at last, "Moira's strange. She's terrified of Jean. And she doesn't seem to care at all for the children. She's like a robot."

"She's been living too long with her own face. When people have told you for twenty years that you're not made of common clay, and you've believed them, you get a little ingrown."

Erin shook her head impatiently. "It isn't that. Jean mistreats her. Today he caught her wrist and left bruises all around it."

"The flesh of the lily of the fields bruises easily," Dane said, grinning at her.

Her eyes brightened with anger. "All right, be funny!"

She got up to leave, but he put his hand on her arm, restraining her.

"I didn't mean to be funny, Erin. It's only that I think you're imagining things. You Hathaways—"

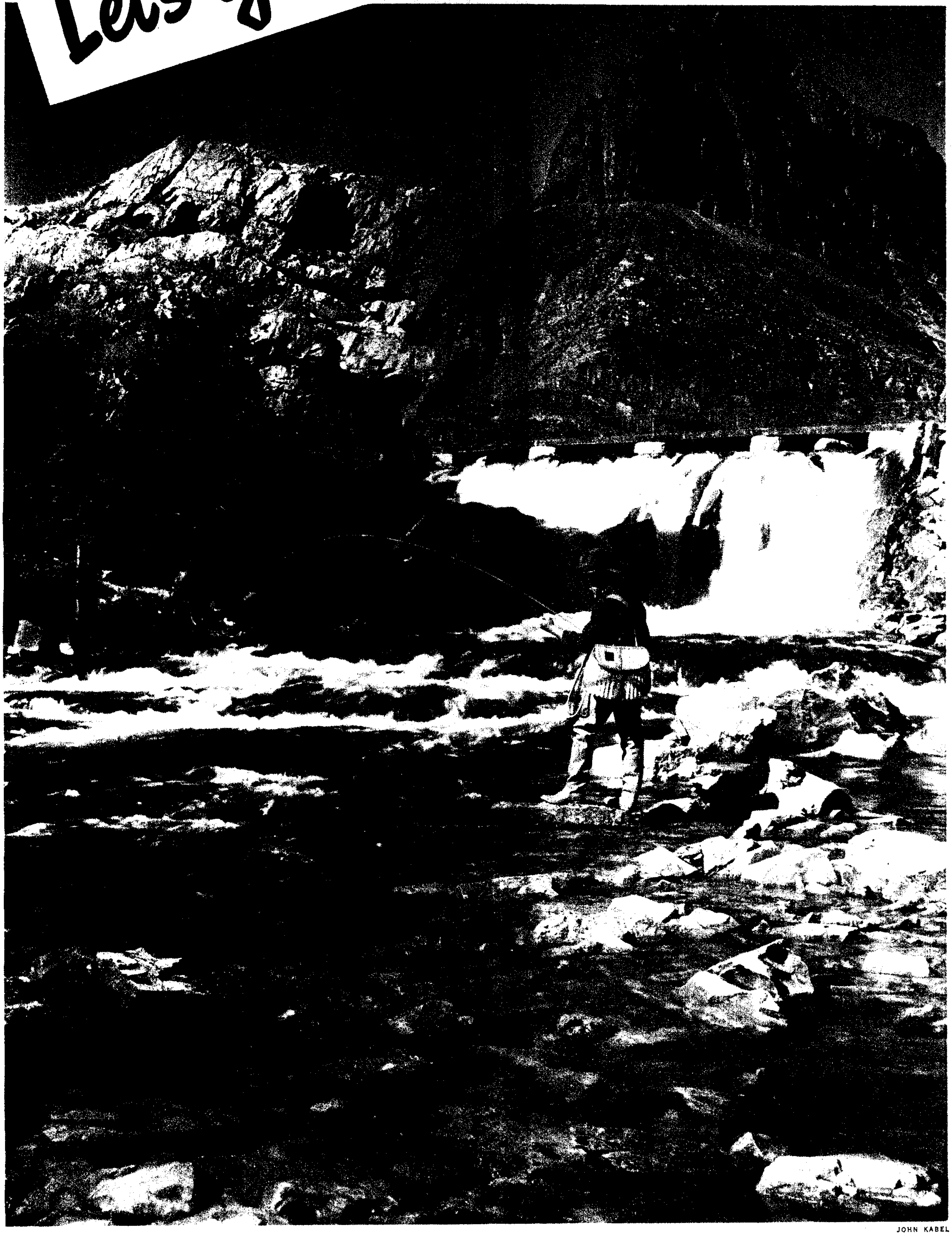
"I'm not imagining things," *(Continued on page 48)*

Jean's audience waited as he twisted the dial. In a moment the door swung back to reveal the vault, brilliantly lighted. Nobody spoke. There was no sound

Let's Go Fishin'

BY HERBERT HOOVER

Rod and line will be a real cure, after the war, for many of our woes



JOHN KABEL

RECENTLY I made some suggestions for an economic and social tidying-up of our country in preparation for the return of our boys from overseas. As I wrote, I was depressed by the thousand mournful voices chanting daily of "postwar problems" in such powerful terms as recovery, reconstruction and regeneration.

But in their research efforts in speech and their labors in type, they all concern themselves solely with what we are to do while we are on their promised jobs. Civilization, however, is not going to depend so much on what we do when we are on the job, as what we do in our time off. The moral and spiritual forces do not lose ground while we are pushing "the instrumentalities of production and distribution." Their battle is in our leisure time.

When the guns cease firing, and the gas comes on again, some of us are going fishing. We American men and boys (and some women) are born fishermen—twelve million of us. We have proved it in bygone days by the annual licenses we took out from thrifty state governments.

We have had mostly to postpone the fishing beatitudes for the duration. Many of us are busy at the military front. Some of us on the home front could possibly get a day or a week off, but the fishing holes can only be approached by automobile or motorboats, and a stern government refuses to recognize that fish do not flourish near railway depots.

In the meantime, I suspect that Mother Nature is making the fish bigger and more plentiful by way of preparing to celebrate peace, and our paternal government is doing its duty to solve our postwar problems by running the hatcheries full blast, turning out billions of infant fish and trying to decrease infant mortality.

I have discussed this important subject in years past, but some review and extension of those remarks are not out of place in these days when we are groping for postwar regeneration. Nothing can stop these regenerative forces.

Even the Four Horsemen cannot stop them. War, murrain, famine, pestilence, dictators, the rise and fall of empires or republics may defeat the game fisherman temporarily, but he rises again to invade the streams and the sea. More people have gone fishing over more centuries than for any other human recreation.

Sometimes the uninstructed and the people who have bad "isms" scoff at the game fishermen and demand to know how they get that way. It is very, very simple. These regenerative impulses are physical, spiritual and economic—and they are strong.

The human animal originally came from out-of-doors. When spring begins to move in his bones, he just must get out again. One time, in the spring, our grandmothers used to give us nasty brews from herbs to purify our blood of the winter's corruptions. They knew something was the matter with the boys. They could have saved trouble by giving them a pole, a string and a hook. Some wise ones (among them my own) did just that.

The Call of the Open Spaces

Moreover, as civilization, cement pavements, office buildings, radios have overwhelmed us, the need for regeneration has increased, and the impulses are even stronger. When all the routines and details and the human bores get on our nerves, we just yearn to go away from here to somewhere else. To go fishing is a sound, a valid and an accepted reason for such an escape.

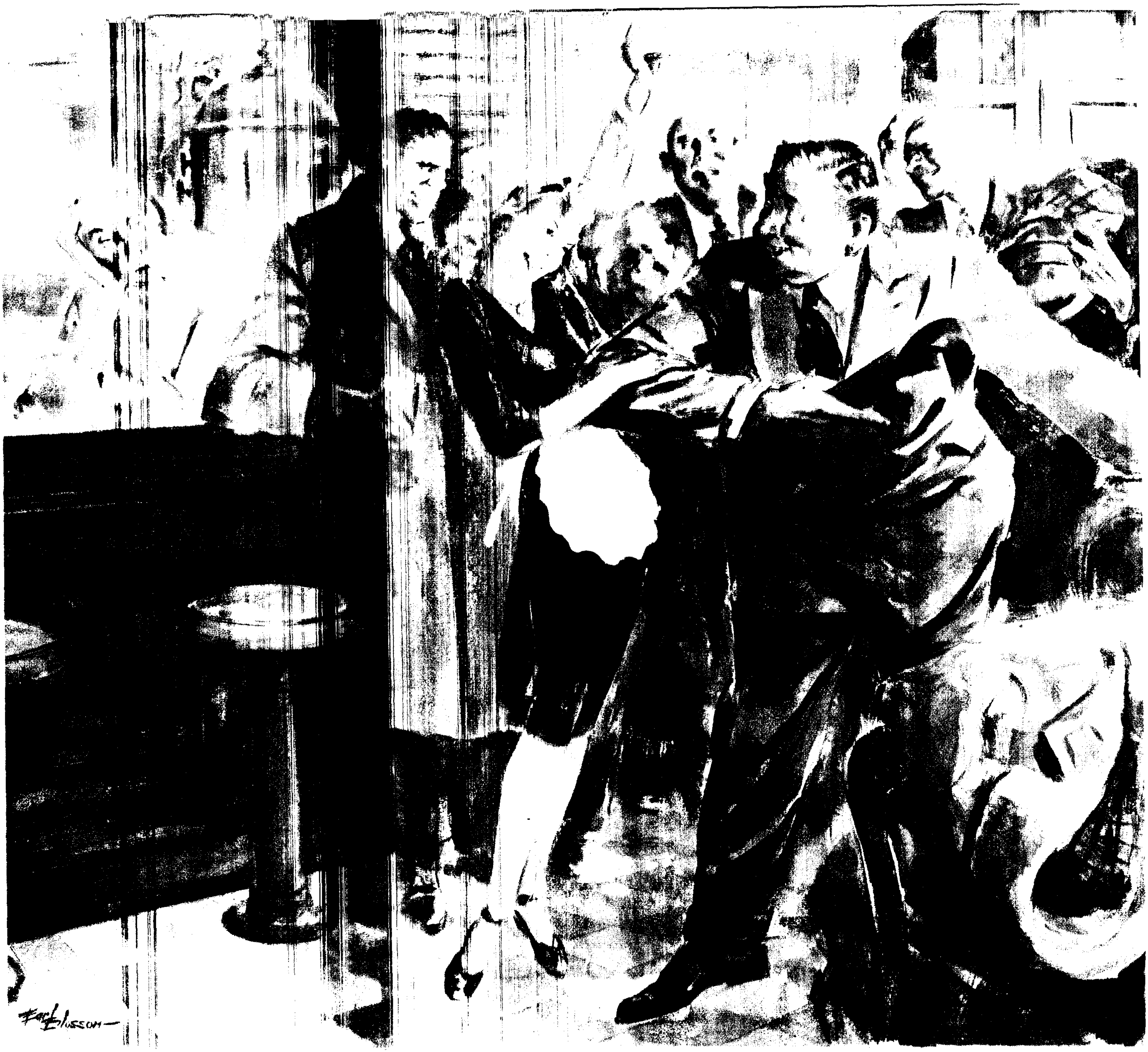
It is the chance to wash one's soul with pure air, with the rush of the brook, or with the shimmer of the sun on blue water. It brings meekness and inspiration from the decency of nature, charity toward tackle-makers, patience toward fish, a mockery of profits and egos, a quieting of hate, a rejoicing that you do not have to decide a darned thing until next week. And it is discipline in the equality of men—for all men are equal before fish.

Necessarily, fishermen are gregarious. Otherwise, the mighty deeds of the day or of a year ago or of ten years ago would go unsung. No one else will listen to them. Also, they are an optimistic class or they would not be fishermen. Therefore, as two or three are gathered together, the spiritual vitamins of faith, hope and charity have constant regeneration. And we need all that in these years of creaking civilization, and especially in the coming years of postwar tribulation.

Nor does this source of spiritual vitamins require any governmental bureau to administer it. All that is required of Congress is to restore our freedom from the fellows who restrict the use of gasoline, and the rugged individualism of the fisherman will do the rest.

His joys are not all confined to the hours near the water. I asserted years ago that one of the elements in the advance of civilization was the progress in the equipment to overcome the mysteries of fish. We have moved upward and onward from the primitive willow pole with a butcher-string line and hooks (ten for a dime) whose compelling lure was one segment of a worm and whose incantation was spitting on the bait. We have arrived at labor-saving devices and increased efficiency in tackle assembled from the

(Continued on page 47)



"We'll make it a double celebration," said Frank. He offered his arm to Rita with exaggerated formality and they started a grand march

A PRESENT FROM K. O. SCOTT

BY ROBERT GRIFFITH

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Mickey was a fighter and a souse, Mickey would probably get his brains scrambled when he took on K. O. Scott. But Mickey owed Harry eight bucks, and Harry was not a guy to neglect his debtors

IT WAS a day of excitement in Mill City, but Harry, behind the counter of the Presto Lunch, didn't share it. He was talking to Ed, the bald-headed beer salesman. "All I know about this Mickey," he was saying, "is the first week he was here, I loaned him ten bucks. He said he'd pay me back sure next day, and a week later he give me two bucks." Harry's face was long, and his voice was cynical: "I might as well kiss them other eight bucks goodby."

"Oh, no," Ed said. "When he fights tonight, he'll prob'ly pay you back."

"He better," Harry said.

Besides Ed, there were half a dozen patrons at the five tables, when Frank, the proprietor, came in. Frank was paunchy and forty-five; his eyes were shrewd and blue in a florid, swollen face, and he smiled a lot. In spite of the eyes, Harry always said that what Frank needed was a guardian. He was always doing something for somebody and always getting stuck. But everybody liked Frank. He pushed back his hat, took the cigar out of his mouth, and said, "Gentlemen."

The half-dozen men looked up and saluted. "Hiya, Frank," they said.

Ed, the beer salesman, waved toward the red-lettered bill propped on the cash register. Fite Tonite, it said. Mickey Dwyer, 143, Mill City, Fought Best in Country, vs. K. O. Scott, 148, New York, Tough Colored Battler.

"Well," Ed said, "did you see him?"

K. O. Scott was due in Mill City on the 2:58 flier, and Harry had gone over to the depot to get a look at him. "I saw him," Frank said, walking down to Ed's table.

"How'd he look? Wear crutches?"

"No," Frank said, sitting down, "but he'll need some, after tonight."

Harry leaned over the counter. "Don't look so tough, hey?"

Frank cocked an eye at Harry. "Oh, he looks tough enough. Black as the ace of spades, big cabbage ears. But," Frank said, putting on a smug face, "he's up against a *scrapper* tonight."

Harry looked doubtful. Frank was always making a hero of somebody. Ed sniffed and said, "Yeah, maybe."

"No maybe about it," Frank said.

(Continued on page 73)

Beautiful Ballerina

BY KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX

Mlle. Baronova is attractive proof that Russian ballet dancers do not have to be suicidal or demented to get along

NOTHING dies harder than a national cliché. In this department of boredom, it is still held that all Irish are lucky, all Scotch are stingy, all French are excitable, and all Russians are either suicidal or pleasantly demented. The purpose of this essay is to review the latter phenomenon through the person of Irina Baronova, formerly première danseuse of the Ballet Russe and now a featured member of the cast of the Broadway musical show, Follow the Girls.

A first view of Baronova (all ballet stars are known by their last names) in a rehearsal room at the Adelphi Theater in New York was not reassuring. It was plain that the lady was not enamored of the world. The business was new to her, and the battery of writers, composers, directors, producers and backers who filled the room with shouts equally compounded of affection and rage was not calculated to allay her fears. They knew one another, they felt they knew what they were doing (which was doubtful), and she was only a novice in the use of the English spoken word.

But when questioned bluntly and asked if she liked the nonsense she was enmeshed in, she said determinedly, "Yiss," and looked at the interrogator with such a pair of soft, steady green eyes that he took an immediate vow to go easy on generalizing about the Russians. She was most obviously not going to do away with herself and she was definitely the only sane figure in a world filled with mania.

The dancing would be easy for her because she is one of the great ballet dancers of the world and she was going to do what she could with a language she understood perfectly but spoke somewhat in the Jimmy Durante style. Whether the show would be any good was not her problem. It had Gertrude Niesen, Frank Parker, Jackie Gleason and the funny young men known as Buster West and Tim Herbert.

From a time when most girls are worrying about high-school finals, Baronova has been the toast of what press agents are pleased to call "the great capitals of the world." At fourteen, the gentry known as "balletomanes" were throwing flowers at her feet and sending notes backstage to say that they would very much enjoy having her hack a guinea hen at their expense.

Her mother dispensed with this correspondence by taking such epistles and depositing them in the ash can. But no way of discouraging a balletomane has ever been found, and if they could not entertain her, they could admire her, which they did with shouts of *"Bravo"* and *"Bis"* and a concerted rush to the footlights at the fall of the curtain to make known their devotion.

This was gratifying enough, but it did little for Baronova in a personal way because she went on being a ballet dancer, which is to say, an intellectual peon. She studied, she did exercises, she rehearsed, she performed. The days never varied, even when the Ballet Russe was doing months of one-night stands. The troupe reached town, and there was a practice session from ten o'clock till noon. Rehearsals started at one-thirty and lasted till six. After that came the performance—and the business all over again next day.

"I navair meet anny-body," she says flatly.

This had been going on since she was sent to study with Preobrajenska in Paris at the age of six. Her father, a lieutenant in the Czar's navy, had brought the family galloping out of Russia with the breath of the Bolsheviks hot on his neck when Irina was a year old. They settled first in Bucharest, which explains why Baronova speaks Rumanian in addition to French, Spanish, Russian and English.

Dancer in Spite of Herself

Quite aside from the fact that until recent years the ballet was almost a Russian monopoly, Mother Baronova had good reason for sticking Irina in a dancing school when they moved on to Paris. There were indications that dear little Irina might easily turn into a liability. She was fat and ugly, with a pair of arms of such length that she might well have passed for a junior gibbon. But Irina herself loathed ballet with such intensity that only threats of bodily harm kept her at it.

When she finally got round to realizing that she was trapped, she went into the thing seriously, and by the time she was fourteen, George Balanchine hired her for the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. When she reported to Colonel de Basil, the manager, she wore pigtails and was scratching the backs of her knees without bending. But after her first appearance in Paris, she was famous. She repeated her success at Covent Garden in London, the top balletwac of all dance lovers, and has since been the big noise in such places as Italy, Austria, Germany, Mexico, South America and Australia.

All this time she was being watched tenderly and warily by her mother. She escaped some of this one night in Columbus, Ohio, under the excuse of going out front to watch the last half of the performance. Instead, she went off to Cincinnati with German (Jerry) Sevastianov, the company manager, and was married across the border in Kentucky.

"We elopted," says Baronova.

By now, she not only had a trace of freedom but she was a very luscious morsel of woman, considered by many experts among the first four or five international beauties. Winfield Sheehan had seen her in London and when he was about to do Florian for M-G-M, he had her haled forthwith across the Atlantic by clipper to startle the gentlemen of Culver City.

This she did easily enough, but Florian did a little startling of its own in reverse, proving to be such a thunderous bore that only a few mixed up in it escaped with their artistic skins. Baronova has since made a film in Mexico City which is accounted hot stuff, but she will not try Hollywood again until she gets at least an even chance for her life.

Naturally in her travels she has picked up a few anecdotes that will harm nobody, including: (a) The Australian sheep rancher who brought his family to the ballet and stamped out later to get his money back, saying, "They've been at it twenty minutes in there, and nobody's said a word." (b) The time the troupe was stuck in an Oregon snowstorm for forty hours, "maroonded," as Baronova has it, and a Cuban dancer, who had never seen the white stuff before, became so entranced that every time he turned around he disappeared into a snowdrift up to his eyes and had to be rescued. (c) A snow fight in St. Louis for publicity pictures, in which Irina fell hard, was informed she had a strained ligament, went back to New York and walked around for three days before she found she had a broken ankle. It was the left leg, which takes the brunt of the work in swift turns, and it is still weak and inclined to swell.

On the personal side, the lady is a charmer, as has been said. She is also a hard worker and, in addition to her study of English, is taking singing lessons and keeping up with her dancing. During rehearsals for Follow the Girls, she labored from nine in the morning till midnight. Although she no longer experiences the discipline of the ballet, in which the première danseuses were socked a fine of a dollar for every minute late for rehearsals, she either dances every day or she forgets how to dance.

Getting Ready for Action

Before a performance, a ballet dancer warms up much like a baseball pitcher. The strain of bringing the body up on its toes for pirouettes is such that doing it suddenly might ruin a dancer permanently. Ballet shoes are made of satin and leather, are taped on the feet, cost about $3.50 a pair—and are good for only four performances. Luckily, these are paid for by the company.

Like all foreigners, Baronova picked up American slang immediately, going in for such hot ones as "okey-doke" and "You said it." She is a good horseback rider and swimmer and a bad ballroom dancer. She eats anything and a great deal of it, but goes very light on hard liquor. She has an equable temper, gets along well with everybody, and is very quick on the uptake. She has taken out her first papers and will be an American citizen within a year. Until recently, she has never lived more than two months in any one city since she began dancing professionally. She used to spend a few weeks on vacation in England before the war and had a house there but it was bombed out during the blitz. Her husband is now in the American Army, and she carries his picture around in her purse and springs it on innocent people.

Although she never complained, the rehearsals of Follow the Girls must have been a torture for her. As in all musical shows, the proceedings were a shambles. Nothing went right. When the scenery didn't fall down, the costumes failed to arrive. But what really got her were the long delays. Rehearsals would be scheduled for two o'clock and wouldn't start till four. The rest of the cast sat around and played gin rummy. Baronova suffered intensely.

"In the stomach, here, I got seeck," she said woefully. "So mauch time and we do naa-thing."

Ah, the Russians! So irresponsible, so charming, so undependable! ★★★

"Once in a Blue Moon"

said the N. Y. Sun, "you run across a perfect play." Every other critic turned his share of handsprings. Next day the play was a sellout, the smash comedy hit of the season. It will run and run and run at the Morosco Theater. For those who can't get in for love or money, for those who can't get to New York, we asked the author of this tender, wise and witty romantic comedy to write it in story form. And so we bring you

next week

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE

by John van Druten

Nurses with Wings

BY MARION PORTER

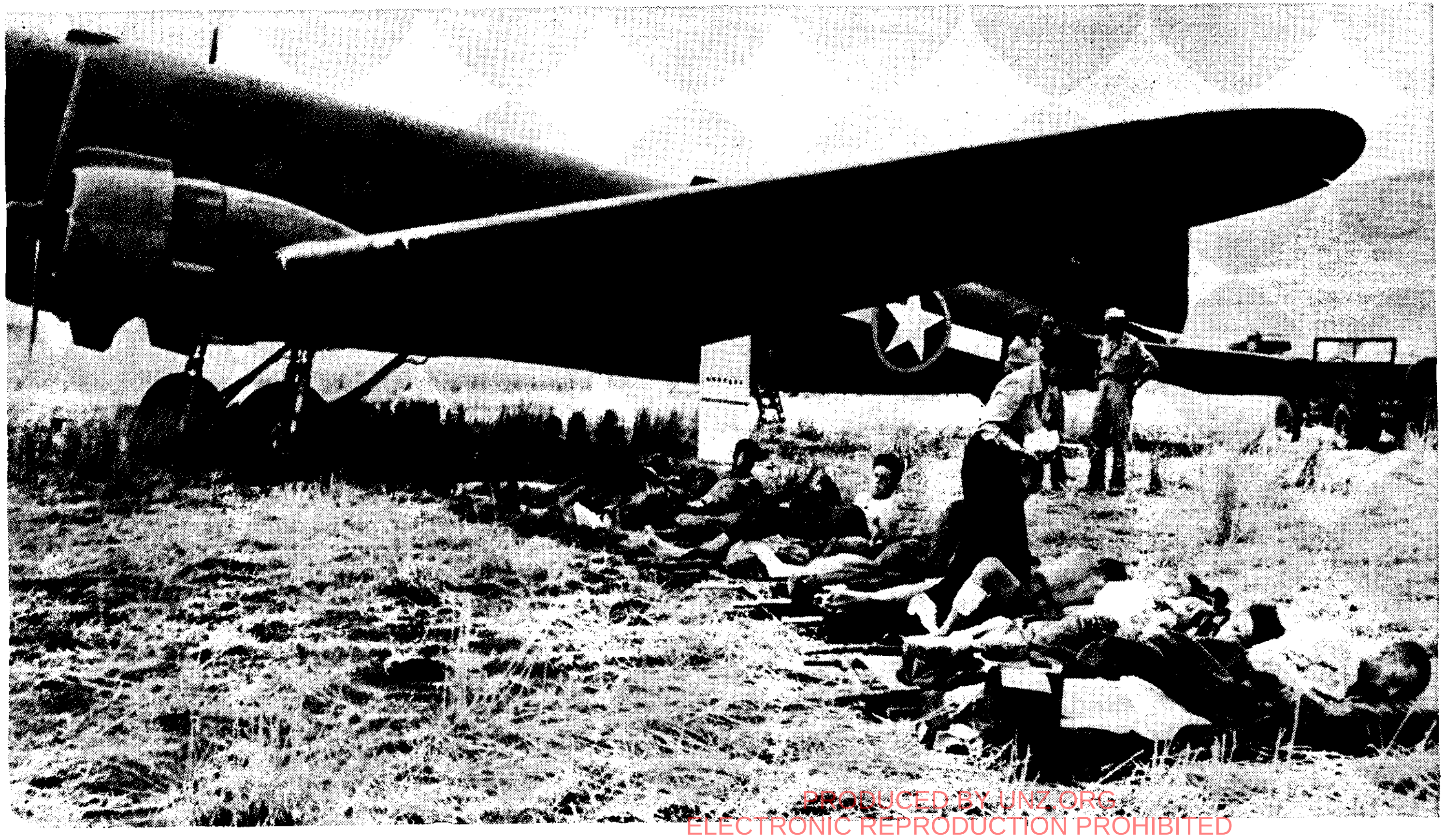
They flew into South Pacific combat zones under the noses of Zeros, crouched long, dark hours in foxholes, sweated out blistering beachhead bombardments and came up with the kind of courage that brought smiles to the faces of the sick and wounded

INTERNATIONAL

Aerial ambulances first saw service in North Africa. Above, Lt. Julia Riley supervises the loading of a plane

In Italy, a flight nurse ministers to wounded men under the wing of the C-47 which will take them to Algiers

INTERNATIONAL



THERE may be no atheists in foxholes but occasionally there are ladies, and when you run across one, it's a safe bet she's a flying nurse of the Air Evacuation Service—a tough new breed of Amazons, developed only in the last sixteen months to meet the peculiar conditions of this war.

They have to be tough. Their job is to fly into the battle areas—often through skies that are the hunting grounds of Jap Zeros—load their big planes with seriously wounded men and fly them back to base hospitals. Sometimes they get caught on the battlefields by air raids, enemy shelling and strafing attacks.

Danger is so constant a companion they soon learn to ignore it, and their own safety is strictly secondary to the job they do. For instance:

"Shy"—Lieutenant Dorothy P. Shikoski, of Green Lake, Wisconsin—was in a big cargo plane on her way to pick up a load of wounded at Guadalcanal. Suddenly something went haywire. The big plane dipped, zoomed, fell off crazily on one wing, then began a dizzy spiral toward the water.

Nurses and soldiers aboard her scrambled to the rear (and safest) end of the ship—all except the navigator, Marine Corporal John H. Westaby, of Oak Park, Illinois, who stuck at his post. Shy dashed forward, was trying to pull him to safety when they hit. The smash tore the huge engine loose, slammed it back into the cabin where it killed Westaby and pinned Shy to the floor.

When she wriggled free, an ankle was broken and something was wrong with her back.

As the plane began to sink, the others hurled out life rafts. Two soldiers grabbed Shy, tried to lift her into one. She fought them off.

"No! No!" she cried. "I've got to get the medicine."

She did, too. While the water gurgled higher and higher in the cabin, she hobbled about, rounded up every last flask and container. When she went into a raft, they went with her.

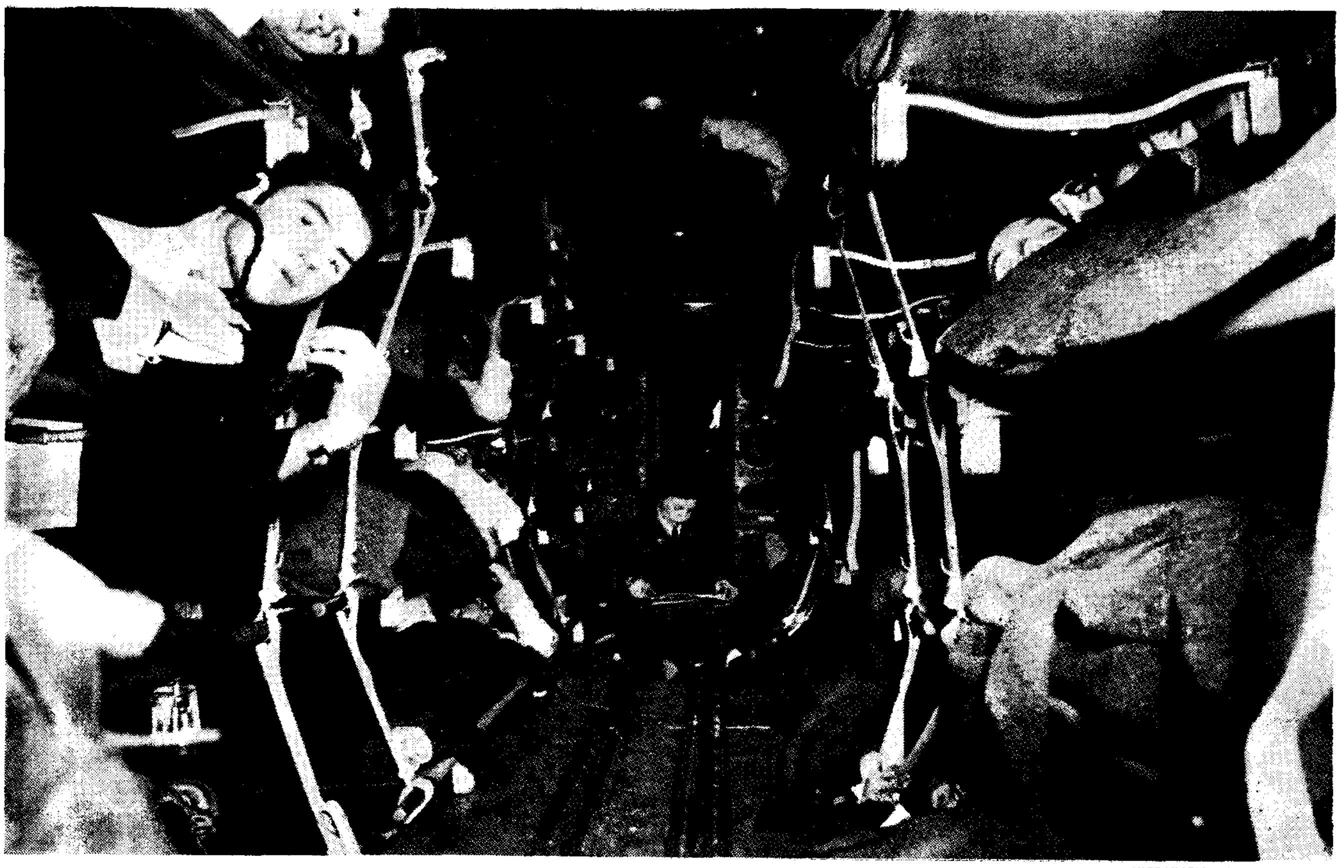
For her bravery Lieutenant Shikoski won the Air Medal. For similar acts of gallantry, other flying nurses have been similarly decorated.

In mid-January, 1943, the first group of twenty-four nurses completed a course at the Air Evacuation School, Bowman Field, Louisville, Kentucky, and headed for the Pacific. Since then, 500 others have passed the course, are now scattered all over the world, while still more are being trained as fast as possible. They shuttle back and forth from the Italian front to Algiers, from Dakar to Miami, from Australia to the United States. They are one of the reasons why the Army's record of deaths from wounds is the lowest in history.

Three of that first little band of twenty-four are back in America after a year of service in the South Pacific—the first of

ARMY AIR FORCES

The first three flight nurses to return from the South Pacific, Lts. Gerda Bouwhuis, Seraphine Petrocelli and Regina Brown, receive the Air Medal for "meritorious achievement" from Lt. Col. John R. McGraw, commandant of the AAF School of Air Evacuation, Bowman Field, Louisville, Ky., in ceremonies held at the field



INTERNATIONAL

Inside a flying ambulance, Lt. Kathleen Davis shepherds wounded from an East Coast port to a hospital inland. Men travel in four tiers of stretchers

their kind to return from a combat area. Though they prefer to tell you the achievements of others, they didn't get their own Air Medals for nothing. They had their share of narrow escapes and ordeals by fire and long, dark hours in foxholes.

The three—Lieutenants Seraphine Petrocelli, Regina M. Brown and Gerda H. Bouwhuis—were met with cheers, bands, and official congratulations when they alighted recently at Bowman Field, the last stop in their long journey from New Caledonia.

The former head of the Army Air Forces School of Air Evacuation, Colonel Ralph T. Stevenson, now surgeon of the First Troop Carrier Command, greeted the vanguard of his first class with pride.

"You are fine soldiers, everyone of you," he said, "and a credit to the school."

At a formal ceremony, the nurses reviewed the troops with Colonel Stevenson and other high-ranking officers. Then the present head of the school, Lieutenant Colonel John R. McGraw, pinned Air Medals on their blouses for "meritorious achievement while participating in sustained aerial flights on evacuation transport missions."

The twenty-four young nurses were as welcome as forty-eight letters from home when they arrived last winter at their base in New Caledonia. Servicemen who hadn't seen a woman in months fought for a front-row view of American girls. The Marines formally made them a present of the whole island, then beat out the Army and Navy in the rush to escort them swimming and dancing and to the outdoor movies. They were so attentive that the girls didn't mind the primitive living conditions. All twenty-four were placed in two tents with no lights, no water. Clothes were washed in the river.

Later, huts were built for them and soon began to show the well-known woman's touch. In Lieutenant Bouwhuis' hut, one girl contributed her housecoat for curtains. Red paint wooed from the Signal Corps brightened the crates and boxes that were their furniture. But long before they were settled in the huts, their work began. They flew out to battle fronts as they were needed, one, two or more at a time. Lieutenant Mae Olson, of their squadron, was the first American girl to land on Guadalcanal.

"We were seven hours away by air," said Lieutenant Petrocelli (known as "Pat"), "but our Marines swore they could hear the uproar when Mae arrived."

Lieutenant Brown's first trip for wounded was actually the first time she had flown, for the Bowman Field School had not taken time to give its first, desperately needed trainees the flight experience that is now a routine part of the course.

She flew from the nurses' base at New Caledonia to New Hebrides. There she had dinner and went to bed. At 3 A.M., she boarded the Guadalcanal plane, piled a couple of mail sacks on the cargo of airplane motors, curled up on them and slept.

Hospital Plane Out of Guadalcanal

The moment the cargo plane landed, a crew of surgical technicians boarded it and in eight minutes had converted it into an ambulance plane. Heavy webbing stretched from ceiling to floor, with loops on which three tiers of stretchers were slung. "Brownie" didn't have time to think of her own safety; she was too busy loading twenty burned, maimed and malarial fighters on the big ship.

"I'll never forget the boy from Brooklyn," she said. "He was a singer. Part of his face had been shot away. 'Am I going somewhere where they will help me out?' he asked. 'They can fix me up, can't they?'

"Then he apologized for being 'inconsiderate' and taking up my time."

"Gerry"—Lieutenant Bouwhuis—is of Dutch descent, blond, blue-eyed and efficient. She piled up more foxhole hours than the other girls by spending an entire night in one on Guadalcanal. She had just gone to sleep, planning to leave with her planeload of wounded the next morning, when she was awakened by the air-raid siren.

Throwing on her clothes, she rushed to a foxhole occupied by about twenty people, nine rats and 4,376 mosquitoes. At that, it was a particularly elegant foxhole because it had a roof of timbers camouflaged with foliage. Through the open doors, she watched the planes come over. Searchlights speared two Zeros and pinioned them while American P-38s pounced and shot them down.

"Everybody cheered just like at a football game," she said.

On later flights, Gerry landed during a blistering bombardment on the island of Munda, calmly loaded her plane, took off safely.

Pat was stalled at Guadalcanal "on the 13th of some month"—the 13th being a favorite bombing date for the Japs because that's the day Tojo's son was killed.

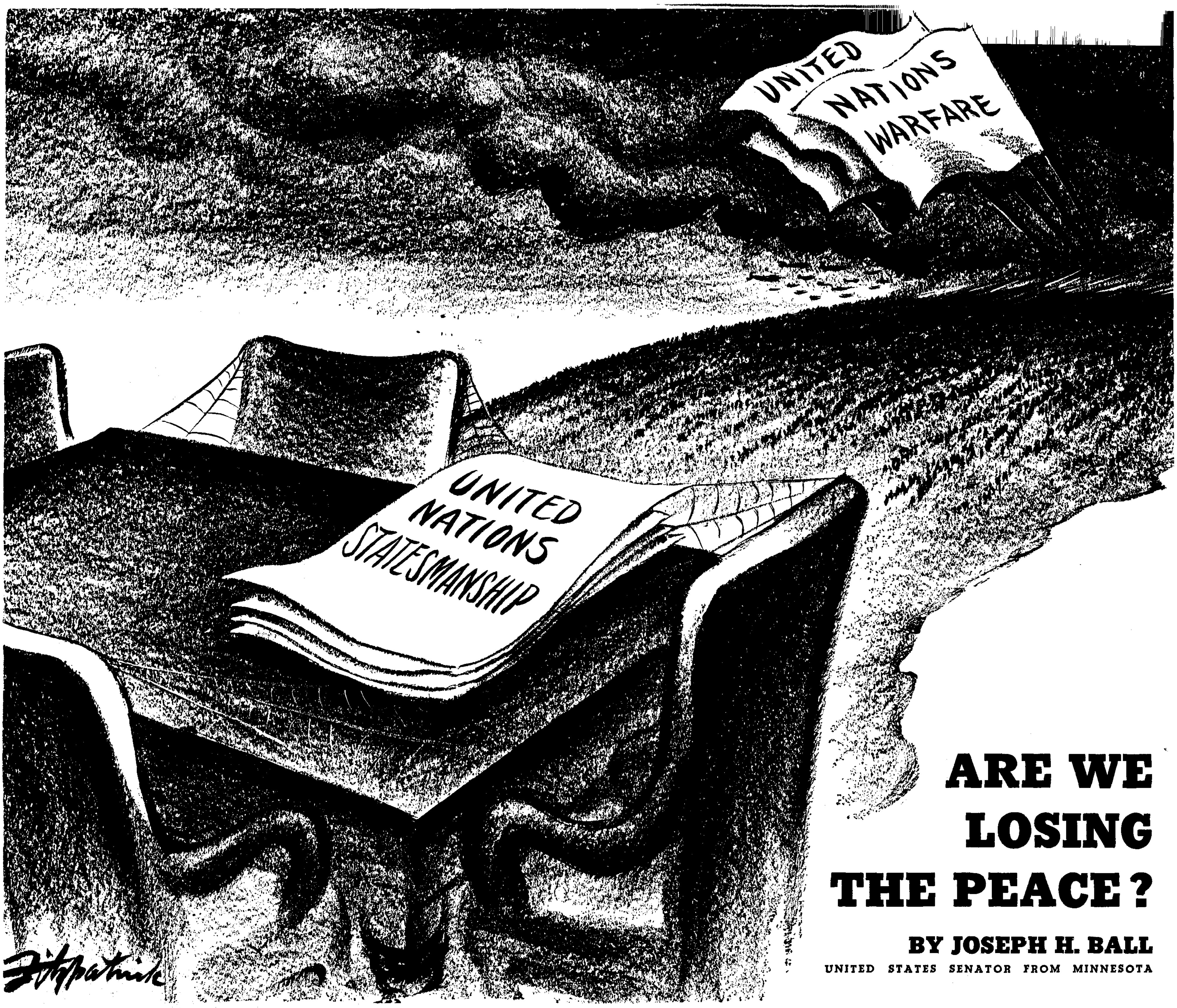
"A bomb fell about 100 yards from our foxhole, but none of us was hurt," Pat said.

Each of the three said she offered a silent prayer at every take-off. "And I always say, 'O God, don't let anybody die on this trip,'" Pat added. Of all the hundreds that have been evacuated by the twenty-four nurses, only two died on their planes.

A hospital in the air has special problems, for which the Bowman Field course prepares the nurses. Patients with abdominal wounds for instance suffer terribly when the plane gains altitude because of the pressure of gas. Malaria victims are likely to get chills. On some trips, emergencies occur every few minutes, with the nurse administering oxygen and blood plasma and sedatives in quick succession, while others are quite uneventful, with the boys talking about the folks at home and showing the nurse their snapshots, or singing, playing cards or reading.

Often the patients on the plane want to squeeze your hand as you go by, Gerry said. "They don't have any idea of holding hands—it's difficult to describe. But it gets you."

She said sometimes she would put up her hair on bobby pins. The boys liked to watch that. It reminded them of sisters and wives at *(Continued on page 69)*



ARE WE LOSING THE PEACE?

BY JOSEPH H. BALL

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MINNESOTA

Power politics and imperialism aren't waiting for the shooting to stop, says Senator Ball. If we mean what we said at Moscow and Teheran, we would do well to start proving it before it is too late

WE AMERICANS have two war aims on which all of us are agreed. The first is complete victory over the Axis. The second is a decent, just peace with strong enough international machinery to make it stick. We do not want our children to go through another world war ten or fifteen years hence.

We can see a clear road ahead, even though a tough one, to complete military victory. Our road to a lasting peace is by no means so clear and we can see little evidence of progress.

True, the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration is (or soon will be) functioning, and Britain's desire for international organization was underlined in recent speeches by General Smuts and Ambassador Halifax. But ominously overshadowing these hopeful signs are the Russian-Polish dispute, the Soviet announcement of autonomy in foreign policy for its sixteen republics, suppression of the Polish newspaper in London and delays in the Burma campaign. These developments are widely interpreted as heading toward a "spheres of influence" postwar settlement, which is polite language for power politics and imperialism, never conducive to a lasting peace.

We are in danger of losing the peace unless, before the war ends in Europe, we and our allies can establish some kind of United Nations council with authority to settle the explosive issues already arising, in accordance with agreed-upon principles, preferably those of the Atlantic Charter or as close to them as we can come. The "earliest practicable date" (in the words of the Moscow Declaration) for the establishment of a general international organization is now—the sooner the better.

So far, there have been only three American foreign-policy moves of major significance toward winning the peace. One was the Atlantic Charter, another was the resolutions passed overwhelmingly by both houses of Congress last fall, and the third was the Moscow Declaration.

The Atlantic Charter, signed August 14, 1941, and later subscribed to by all the United Nations, set up these just and democratic principles to govern the peace: no territorial or other aggrandizement, self-determination for all peoples, popular consent to boundary changes, fair treatment for all nations on markets and raw materials, and collective security (with due consideration to our present commitments).

Back to Power Politics?

During most of 1942, the United Nations were too busy resisting the steady advance of the Axis to spend any time implementing the Atlantic Charter. But after the tide of war began to turn early in 1943, many people here and all over the world began to worry over the failure of the Big Four—the United States, Russia, Britain and China—to begin applying and implementing its principles. The aloofness of Russia, the small trickle of aid to China, British policy in India, the Darlan incident and the slowness in ousting well-known Fascists in North Africa, all seemed to indicate a drift back toward power politics and expediency and away from democratic principles.

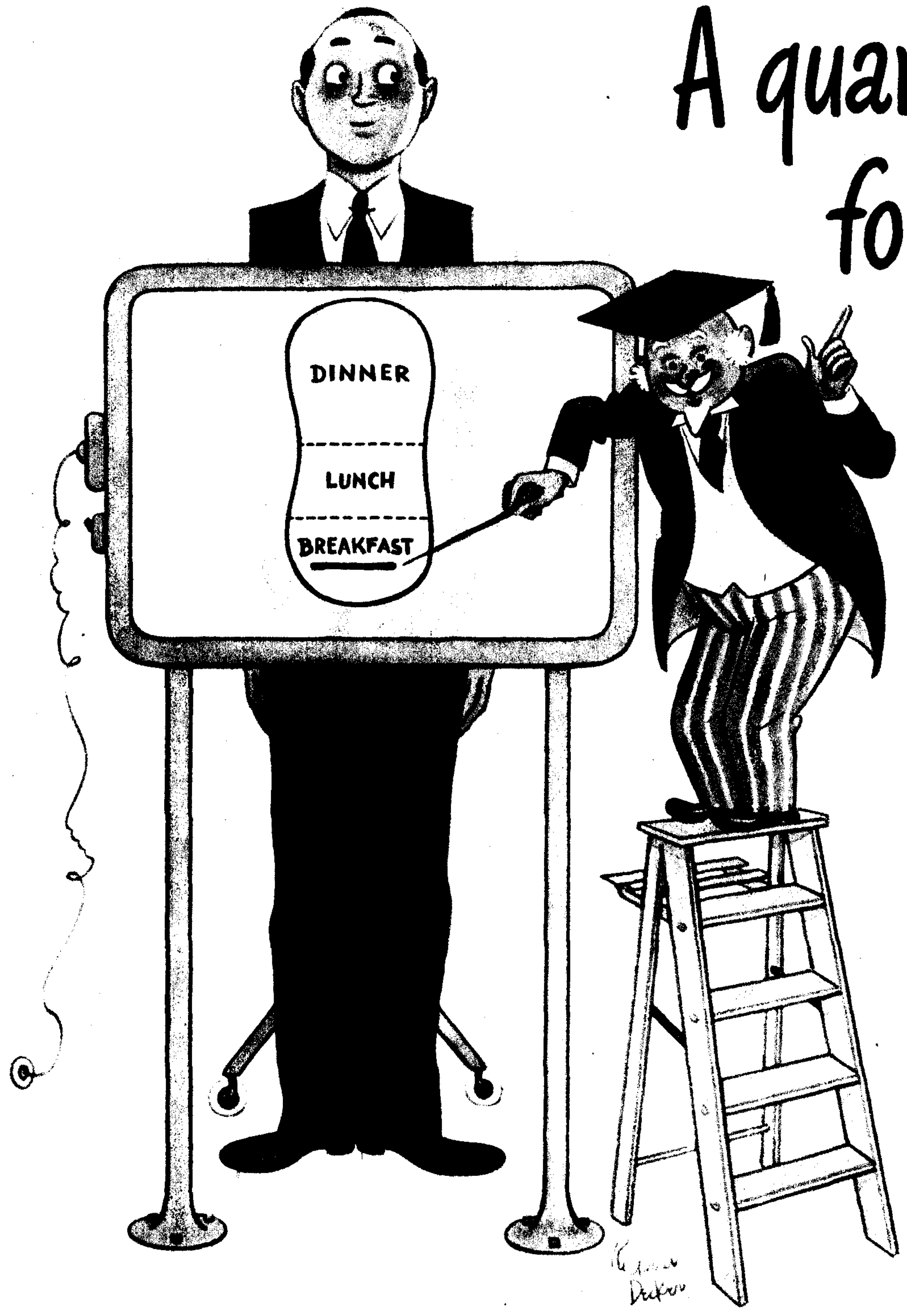
There was a widespread belief that fear of Congressional disapproval was holding up action by the Administration, and so scores of organizations all over the United States joined in a campaign to press for some positive commitment by Congress on postwar foreign policy, so as to remove this doubt and give the green light to the Administration. This public demand culminated last fall in the adoption by overwhelming majorities in both houses of resolutions favoring United States participation in effective machinery to maintain peace. The Senate resolution recognized the necessity of "establishing at the earliest practicable date" a general international organization open to all peace-loving nations, to maintain peace and security.

This statement in the Senate resolution was taken verbatim from the third major development of our foreign policy, the Moscow Declaration signed October 30, 1943, at Moscow, by Secretary Hull, Foreign Ministers Eden and Molotov and Ambassador Foo Ping-sheung.

The Moscow Declaration was tremendously significant both in relation to winning the war and to winning the peace. As to the war, it marked the end of two years

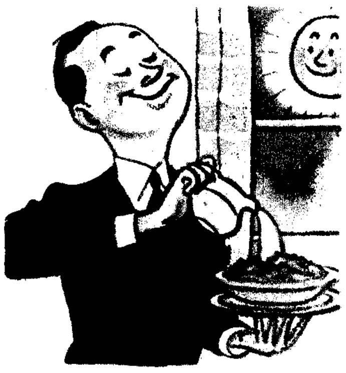
(Continued on page 67)

A quarter's your quota for breakfast



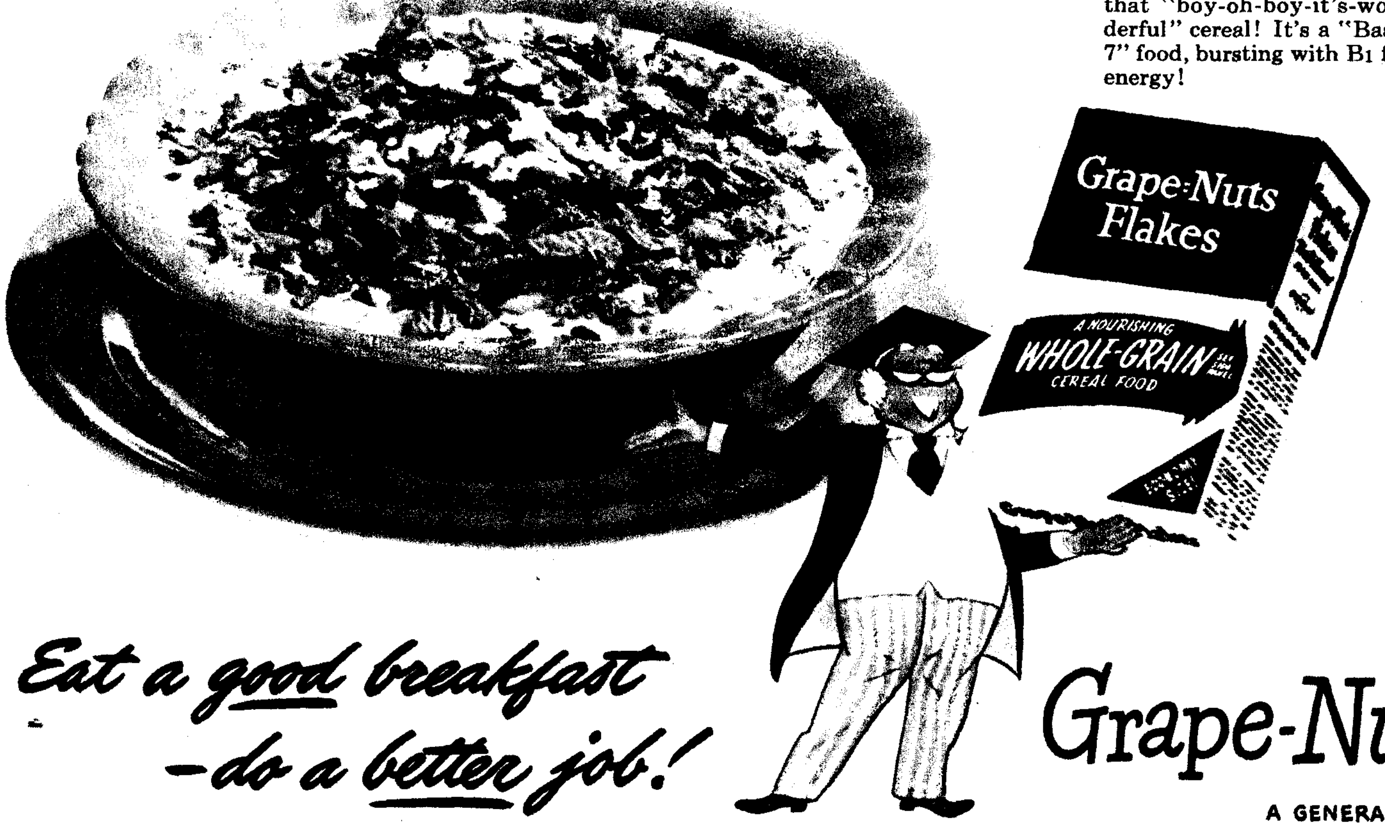
1 Neighbor, it's like this—when you get out of bed in the morning your vitality's very low. No wonder! It's been *12 hours since you ate last.* Your stomach's *crying* to be fed!

2 But that's just when most people *don't* eat enough, doctors and dietitians tell us. They say you need at least *one quarter of your daily nourishment at breakfast.*



3 Uncle Sam says you need *whole-grain* nourishment every day. And *say,* do you get it from Grape-Nuts Flakes!—that "boy-oh-boy-it's-wonderful" cereal! It's a "Basic 7" food, bursting with B1 for energy!

4 Tomorrow, treat yourself to a big bowlful of malty-rich, sweet-as-a-nut Grape-Nuts Flakes. Pour on the milk, pile on your favorite fruit. *Man,* what a swelegant way to help get that top o' the morning quarter of your quota!



LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!

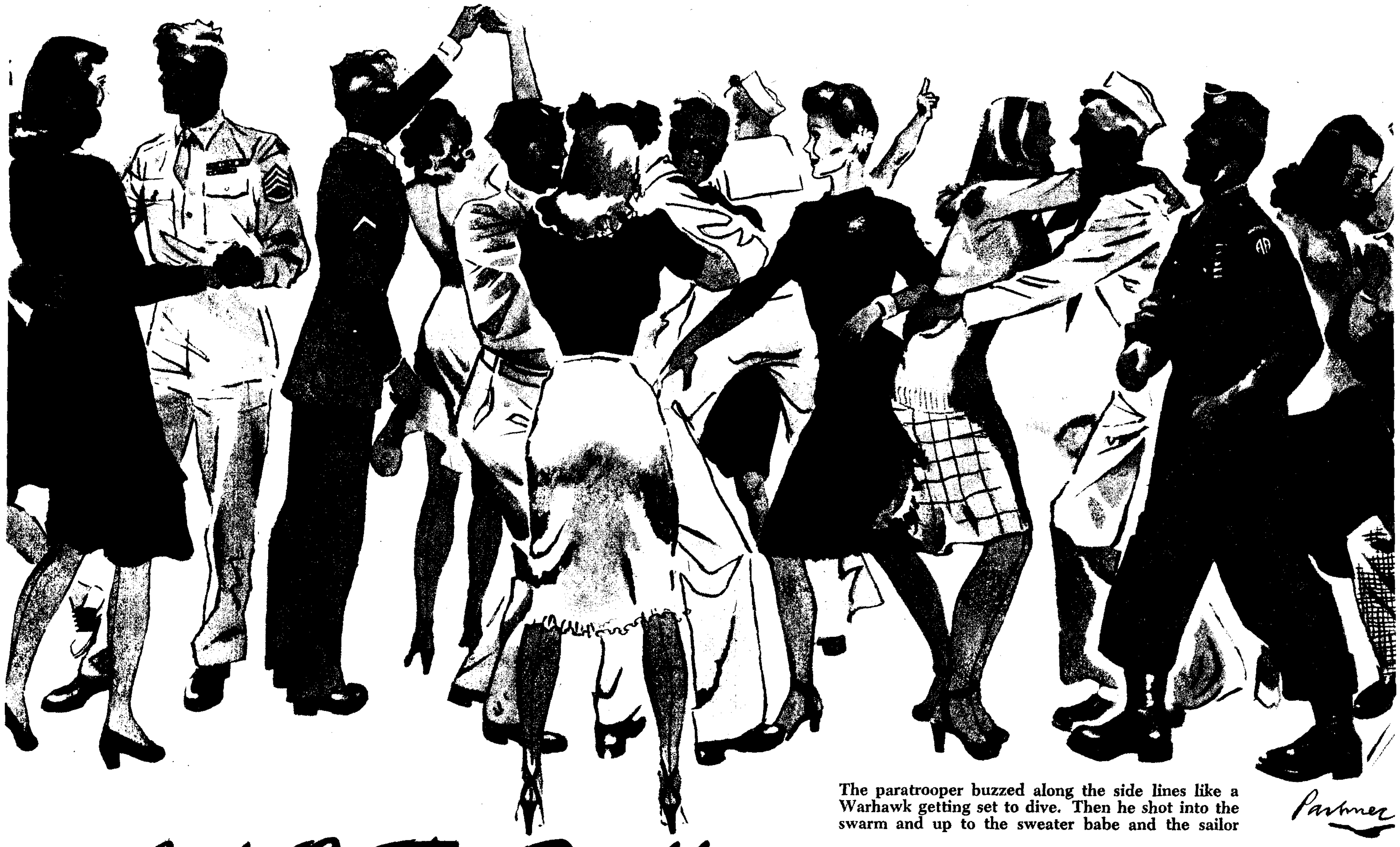
- Government authorities say that most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.
- Doctors and dietitians agree that we should *all* get at least one quarter of our daily nourishment in the morning at breakfast.
- In a survey of nutritionists, 424 out of 443 said an adequate breakfast should include *both* fruit *and* a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.
- All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

GRAPE-NUTS • GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES
GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT-MEAL • POST TOASTIES
POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

Eat a good breakfast
—do a better job!

Grape-Nuts Flakes

A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL



The paratrooper buzzed along the side lines like a Warhawk getting set to dive. Then he shot into the swarm and up to the sweater babe and the sailor

And On The Double

BY MEYER LEVIN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

I DON'T know when he got on the bus. All I know is, I suddenly turned, to find this paratrooper sitting with me.

"Crawling!" he sputtered. "I'll go nuts!"

I looked at my wrist watch. "We're on schedule."

"May be fast enough for the infantry." He put me in my place. "But I go on the double. Eat on the double, sleep, dress, drill, everything on the double."

"Certainly keeps you keyed up," I remarked, glancing at him. A tight-packed little guy. He caught my glance.

"Smallest guy in my outfit," he said. "But I can break a six-footer in two. Leverage. Tricks. Resourceful. Ingenuity. Act on your own." The bus ground up a hill. "Is he going all the way in second? I've got to get to Sylacauga!"

"We'll get there on time," I said. "What's your hurry?"

"Ha!" he said. "I'm going to get married in Sylacauga."

"Well!" I said. "Good luck!"

"Yep!" he said. "I figure this is my last overnight pass. I figure they're going to ship us out." He grinned. "She don't even know I'm coming. But I've got all the stuff. That's the main element in our tactics. Surprise."

I too got off at Sylacauga, as I had to wait there for the Birmingham bus. "Good luck! Happy life!" I wished him, as he rocketed out of the station.

Fifteen minutes later I was blitzed off my lunch-counter seat by the bridegroom paratrooper. "When's that Birmingham bus?" he demanded.

"Going there for your honeymoon?" I asked.

"She wasn't home. They said in her boardinghouse she went to Birmingham."

"There's a bus in an hour," I said.

He grabbed my arm. "Come on! I don't wait for no bus!"

As he was obviously too nervous to sit around waiting, I decided to humor him and hike along; the bus could pick us up on the road. But in five minutes we were whizzing toward Birmingham. He had flagged a state trooper's car.

My pal regaled the police with paratroop lore: "We use everything that comes to hand. Surprise, improvise is our motto. We hit a town. First off, we grab the police. We capture communications. We paralyze the town."

It was just coming night, as we hit Birmingham. The trooper let us out in front of the Royal Hotel. "Hope you find your girl," he said and drove away.

"This is quite a big city," I observed. "Ever been here before?"

"Naw." He pulled a wallet out of his pocket, extracted a snapshot. "Cover the big hotels," he instructed me. "Her name is Anna-Mae Eubanks. Dark red hair and green eyes. Five feet two. Meet me here in half an hour. I got a mission."

He was gone. I studied the snapshot. It showed the girl in a playsuit; she had nice-looking legs and torso and an open, smiling face—friendly, decent-looking.

I went into the hotel and sat in the lobby. There was some hillbilly music on the radio. Suddenly an excited, familiar voice broke in on the music:

"Attention! Miss Anna-Mae Eubanks! Miss Anna-Mae Eubanks! Wherever you are! Proceed at once to the lounge of the Royal Hotel! Miss Anna-Mae Eubanks!" The paratroops had taken over radio communication.

In ten minutes, his voice hit me from behind: "See her yet?"

"How did you get on the radio?" I asked.

"How? Just walked into the control room. Surprise element." He looked at his watch. "She didn't hear me, or she'd have come." After darting to the desk to leave instructions, he pulled me into the street. There was a movie palace down the block. "Got forty cents?" he asked.

I shelled out, though I couldn't understand this sudden change in strategy.

"You take the other aisle," he directed.

We toured the aisles, up and down. Then we investigated five other movie houses, three bowling alleys, and every restaurant and cocktail lounge in town.

"Looks like you're out of luck," I said, feeling almost as bad as he did.

AS WE toured the town, he kept filling me in on Anna-Mae: Some girl, some chick, some sweetheart! Cute as a mouse, smart as a Quiz Kid, could cook like a chef, make her own clothes. . . .

"Where did you meet?" I asked.

"Dance," he said. We strode on. "I got to marry that girl!" He looked at me, and there was an island of calm in his fever. "I've got to know I'm set, before I go away. She'll have a place for me to come home to, and—" I knew what he meant.

We were back near the Royal. "Well," I said, "I can't think of anywhere else."

He wasn't listening. He was watching a group of girls go into the hotel. They were the jitterbug type, chicks with ankle socks, swingy skirts, fuzzy sweaters.

He slapped his forehead. "Cluck!" And, stopping the next bunch of girls, he demanded, "Where's the dance?"

They pointed inside. "USO."

For thirty seconds, the paratrooper buzzed along the side lines, like a Warhawk getting set to dive. Then he shot into the swarm.

To cut in on a jitterbug in full fling must be like trying to catch a 400-mile-an-hour fighter plane in your bare hands. But my friend pierced directly to the hub of the melee, where a sailor and a sweater babe were whirling like tandem gyroscopes. They were just at the point where the boy flings the girl into space and each executes a solo spin before they fly together again; only, when this sailor whirled back for his girl, he clasped empty space. My paratrooper had nipped up the cutie and zoomed her off the floor.

When they came to rest in front of me, I saw that it was she, all right—Anna-Mae for certain, the girl of the snapshot, and simply brimming with excitement and love. "But, darling, I'd have been home! Why didn't you phone me?" she was saying.

"Okay, okay! I found you! Now let's get hitched!" he said. "I haven't much time. Let's get hitched right now!"

"But how—but who—where will you find anyone to marry us, so quick?"

"Think of everything! Be prepared for any emergency!" He pulled me forward. "Improvise! Adapt! . . . Chaplain, do your stuff!"

"Him?" She eyed my insignia.

"Sure! What do you think I carried him along for?"

"Glad to do it," I said, and I felt I must be almost as happy as the kids themselves. "But I have to remind you," I added, "this chaplain happens to be a rabbi."

"It will hold, won't it?" she asked.

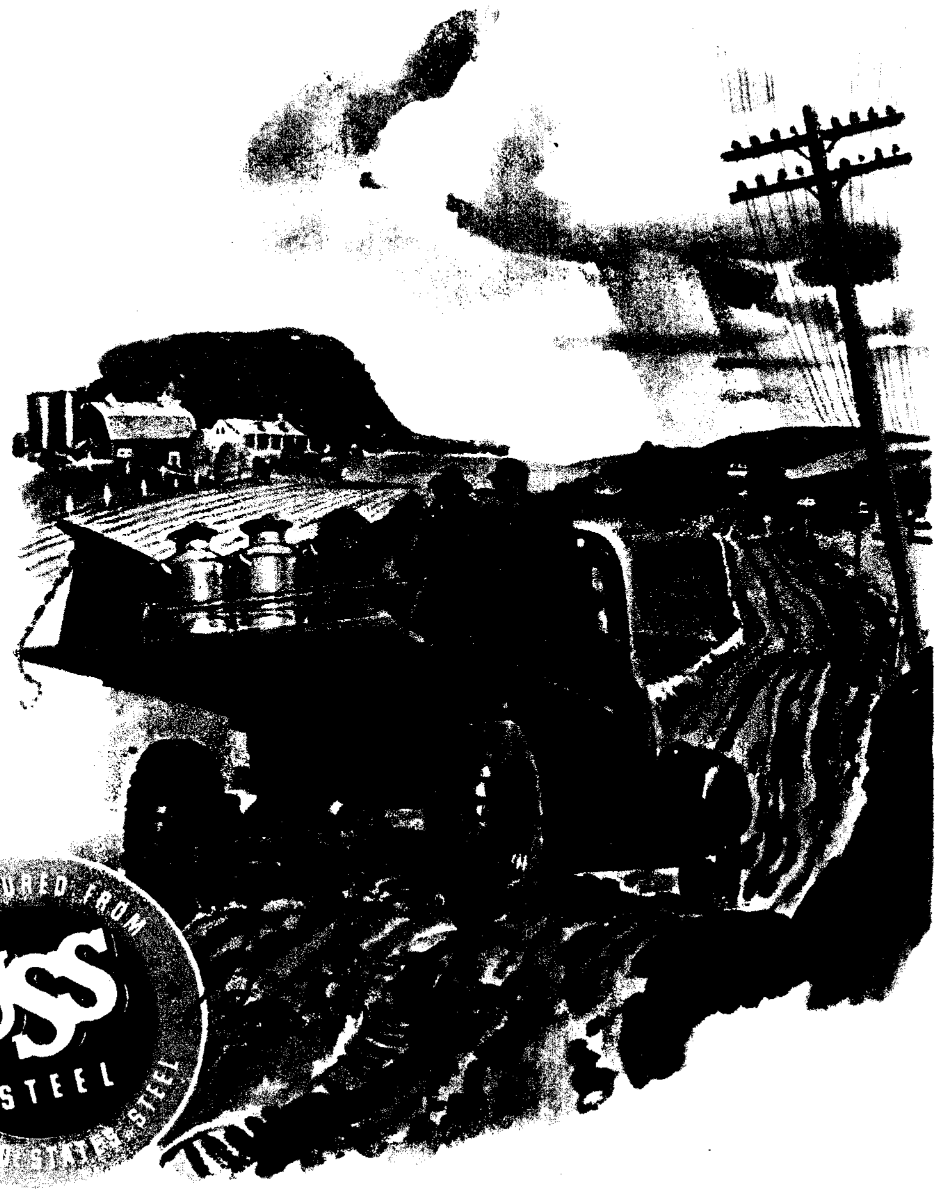
"Sure," I said.

"Well, good!" cried the paratrooper. "What are we waiting for? We've got a lot to do tonight! Get busy, padre. And on the double! On the double!"

Who ever dreamed we could lose a war?

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Why do they make Jeeps out of STEEL?



Because you can't beat STEEL for toughness!

Can you imagine a Jeep made of anything but steel? Steel's toughness has been tested by war. Keep this in mind when peace comes. When you're buying peacetime goods. The new and better war-steels will be ready for *you* then. Many of them resulting from research by 174 U. S. Steel laboratories. They'll be made into all kinds of products from trucks to furniture. Marked with the U·S·S Label. To assure you *quality* steel.

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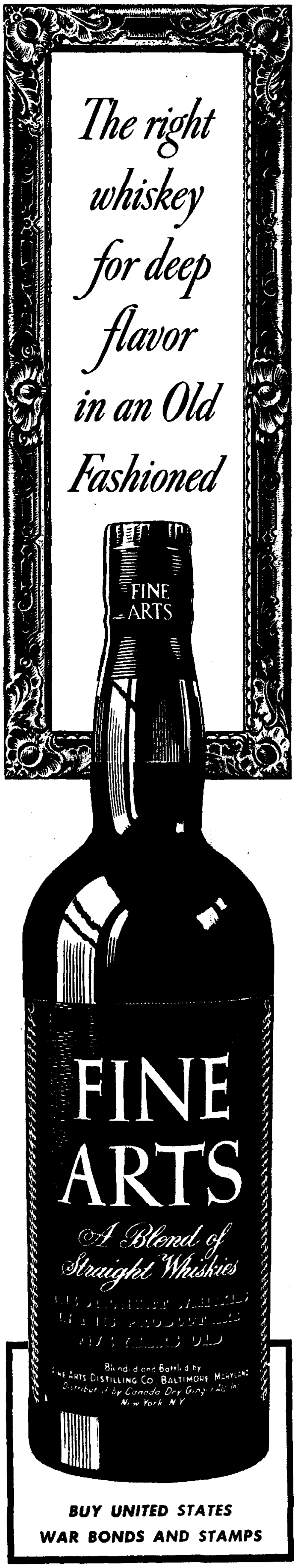
The right whiskey for deep flavor in an Old Fashioned
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BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The Jew as a Soldier

Continued from page 11

the way down to appreciation of ice-cream sodas and Cellophane packaging. In their love of freedom of action and speech and their devotion to political democracy, the Palestinian Jews even more closely resemble Americans.

The Jews have reached a momentous era in their history. For the first time since they fought the Romans, the Jews are all fighting on the same side. This wasn't true in the last war. They fought on the side of the Allies and, with equal patriotism, on the side of the Kaiser. But by what they have achieved in this war, they will compel new respect and admiration far beyond the kudos civilization finds itself obliged to pay to Jewry's scientists and musicians.

They stand, in spite of Fascist efforts to obliterate them, at the gates of the Promised Land, with drastically reduced ranks but with a stronger claim to nationhood than ever before.

The Jewish war effort is as tangible as the muzzle of a gun, as easily measurable as the contents of a box. You can begin with Palestine itself, with an area about the size of Delaware and populated by a million Arabs and half as many Jews.

Probably the biggest single Jewish contribution to the United Nations war effort has been industrial. The total Palestinian industrial output for 1943 was valued at 120 million dollars, nearly half of which was strictly military supplies ordered by the British army. The industrial output six years before was worth only forty million dollars, and for 1940 sixty millions.

Workers engaged in industry increased from 30,000 in 1937 to 50,000 by the end of 1942 and the trend remained upward throughout 1943. The value of Jewish investments rose to nearly 500 million dollars. The creation of war industries, or conversion of peacetime industries to war work, was undertaken entirely by Jewish Palestinian capital without outside help.

The high degree of mechanical aptitude of Jewish workers made Palestine the only place between Britain and India where industry existed on a European standard. Until the Mediterranean was cleared of the enemy, Palestine was the only place where expert repairs to weapons, and particularly to precision instruments of all kinds, could be made in the Middle East.

Almost overnight the Jews created 432 new industries and began the manufacture on a large scale of chemicals, drugs, serums, lenses, optical instruments, textiles, armor plate, shoes, heavy harbor equipment, rifle and machine-gun parts and canned goods. A four-million-dollar-a-year industry was alone represented by the production of diamond dust by refugee craftsmen from Belgium. Almost the entire output goes to the United States for precision grinding.

Arsenal of Democracy

Within the limits of its manpower and raw-material resources, Palestine became the arsenal of democracy in the Middle East, employing about seventy-five thousand workers, twenty-five thousand of them in military camps and on port operations, totaling one third of the adult Jewish population directly in war industry. The rest were indirectly employed in helping to win the war by growing food and keeping transport moving. Palestine's production of small arms and ammunition remains an imposing secret.

The country's postwar industrial future, however, is not bright. Many products now made in Palestine, from aspirin to jams and from textiles to shoes, offer competition to foreign commercial interests. The Palestinian Jews therefore face postwar industrial demobilization for their wartime pains.

The British government has decided that after the war only those industries will be permitted to continue which can obtain their raw materials within Palestine itself.

And there, in a potential conflict between Britons and Jews over Palestine's industrial future, you have one of several important sources of trouble in the world's most troubled land next to India. Other wells of discord—one: freedom of Jewish immigration to Palestine; two: removal of obstacles against the free purchase of land by Jews; three: the right to bear arms in self-defense; and four: an ultimate creation of a Palestine state—are being kept well capped for the duration but threaten to blow their lids immediately after peace is "declared."

Appeasement of the Arabs

The Palestinian, and predominantly Jewish, war effort can also be measured in terms of the thousands of tons of food raised to feed large armies of Britons, Americans and even the Poles bivouacked in and about Palestine for nearly four years. The Jews themselves went meatless, eggless, potatoless and sugarless long before rationing hit the United States. The Arabs weren't rationed. The official reason: They couldn't read ration cards and the whole idea was too complicated for them anyway. The real reason: The Arab world had to be appeased in every possible way.

Soldiers on leave, who pay exorbitant prices for whisky, taxi rides and fun in turbulent Tel Aviv, crowded Haifa and bustling Jerusalem, obtain a distorted view of Palestinian affluence and stumble headlong into the conclusion that all Jews are profiteers. The average wage of skilled Jewish workers is from $1.75 to $3.50 daily, representing only a small increase over the prewar rate. The cost of living has, however, increased by a staggering 250 per cent.

To Palestine's invisible contribution to the war effort must be added also enormous quantities of shipping saved through the creation of industries and the intensification of agriculture. The Allies were able to divert shipping relieved of carrying supplies to Palestine to do vital military tasks in the Mediterranean area.

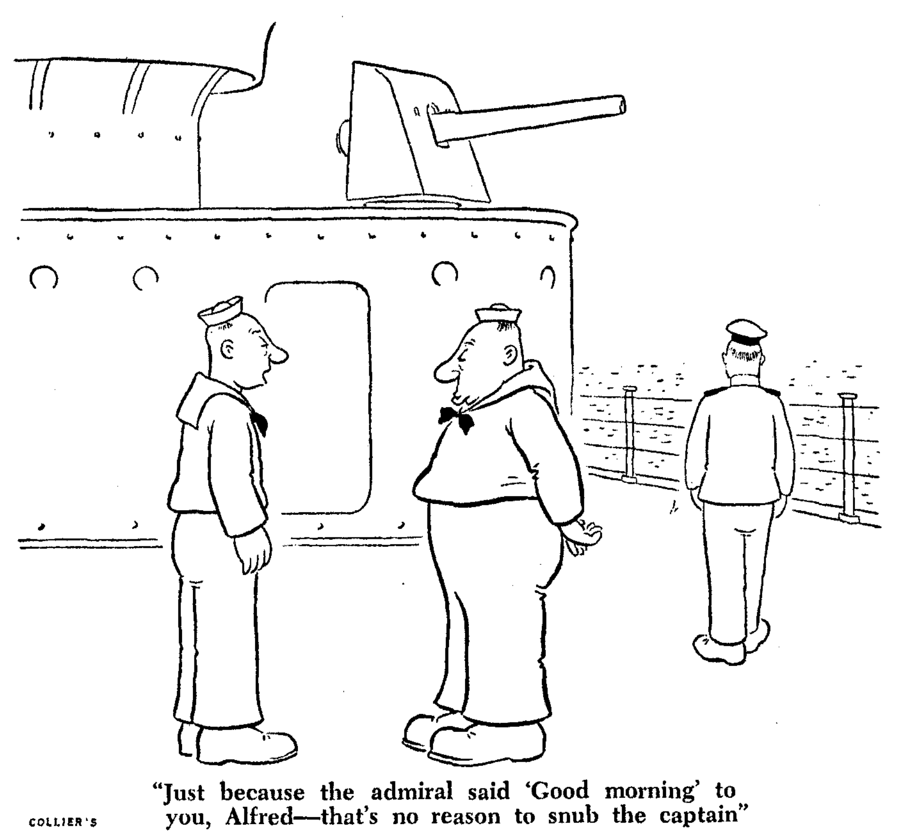
In this war, as in the last, the Jews of Palestine wanted to fight under their own blue and white banner. In the last war they managed to obtain this privilege. Three battalions were formed and served with honor in Egypt and Palestine under General Allenby. They weren't so fortunate in this war. After debate in the House of Commons, Jewish insistence on an independent army was overruled. The argument against creation of a Jewish army was that, in fairness to the Arabs, they, too, must be allowed to have an independent army. The Jews countered with a proposal to have a Palestinian army composed of Jews and Arabs. This was rejected, but Jews and Arabs were permitted to join the British army. Out of nearly a million Arabs, seven thousand enlisted. Of half a million Jews, more than twenty-five thousand men and women joined up. At least ten thousand recruits were raised by the personal efforts of one of Palestine's most dynamic figures, Ben Zion, who at sixty obtained special permission to join the British army.

It was Ben Zion who introduced dates into Palestine. He, with the help of others, stole choice seedlings from Iraq and smuggled three truckloads into Palestine. Iraq had refused to sell Palestine the seedlings and had banned the export of trees or seeds.

There's no allergy to Jews in the Soviet Union. At least a hundred of the Red army's top generals above the rank of brigadier are Jews. There were about 2,500,000 Jews in Russia when the Germans attacked. There were at least 10 per cent, or 250,000, in the Soviet army. Of these, 185,000 have been cited by the Soviet High Command for bravery and 5,163 have been honored for unusual gallantry.

Using a common basis of ten per cent as representing the portion of a popula-

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Just because the admiral said 'Good morning' to you, Alfred—that's no reason to snub the captain"

"Four times as powerful as 100-octane gasoline? ...SAY THAT AGAIN!"

All right, we will:

Texaco research laboratories have developed new super-fuel concentrates with power ratings up to four times as high as present-day 100-octane aviation gasoline!

These concentrates are so powerful that no engine has yet been built that can use them effectively. Nevertheless, in developing these unbelievably powerful synthetic fuels, Texaco scientists have gained valuable new experience and "know-how." Out of their pioneering will come the super gasolines that *will* be used effectively by your car of the future.

These super-fuel concentrates take their place in a long, long list of notable Texaco research achievements. Such a concentrate is now being blended into aviation gasoline to enable American planes to fly farther and faster, to carry heavier loads of bombs and bullets. To speed up production of *Alkylate,* essential ingredient in 100-octane aviation gasoline, Texaco research developed the *liquid-catalyst isomerization process.*

This new knowledge . . . this continuing research . . . will mean more power, better mileage and finer all 'round performance from post-war Texaco Fire-Chief and Texaco Sky Chief Gasolines.

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Coming . . . a finer **FIRE-CHIEF** *gasoline and a finer*
Sky Chief *gasoline because of Texaco's work in this war*

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tion fit for military service, you arrive at some interesting results as to how many Jews fight in democracy's armies. And more pointedly, how seriously the Nazi war machine was affected by Aryan allergy to the Israelites.

There were approximately 15,500,000 Jews in the world before Hitler's pogroms began. This represented a manpower fighting potential of 1,550,000. About 8,000,000 Jews were in Poland, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Belgium, Hungary, Germany, France, Holland, Denmark and occupied Russia at the peak of Nazi domination of Europe. Hitler could have raised, therefore, 800,000 men for his Reichswehr among the Jews and possibly more.

The Nazis' anti-Semitism, a cold-bloodedly designed policy calculated to bolster nationalism internally and to create political and economic problems within the democratic countries to which refugees fled, has proved a boomerang. In a purely military sense, the "Aryan" supermen deprived themselves of a considerable stock of cannon fodder and ensured, (1): the loyal support of democracy by the Jews, and (2): resistance from Jews inside occupied countries.

When the Germans invaded Yugoslavia, that country's 68,000 Jews had a choice between registering as Israelites and being committed to concentration camps, or taking to the hills to fight as guerrillas. Some idea of how universally the Jews chose to resist can be had from the fact that six thousand fight with Tito's forces against the Germans, including a considerable number of women. Several of the Partisan high officers are Jews. Tito's communications system, including a powerful radio station which has been his most important weapon in making the world realize the extent of his power and the widespread popularity his movement enjoys, was set up by a Jewish boy parachuted into Yugoslavia loaded with equipment.

It was a similar story in Greece. Here, the Germans have made their most determined effort, after Poland, to exterminate all Jews. They met, however, not only the courageous defiance of the Israelites themselves, but of the Greek people. The Rosenberg Commission, specially sent down from Berlin, ordered the arrest and deportation of every Jew in Greece where two large communities, one of 15,000 and another of 50,000, existed in Athens and Salonika respectively.

The Will to Resist Survives

When summoned to provide lists of Israelites registered by synagogues, courageous Chief Rabbi Barzilai stalled for three days, destroyed the lists and disappeared. Tens of thousands were herded into freight cars and deported to western Thrace and eastern Macedonia wearing badges of the Star of David. Other thousands are jammed into the Baron de Hirsch ghetto in Athens. But others are being hidden by sympathetic Greeks and, what is more important, four thousand able-bodied men escaped to the hills and now fight with bands of the National Committee of Liberation.

The best-organized underground movement, however, exists in Poland. I have seen letters from some of the leaders of the Jewish underground there. One, written by the Jewish Joan of Arc, says: "For two years we have dreamed that we would be able to tell you of our life and struggles. In the last year and a half we have built up a huge system for training youth (in guerrilla fighting). As a matter of fact, the youth movements (peacetime organizations for training young men and women for life on Palestine's collective farms) are stronger than in normal times.

"With the organization of ghettos began the systematic killing of Jews. Eighty thousand were killed with poison gas in one major city. In Lodz forty thousand were segregated and are now dying of hunger and tuberculosis. The most beautiful chapter of our war against the Nazi brute is Warsaw. There we organized a defense movement within the ghetto itself and fought several actual battles. To our great sorrow, only a small number of the enemy, about 800, was killed. The result, of course, was the destruction of the entire Jewish population there. The ghetto was razed. It was entered by tanks and armored cars which opened fire on the population with machine guns and light cannon. Leaders Kaplan, Perlstein, Inovitz and Broda are among the dead."

In Tarnopol, before the town was leveled, the Jews bought pistols, contraband, at from 3,000 to 4,000 zlotys each. When they couldn't buy them they dug catacombs and lived in damp darkness to emerge by night and kill Germans.

Valor versus Treachery

Another letter I have seen says: "There were clashes between Jews armed with side arms and regular German troops. Those who survived returned to the catacombs. Some people are still hiding in them. Some of our number, alas! signed up with the police force to save themselves. They have never killed fellow Jews, but they spy on us."

From Bendesburg comes word of organized guerrilla bands engaged in sabotage and in rescuing Jews and others from the Nazis. One letter told how Jews burglarized apartments where German soldiers were billeted and obtained 30 revolvers. Thus armed, twenty men and women succeeded in making their way to a Tito Partisan band where the price of admission is "one or more weapons." Ten others were caught by the border patrol and shot.

Also from Bendesburg comes word of the creation of an organization in that city to "smuggle people out through the sewer system." The sewers are also used to bring supplies out for guerrilla units in the hills.

Almost all letters I have seen speak glowingly of how Jews have managed to keep alive Zionist movements in the occupied areas, and thus they accomplish the double purpose of intensifying the fight against the Nazis and preparing men, women and children for life on co-operative farms in the Promised Land. Zionism is the principal motivating spiritual force which keeps the Jews in the war. When candidates for co-operatives are sufficiently well trained in agriculture, handicrafts and Hebrew, the underground smuggles them out to Palestine where they arrive for more training and to wait for allotments of land on which to settle. The difficulties they must overcome before they become settlers are too numerous to deal with here, but they aren't merely obstacles of transportation, faked documents, visas and permission to enter Palestine itself.

A letter from a Jew living in Budapest: "To our sorrow," the letter says, "the majority of our membership were of military age. They were drafted into labor battalions. The work fell largely on the shoulders of girls. But we continue the work of education and have regular classes in socialism, Zionism, psychology, literature and agriculture. We also have regular calisthenics.

"We receive information from Palestine through the Red Cross. From them we learn that our Hungarian group there has received land and planted the first seed. From a private letter we learn that already the first child has been born there. This information gives us strength."

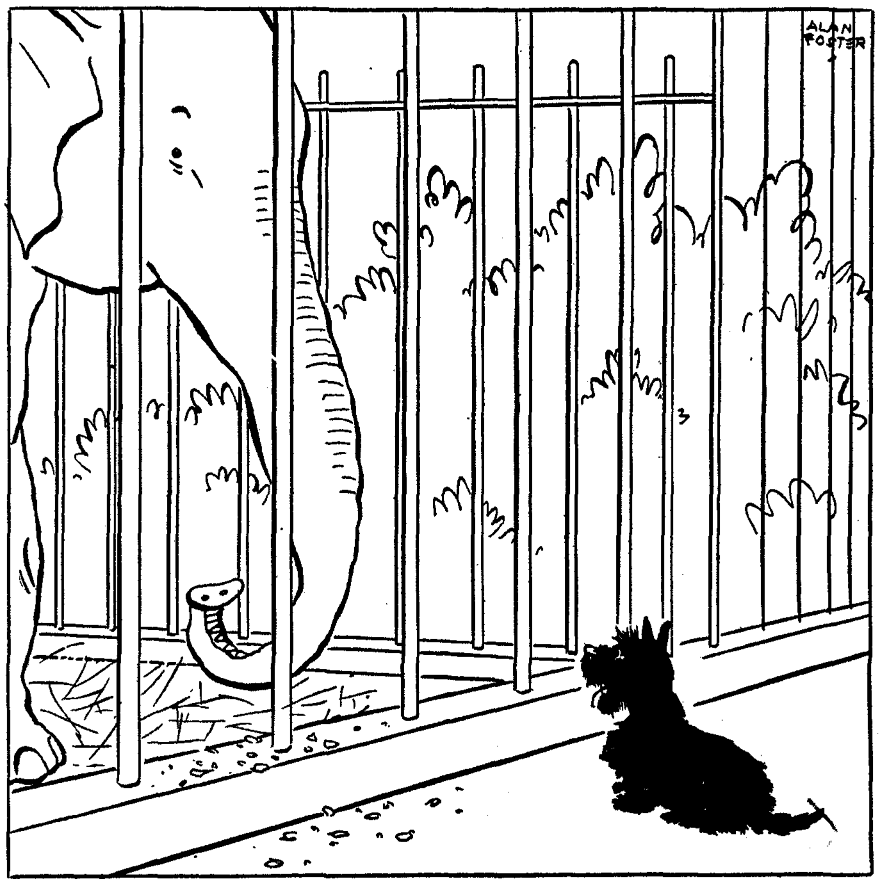
There is a high percentage of Jews in the Czechoslovak army and in the Czech guerrilla group. When the Free French began recruiting in the Middle East, the highest response was from French Jews.

A high proportion of the Polish army's officers are Jews. A high percentage of enlistments of Jews in South Africa brought commendations from Premier Smuts, and the over-all war effort of Jews within the British Empire moved Winston Churchill to say, "They have rendered magnificent service."

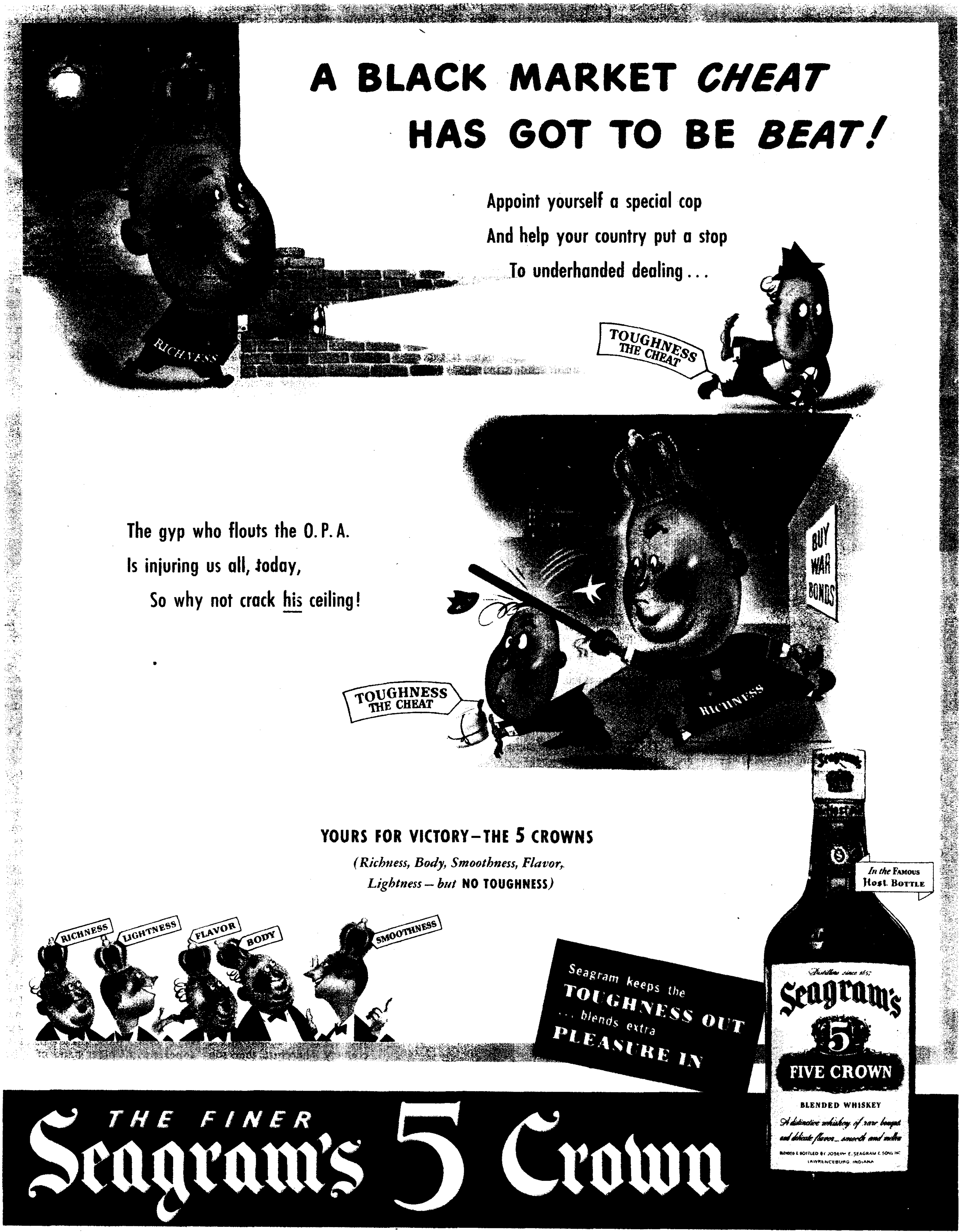
There are nearly a million Jews in the armies of the United States and the other United Nations.

Between 1910 and 1920 the Jews looked

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE **by ALAN FOSTER**



COLLIER'S "I hear you are going to Chicago this summer, too"


RICHNESS
TOUGHNESS THE CHEAT
BUY WAR BONDS
TOUGHNESS THE CHEAT
RICHNESS
RICHNESS
LIGHTNESS
FLAVOR
BODY
SMOOTHNESS
Seagram's
In the Famous Host Bottle
Distillers since 1857
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FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and delicate flavor—smooth and mellow
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC.
LAWRENCEBURG INDIANA

A BLACK MARKET *CHEAT*
HAS GOT TO BE *BEAT!*

Appoint yourself a special cop
And help your country put a stop
To underhanded dealing . . .

The gyp who flouts the O. P. A.
Is injuring us all, today,
So why not crack his ceiling!

YOURS FOR VICTORY—THE 5 CROWNS

(Richness, Body, Smoothness, Flavor, Lightness — but **NO TOUGHNESS***)*

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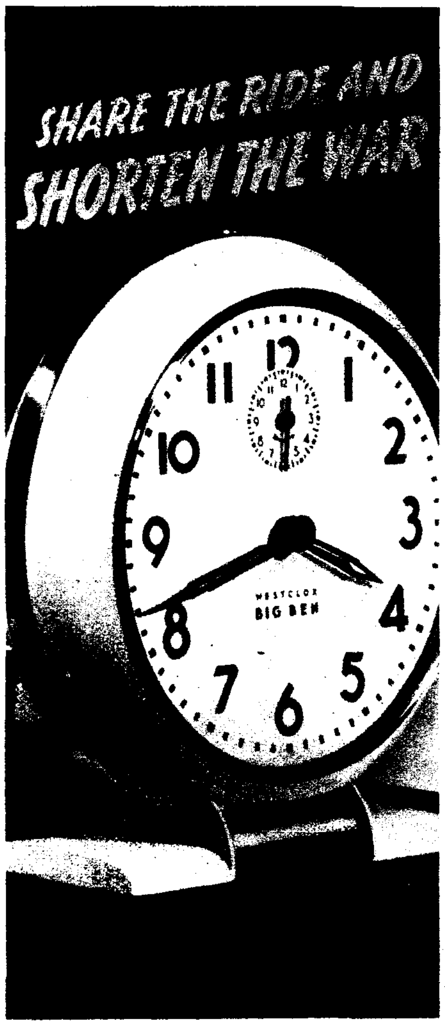


When giving home-front medals
Save a shiny one for Bob
He always gets to work on time
And stays right on the job

When gas and tires were rationed
He started on a plan
Of how to share the car he has
To help his fellow man

Does *your* car have an empty seat?
Well, fill it up today!
And *you* will rate a medal
From your friends along the way!

—Big Ben

BIG BEN
WESTCLOX

*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Because Westclox craftsmen and facilities are devoted to vital war work, Big Ben and other Westclox are not being made until further notice. WESTCLOX, Division of General Time Instruments Corporation, La Salle-Peru, Illinois.

to America to provide refuge. Since 1920, the focus of Jewish dreams has been a certificate granting them the right to immigrate to Palestine. The period since 1920 has seen the growth of Zionism, a political, religious philosophy which translates Jewish longings for safety from persecution into aspirations of nationhood. The collection of all the Jews in the world into a single state won't eradicate hatred of the race. But Zionism has become a powerful, dynamic force which has influenced the making of a new nation in Palestine as its inspired Jewish war effort.

The creation of a co-operative or communal settlement demands the kind of pioneering spirit which built America out of the Western wilderness. But the methods used are scientific. When a pioneer reaches his homestead, he is fully trained to become a useful, self-sufficient citizen. He may have been an office worker. Now he's a farmer, dairyman, soil chemist and poultryman.

In peacetime, about 50,000 Jews, most of whom had never done manual work, were in training in schools in England, America and continental Europe, preparing for settlement in Palestine.

Typical communal settlement is Ramat Hakovesh, just off the Tel Aviv-Haifa road. It was a blank, sterile desert, about 500 acres of sand. The settlers, who numbered about 15 families, found water. They knew how and where to dig their well. They set up their tents and began intensive cultivation of the soil. They knew what seeds to plant to obtain a maximum return for their work. They built temporary wooden shacks to replace tents. The first permanent building they built was a school and a dormitory for children.

One of the most striking facts about the settlements is that they are producing a new race. The parents of dark, Levantine coloring raise inexplicably blond blue-eyed children. Nobody has found an answer to this riddle. The Jews on settlements grow into fair or redheaded sturdy people totally unlike the pallid, harassed Jews of terrorized Europe.

Landmanschaft—the grouping together of Jews of the same national origin—is discouraged in an effort to breed this new race of Jews. Even in this, Jews show a determinedly scientific approach to life.

After the Ramat Hakovesh settlers had gathered their first crop, built their school, their modern barn and poultry houses, they built their own houses. In seven years they have fashioned a model town of 260 inhabitants. They live in substantial concrete and steel homes furnished with furniture they have made themselves. They have their own doctor and veterinary. Their bakery produces all the bread the town requires and enough to supply some to Tel Aviv. They have their own trucks and repair shops. There are wheat and barley fields and vegetable gardens where there was a desert. Their citrus trees bear fruit. No one individually has money. Their capacity for work is the only basis of their wealth and their only medium of exchange, except goods they produce, which amounts to the same thing.

Here the Jews have contributed tangible weapons which peacemakers can employ in rebuilding Europe and in giving its peoples a new purpose in life. Jews have shown in Palestine that the forces of nationalism can be turned inwardly to benefit nations rather than outwardly in wars. Jews fight, too.

THE END

The Week's Work

Walter Davenport

WALTER DAVENPORT, Collier's political editor, received a letter from a reader the other day beginning, "Shooting, sir, would be too good for you. . . ."

Davenport chuckled. "So long as they want to shoot me," he said, "I know I'm doing all right." In his almost 20 years at Collier's, Davenport has been threatened repeatedly with shooting, punches in the nose, kidnaping, social ostracism, arrest and, of course, suits for libel.

Davenport knows you can't write honestly of politics without stepping on toes, so, in spite of his peace-loving nature, he goes ahead and steps. He is without violent political convictions of his own, except that he thinks everybody deserves a fair shake. Which is what leads him so often to write of underdog causes.

He has traversed every one of the 48 states many, many times, conferring with political leaders, governors and whomever. Now he is doing it again, preparing for the coming Presidential election. He considers a Presidential convention evidence that democracy as practiced in the United States is practically foolproof.

"You go to a convention, see the maneuverings of little men with selfish motives, and you think for a minute the country has gone to the dogs this time sure. But it never does. Things work out somehow, in spite of lost motion and incipient corruption, to make us the greatest country on earth."

Alec Rackowe

Davenport generally avoids crystal-gazing, but when he does do a little forecasting, his prognostications stand up as well or better than the next man's—as they should, from a writer who frequently is called America's foremost political reporter. He was one of the few to predict, during the first Roosevelt campaign, that the Middle Western farm states would do an about-face and go Democratic. Later, he named the states Landon would carry, coming within one of batting 1,000. As for 1944, he hasn't made any statement yet, but he's got something to say about one of the candidates. (See page 14.)

Davenport is cordially welcomed in political arenas everywhere. He is (as, of course, he would be) a Kentucky colonel, and he is also on the staff of the governor of Georgia.

Davenport has been a reporter from his earliest youth. It was, he says, inevitable. His father worked in a general store in Maryland, and his mother worked in the post office next door. Between them, they knew everything that had happened, was happening and was going to happen in the country. Therefore, their son became a reporter. To clinch the inevitable, he had an uncle who went to jail for popping the preacher on the nose. Some kind of an argument about was the preacher sound on Isaiah or wasn't he.

Davvy attended many schools, and so became, he says, "broadly uneducated." He got a reporting job with the Philadelphia Public Ledger, but quit in a rage when they raised his salary from $9 to $13 a week. Says Davvy, "I thought it should have been $15." Then to New York and a job as a streetcar conductor, which he walked out on one rainy day after 106 people stepped on his feet.

World War No. 1 found Davvy, first, a private and eventually a captain, with the 111th Infantry in France. The regiment's motto, still dear to Davvy's heart, was "Take it easy, you'll last longer."

Captain Davenport's reportorial instincts led him to investigate the village of Fismette to see if there were any Germans there. There were, he learned, when a bullet lodged just above his hip.

Back in New York with a reporting job on the New York Sun, Davvy's first big assignment, direct from Publisher Munsey, was "Go out and find out what is the matter with America." He has been busy on that assignment ever since, and perennially renews his conviction that, although things here and there need straightening out, there's nothing much the matter with America.

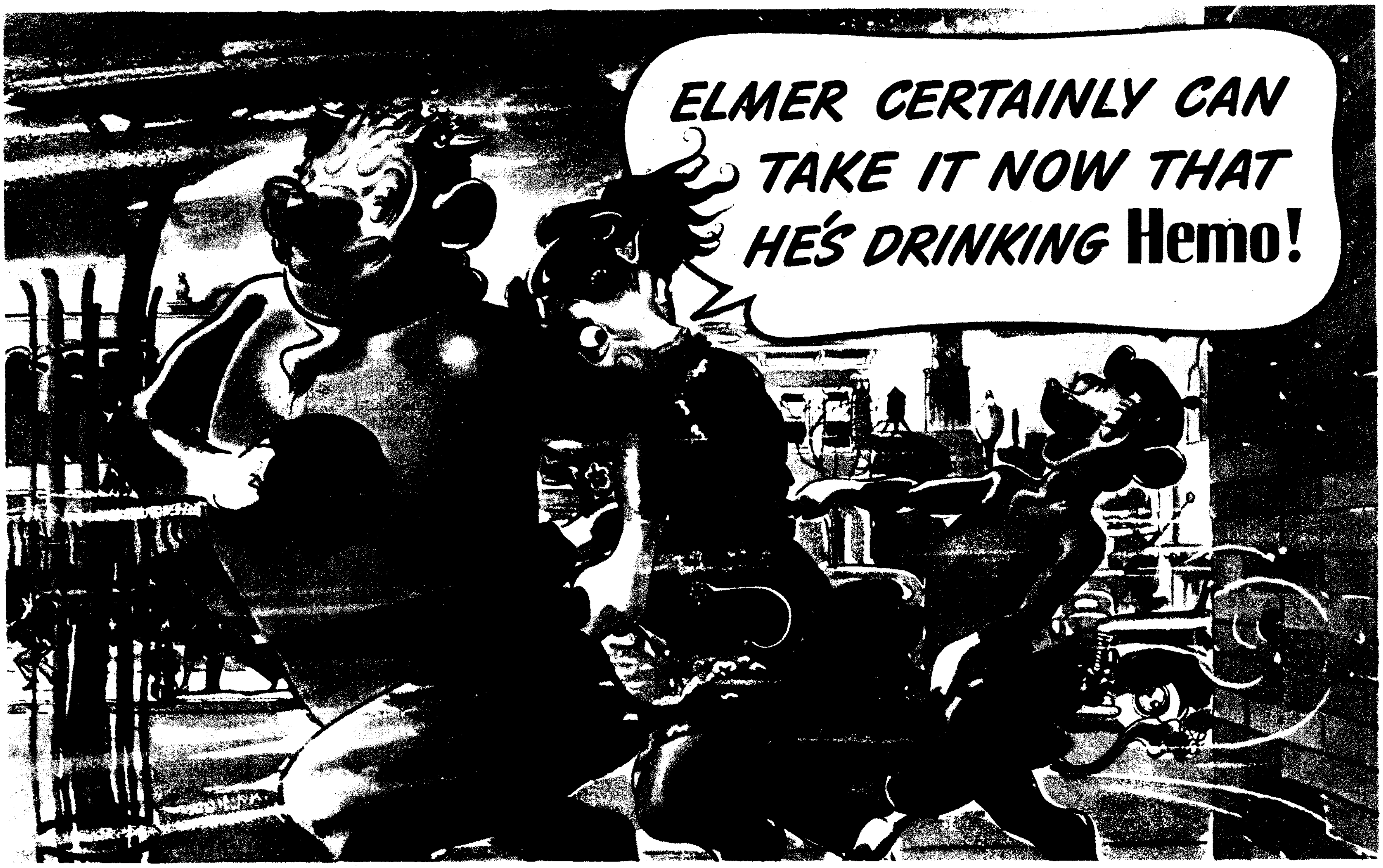
There is a Mrs. Davenport and two sons. Anthony is still in school; Michael is in the Marine Corps.

"WRITING about oneself is a difficult assignment," Alec Rackowe says, in reply to our query. "Am I the nice guy I think? The gay blade of the twenties? The mustached cynic of the thirties? The author of scores of published stories since 1936; most proud of having first appeared in Collier's and of appearing in its pages thereafter once or twice each year?

"That me, or the guy I hear about from my dear wife and my 70-year-old scrappy, let's-go-some-place mother? From their point of view, I'm a bad-tempered, flighty, sometimes 'tetched' bozo, given to leaving pipes all over the house.

"Perhaps it's best to be coldly factual: Born in London; educated in New York; newspaper columnist for a dozen years; Hollywood interval; radio—but ever returning to the love that hit me at the age of eight: the short story."

Rackowe wrote Tomorrow is a Lovely Day, page 15. . . . A. P


ELMER CERTAINLY CAN TAKE IT NOW THAT HE'S DRINKING Hemo!

Pep up your step with Hemo—
Drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

JUST TWO TEASPOONS OF HEMO GIVE YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
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PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

Borden's Hemo

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Borden's
Hemo

"SHUCKS, I don't call this a wind!" boasted Elmer, the bull. "This little 'blow' is just a *bracer* to a man in my condition!"

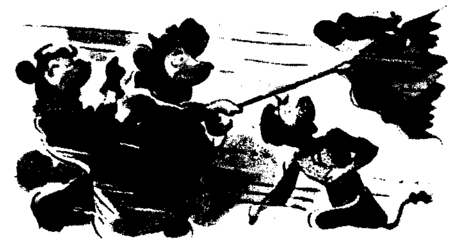
"And one of the things that helps keep you in such good condition is a glass of HEMO every day," commented Elsie, the Borden cow. "For with food shortages we *all* run the risk of not getting the vitamins and minerals we need with our meals."

"And I suppose," parried Elmer, "your *heavenly* HEMO could change all that!"

"*Heavenly* is a lovely word for HEMO, dear," enthused Elsie. "It's a heavenly *treat* to get your vitamins in such a delicious drink!"

"A little silence on the subject of HEMO would be a treat to me!" guffawed Elmer. "But I guess that's too much to expect."

"Now, dear," countered Elsie, "*you can expect* half your daily needs of Vitamins A, B_1, B_2 (G), D, and Niacin; and of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus from just 2 heaping teaspoons of HEMO mixed in milk. And you get all these needed vitamins and minerals — as set by Government nutritionists — in a *real food* drink. You see, HEMO is grand food *before* Borden's fortify it with vitamins. So they're adding vitamins to food, dear. And that's fine—for vitamins are *natural* elements of food!"



"And you're just a natural born HEMO booster!" teased Elmer.

"There are thousands like me," smiled Elsie. "Everybody's wild about its rich, delicious malty taste! They all say HEMO's the gl-orious way *to drink your vitamins and like 'em!*"

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All is Not Gold That Glitters!
MAYBE NOT, PAL! BUT THAT BLONDE BUNDLE OF LOVELINESS SURE GLITTERS OKAY TO ME!
HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY, JOE! BUT YOU DON'T HEAR THE WOLF-PACK HOWLING AFTER HER, DO YOU?
NO-O-O. HOW COME?
JOE, THAT LUSCIOUS-LOOKING DISH HAS THE KIND OF BREATH NOBODY WANTS TO TANGLE WITH! NO FOOLING, SHE OUGHT TO PROCEED TO HER DENTIST—AT ONCE!
HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
SA-AY! THAT'S THE GIRL YOU MADE THAT CRACK ABOUT! HOW COME THE WOLF-PACK HAS EXECUTED THE ABOUT-FACE?
TIMES CHANGE, JOE—AND SO DID SHE! NOWADAYS THAT GIRL GETS A SOLID GOLD RUSH—AND RATES IT!
COLGATE'S MAKES TEETH ACTUALLY SPARKLE—GIVES TRUE BRILLIANCE TO YOUR SMILE!
COLGATE
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

Tomorrow is a Lovely Day

Continued from page 15

shut, but as she got to the top, it opened. Mom looked out. Her hair hung in two heavy braids over her shoulders. Her face looked tired, old. "Penny?"

"Yes, Mom."

"Did you have a good time?"

"Yes," Penny breathed, and Mom made an attempt at a smile.

"That's nice. Good night, dear."

The door closed. Penny went down the hall to her room. She undressed slowly and got into her pajamas. She opened the windows wide and lay in the dark thinking of Ed Danning. She didn't know whether she liked him a lot or not. She only thought of what he had said. The damp air came cleanly to her nostrils. It didn't matter how warm and sunny it might be. Tomorrow wouldn't be a lovely day. It would be a dull, a disheartening day, like all the rest in Pucket's Bowl.

WHEN she came down to breakfast, the sun was streaming into the blue and white kitchen. The table was set with Mom's brown Mexican service. Dad was in his seat, big and rugged; iron-gray hair and deep blue eyes. He took Penny's kiss absently and touched her cheek.

Mom came with the eggs and toast. She hadn't boiled any for herself. She sat down and let her breath go in a sigh, and there was a silence at the table—the sort of silence that had been there so often these past months.

Dad finished his coffee. He said, "I'll walk down to Brown's for the papers."

"Do, John," Mom said. Her graying russet hair was neatly piled; her house dress fresh and colorful. "It's a lovely day. Nice enough for the first picnic at the Grove."

Penny looked up at Dad as he rose. He didn't have every Sunday off, and ever since she had been a child, Dad's idea of the finest of Sundays was a picnic among the sweet-smelling white pines along the river just outside of Pucket's Bowl.

Dad was feeling for his pipe. He didn't look at Mom. "I don't know. You want to go?"

"It's up to you," Mom said.

Dad struck a light. The blue smoke rose lazily. He dropped the match into the tray on the Dutch cupboard. He said, "I've been thinking . . ."

Mom's face grew quiet. Penny couldn't tell what she had guessed. "Yes, John?"

"We're pretty well fixed. After this is cleared up, I thought maybe we'd get out of Pucket's."

"Where would we go?" Mom asked. Her face said nothing, her brown eyes fixed on Dad's.

"Anywhere. The Coast maybe. Like Sam and Edith Olney. Sam was doing well, the last I heard."

Penny put down her spoon. Her lips were parted but she wasn't sure just what it was she felt. Mom got up and began to remove the dishes. "It's up to you, John."

"It's only an idea," Dad said. "Be better for Penny. There's nothing here for her . . ."

Mom didn't answer. She carried the dishes away, and her voice came quietly, "I'll fix the basket, anyhow."

When Dad had gone, Penny carried her own dishes thoughtfully to the chromed unit Dad had had installed three years ago. She said, "I'll do the things, Mom."

Mom didn't object. She moved away, and Penny watched the opalescent suds foam up under the beat of the hot water. The sun glinted on her soft fair hair; her blue eyes under the clear etched brows were unseeing as she looked past the organdy-edged blue curtains at the misty, greening fields beyond. Dad had said what Ed Danning had. There was nothing for her here. She felt a restlessness; a rebellion against everything—even the spring day growing to full brightness.

She heard Dad come into the house as she finished the dishes. She hung up the cloths and went out. Mom didn't lift her head from the table where she was making up the basket.

Penny went through the hall to the front door. It was open. At the end of the porch, the wisteria was showing greenish yellow shoots; the crocuses were already gone; the jonquils and tulips in the borders of the garden walk were pushing up, green and straight.

The sound of the bus came from the Carlisle Road where Brown's was the only place open on Sundays. There was no traffic to be heard. There hadn't been for more than a year. The trees had a mist of green, and the maples were flowering red in the sunlight.

Penny sat down on the top step, tucking the yellow dress about her rounded knees. It wasn't ten yet, and Ed Danning wouldn't call her for hours. The day stretched ahead, empty.

She saw the soldier as he came down the other side of the wide, macadamed street. He walked slowly, looking about him.

When he saw Penny he stopped. He came across the road, and she saw the stripes and loops of his master sergeant's chevrons; the row of ribbons on his blouse.

He came to the gate, a tall young man with dark hair and gray eyes in a lean, tanned face. He said, "Good morning. Can you tell me which is the James house?"

Penny got up and went down the steps. As she neared the gate, she said, "This is it."

The sergeant looked at the house. His gray eyes came back to her. "I thought it was—but—" His forehead wrinkled. "You're one of the family?"

"I'm Penelope James."

His eyes widened, the tiny sun lines at the corners deepening. He stared at her, frankly unbelieving. "You can't be."

Penny wasn't sure whether she should be annoyed or amused. "I am," she said quietly.

The sergeant shook his head as if marveling. "Penny James!" His browned hands gripped the top of the gate. "You've changed a lot."

Penny laughed. It surprised her. There hadn't been anything to laugh at in Pucket's for a long time. "I suppose I have. When was the last time you saw me—if ever?"

The sergeant grinned faintly. "Fifteen years ago. You used to tag around after me because I always said, 'Oh, let her come,' when Sam chased you back. I'm John Olney."

PENNY could only look at him incredulously, at the tanned face with its wide, firm mouth and deep-set eyes.

"Remember?" John Olney asked. "I was named for your father—just as Sam was for mine."

Penny still couldn't speak for the wonder of it, and John Olney said, "I guess you don't remember. You were only three or four then—and you didn't look anything like you do now. You didn't give even a faint promise of it."

"I don't remember," Penny said at last. "But—but Dad and Mom have often spoken of you—of your people. Dad was—only this morning."

John Olney looked at the house again. "They're home?"

"Mom and Dad," Penny said. Something caught in her throat.

She saw John's eyes darken. His face

grew still. Penny said, "Sam—" and then stopped.

He didn't speak. He didn't say what Ed Danning had said. The hands that held the picket tops tightened. A bleakness came into his gray eyes, and suddenly his jaws were thinly defined—the face of a man who had known what Sam had known. His voice was low, "When?"

"Last fall. In the Pacific."

She saw his big shoulders stiffen. He looked at the greening garden, at the bare flower beds stretching to the tool house and the vegetable patch behind. He said "Sam—" in the gentlest of voices, and Penny felt her eyes sting.

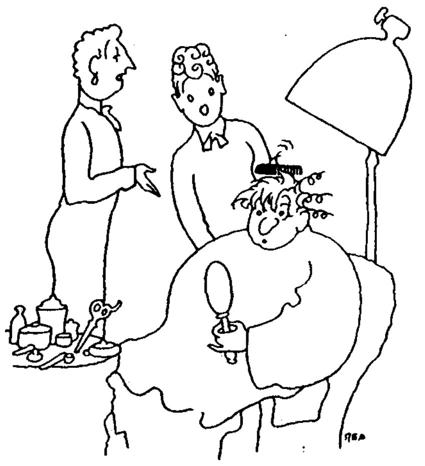
From the porch, Dad asked, "What is it, Penny?"

Penny turned her head. He had come out onto the porch. He had his paper in one hand and was taking off his reading glasses with the other.

The gate swung inward. John Olney put his hand on Penny's shoulder, and she moved with him to the steps. Dad was looking at them, his face tense as if he didn't know what to expect—as if there were anything more to know than he already knew.

John Olney went up the steps. He put out his hand and said quietly, "Don't you remember me, Uncle John?"

Penny saw the change that came over her father's face, the way the deep lines broke. He said, "Johnny—Johnny Olney."



"Would you mind taking Madame over, Miss Hughes? Monsieur Paul went out for a drink"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

He caught John's hand, and the paper fell to the porch. He shook John's hand and turned his head to call, "Bess . . . Bess!"

Mom came to the door. Johnny Olney moved to her. He said, "Hello, Aunt Bess. I'd know *you* anywhere."

Mom's lashes winked. She put out her hands, and Johnny Olney took them in his big ones. He said, "Penny told me about Sam." His voice was deep but easy. He turned his head momentarily. "I wouldn't have known Penny. I've always thought of her as she was; with sugar at the corners of her mouth and one hair ribbon missing."

Penny didn't dare look at Mom or Dad. She sat down on the top step and looked at Johnny Olney. He was so sure of himself, but it was a different assurance from Ed Danning's—quieter, deeper. He said, "I'm at the camp. Instructing. Mother wrote me to be sure and come to Pucket's Bowl—but that wasn't necessary. I'd have come, anyhow."

He let go Mom's hands. "I didn't think I'd remember it, but I do. I started early. I was afraid you'd be leaving early on the Sunday picnic. It's such a lovely day."

Penny shrank inside. There was a moment's silence. Johnny said, "That's the one thing I've never forgot—the picnics."

Mom said, "I was just finishing the basket." And when Johnny asked, "Is there enough for me?" it was Dad who answered. "More than enough. I'll get the coffeepot and the grill, Bess."

Penny heard him go inside; heard Mom call to him, and her light footsteps as she followed. Only then did she lift her head. She said fiercely, "Dad really doesn't want to go. It would only remind him—all of us—" She looked up at him, her blue eyes wide and reproachful.

Johnny Olney asked softly, "Does anyone want to forget?"

"But . . ." Penny said, and Johnny shook his head. He sat down beside her on the top step and gave her one quiet glance before he rested his elbows on his knees and looked out at the road. There was something about him that made Penny close her red lips.

THEY walked four abreast to where the pavement ended and the road became frankly rural. Johnny carried the basket, and Dad carried the knapsack with the picnic utensils.

Johnny talked easily of his people. "Queer how you get to neglect things, but fifteen years is a long time, I guess. Mom always meant to write. I remember how she used to say, 'Bess owes me a letter. I wrote last.' And then when I came back from my freshman year at college, she said she'd written. A year later, she said you'd probably gone away from Pucket's, too." He smiled at Mom. "Pucket's Bowl. I've always said this was where I was born, where I came from."

Mom said, "I guess I should have written," and Dad grumbled something, but Johnny Olney only laughed and said, "It's always like that." He didn't look at Penny, and she walked along beside Dad and wasn't sure whether she was glad Johnny Olney had come or not.

The pines hadn't changed. The firm carpet of redolent needles was brown and yielding underfoot, and the river flowed fully at the bottom of the slope. Penny helped Mom with the basket while Dad and Johnny Olney gathered pine cones and winter-shed twigs for the fire.

Johnny stood up once and laughed down at Dad. "That water is not as warm as it looks. Remember the time Sam and I begged to go in, and you said, 'All right. Go ahead if you like'? We came out blue as storage turkeys and you just laughed at us."

Penny swallowed. She saw Mom's face quieten. She could have screamed at Johnny, but it was only a moment before Mom smiled as Dad said, "I do. I'd had the same experience with my own father." Then he laughed—a short, rusty bark that surprised Penny. "A pair of scrawny runts—every rib showing."

"We were nine," Johnny Olney said. "It was the year before we left. Sixteen years ago." He stood up, broad-shouldered, two inches taller than Dad. His face turned to the tall trees about them; to the river below and the hills rising beyond the farther bank. "It hasn't changed. It won't ever change."

Penny wished he wouldn't talk like that. Everything he said made her remember her brother—remember the times innumerable they had all picnicked here. It made her lips quiver and she could only guess at what Mom and Dad were feeling . . .

IT WAS well past noon when they finished lunch—the smoky-flavored coffee that always tasted better than even the finest drip at home, the crisp bacon and pink frizzled ham. Johnny Olney's dark hair shone in the dappled sunlight as he lay on his stomach and talked about the places he'd been—about his mother and father far off in California. They'd done well with the hardware business Sam Olney had started. Johnny had gone to college, taken a degree in engineering, done engineering jobs on several fronts.

Penny listened. Through silky lashes

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she watched Mom and Dad. They were interested; their faces more animated than she had seen them in ages.

Johnny rolled over onto his back and stretched his arms. "It's just as I remembered it. I always ate too much." He sat up and looked accusingly at Mom. "You didn't bring any of those twisted cookies, Aunt Bess."

Mom said, "Heavens! Do you remember them?"

"Do I!" Johnny said. "I've forever reminded Mother she never could touch your cookies."

Mom looked pleased. Dad was smoking his pipe; not nervously, but thoughtfully, contemplative. He said, "Your father always said it was one of Bess' cakes that made him fall in love with your mother. She told him it was one of hers, and by the time he found out, he was too much in love with her to recover."

He laughed, throwing back his head, and Johnny's ringing laugh joined in. Penny felt herself smiling. She looked at Mom and Mom said, "It isn't so. I've denied it a hundred times." But she was pink and pleased.

Johnny said, "The four of you came here a lot, didn't you?"

"We did," Dad said, reminiscent. "It started when we were going to Fall City High. Sam liked Edith, but I didn't have much use for girls. Edith brought Bess one day, and Sam carved Edith's initials on the big beech. So I felt I had to carve Bess' with mine . . ." He looked at Mom, and Mom smiled, nodding.

Penny sighed as Johnny asked, "It's still here?"

"Sure," Dad said. "Want to see?" He stood up and Mom said, "We'll all go." Dad put out his hand and drew Mom up and Penny turned her head and saw Johnny's gray eyes on her. She got up quickly and followed beside him. Mom and Dad were ahead, walking through the wide-spaced pines.

Johnny said, "Don't look so disturbed, Penny."

She glanced sidewise at him.

Johnny said, "It's good for them to remember."

Penny swallowed. She said, "It's seeing you. But it will be worse for them when you go—worse than if you hadn't come to remind them."

"No," Johnny said. "It won't, Penny."

The initials were plain on the big, scarred beech—a score of others as well, broadened and paled by the years, but decipherable.

Dad said, "We had great times," and there was a little silence. But Penny saw that Mom's hand was still in Dad's.

THE sun was westering as they came back to the street, tired. Mom said, "You can stay for tea, Johnny?" and Johnny Olney answered, "I wouldn't miss it on a bet, Aunt Bess."

Penny set the table in the living room. The golden sunlight came through the lace-curtained windows and touched the small table with its white cloth—the fragile china and the big teapot under its flowered cosy. Mom brought in some cakes, and Johnny Olney said, "Twisted cookies. Then you still make them—just as you used to?"

"Of course I do," Mom laughed.

Mom and Dad fairly chattered, and Penny felt her heart lifting, even though her reason told her it had no right to. It was good to hear laughter in the house again, to see Mom and Dad so bright and interested.

Then Johnny Olney said, "What time do the busses run? I have to be back in camp by nine."

Penny said quickly, "Every half-hour. It shouldn't take you more than an hour to get out. Twenty minutes to Fall City and not more than another twenty on the camp bus."

Johnny said, "I've lots of time, then," but Penny saw the shadows that had fallen on Dad's and Mom's faces, and she felt her heart sink.

Dad said slowly, almost with difficulty, "It's been good to see you, Johnny."

"It's been good to get back," Johnny answered. He took the short-bitted pipe from his mouth. "I've often wondered if Pucket's could be as I remembered it. I thought maybe it was because I'd been just a kid, because I'd heard Dad and Mother talk of it so much. But it's not that. It's the place itself. Now I understand why Mother and Dad have always wanted to come back."

Mom looked up from her cup.

Dad sat up. "They do, Johnny?"

"Of course," Johnny Olney said quietly. "It's home to them. It's where they came from. It wouldn't be difficult to persuade Dad to sell out and come hurrying. They've never been happy on the Coast."

"Sam's done well," Dad said.

"Money doesn't mean much when you've made it, when you're not crazy to get rich," Johnny said. "Mom's always pined for here. Dad, too, though he wouldn't put it into words."

"THERE'S nothing much to do," Dad said reluctantly.

"Isn't there?" Johnny asked, and he frowned at the pipe. "Dad's not old. This side of fifty—like you, Uncle John. When all the lads get home, when the restrictions are lifted, there'll be a lot to be done. Work for men of experience and know-how. Roads full of cars—even small planes and helicopters coming in." He looked at Dad. "I passed the meadow and the station. That's good, even land. Firm enough and big enough to take care of pleasure planes. Right on the main road."

Dad's face lighted. "I've thought of that," he said eagerly. "Service and repairs again." Penny saw his chest rise.

Johnny nodded, "Dad spoke of it, too, when I last was home. You could do a lot with that place. A small dam this side, and you'd have a decent-sized lake. Cottages for overnight travelers." He smiled. "Dad would love to have a finger in something like that."

Penny heard Mom's quick-drawn breath.

Dad leaned forward. "Johnny, d'you think he'd come? D'you think he'd go into it with me? I'd want nothing better. Me and Sam—"

"Like a shot," Johnny said. "They'd give anything to be here with us now." He looked at his wrist watch. "Three hours difference. They're sitting at home. They usually do Sundays. They know a lot of people, but they haven't made many friends—real friends."

Dad stood up. Mom lifted her eyes to him. Dad said, "They're there now?"

"I'd bet on it," Johnny smiled.

Dad beat a fist softly into his palm. "Then I'm going to call them." He smiled as Mom cried, "Oh, John . . . let's . . ." He said, "What's the number, Johnny?"

They clustered about him at the phone while he waited. Penny could hardly breathe. Mom stood quietly, and Johnny Olney waited, his head bent.

Then Dad said, "Sam? Sam—this is John. Yes—John." He laughed, a great surge of sound. "In Pucket's. Where d'you think? Johnny's here. I'll let you talk to him in a minute. Sam, I want to know. Would you consider coming back? Would you go in with me when things start up again? The station and other things." Penny saw his face grow intent and she couldn't draw her breath. Then Dad said, "You would? That's fine, Sam—fine. I—I'll write you. I'll tell you everything I've got in mind. You want to talk to Johnny, I know. It's good to hear your voice again, feller."

He thrust the phone at Johnny. He

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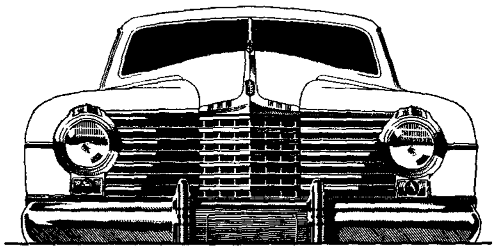

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walked out to the porch and then came back, his hands clasped behind his back, nodding. Mom walked to him, and Penny stood there, looking at Johnny Olney wonderingly.

Johnny's voice was quiet. "Hello, Dad. . . . I'm fine. . . . Yes. It is. It's just the way I remembered it. Better even." He listened. He said, "I'll go into it more thoroughly, but the opportunities are here, I'm sure." His face changed. He said, "Yes . . ." and then, "No. No, Dad. Not ever. . . ." He didn't lift his head, but Penny knew he had told his father about Sam. And somehow, it didn't tear as it used to. It just made her feel a soft regret that her brother would never be with them again.

Johnny's voice changed. "Hello, Mother. . . . Yes. . . . Don't say anything." The deep tones lifted. "You remember what you said to me? About . . . Yes. . . . You were right."

Penny felt she shouldn't listen and yet she couldn't move away.

Johnny said, "I'm going to. With everything I have, darling. Now I'll let you talk to Aunt Bess. She hasn't changed; she's just the same, and her twisted cookies are as swell as I remembered. . . ."

He turned and held the phone out to Mom. He walked into the living room, and Penny followed, hearing her mother's soft, "Edith? Oh, Edith, how nice to hear your voice. . . ."

Johnny was standing near the windows, filling his pipe. He looked up as Penny came to him. She put her hand on his arm. She had to swallow before she could speak. "I'm glad you came. Ever so glad, John."

"So am I," Johnny Olney said.

She walked with him to the bus shed as the dusk was gathering eastward toward Carlisle. Dad was already sitting at the living-room desk, writing his letter to Sam Olney.

JOHNNY towered over her, trying to match his long stride to hers. Penny sighed. "If you only knew what you've done for them. They were so down. Dad was talking about giving up the house. Moving away from Pucket's."

"They couldn't be happy anywhere else," Johnny said. He looked at the hills, tinged with rosy light from the vanished sun. "They'd be like Dad and Mother—always remembering, longing for the place they came from.

"The world's getting very small, Penny, but some things won't change. All of us wanted only one thing when we were abroad—to get home; and home is where you were born and grew up. That's how I felt—how all the fellows feel. And older people are no different."

Penny said, "It will be fine for Dad and Mom—to have your mother and father back here."

"It will be fine for all of us," Johnny said.

Penny looked up at him. "Are you—are you going to live here, too?"

"Where else?" Johnny asked. He bent his head. "I've seen a lot of places in the world. I'd like to visit them again some day, but this is what I've always remembered and longed for. There'll be work for me here as well. A life to make."

Penny nodded, walking beside him.

Johnny Olney said, "You're not going away, are you? You're not planning on leaving Pucket's?"

Penny's eyes widened. "I—" she said and then, "No. I wouldn't be happy anywhere else, I guess."

They had passed Brown's, reached the shed at the side of the road. There was no one there, and the road stretched, deserted, in both directions.

Johnny Olney said, "That's fine. "I—" He put his hand on her shoulder. "Penny—is there anyone? You're not engaged or anything?"

Penny's lashes quivered. "No, I'm not."

His gray eyes held hers in the thickening dark. "That's grand. Mom said, when I was home on furlough, 'You'll fall in love with Penny James if you ever get to Pucket's and find them still there.' I laughed at her because it was only part of her longing to be back—part of her dreaming. But she was right. I told her so. I fell in love with you the moment you came down to the gate." He let his hand fall. "I'm going to marry you, Penny."

Penny looked at him, wide-eyed. Johnny bent his dark head. She didn't turn her face away. His lips were warm and firm against hers. Her lashes fluttered closed as she found her mouth returning the pressure. Somehow it seemed right; natural.

The sound of the bus came to them. Johnny said, "I can be in Fall City tomorrow night. Will you meet me?"

"Yes."

Johnny smiled. It lighted his face; made him handsome. "We've a lot to talk about, Penny. I'll be at the USO at six. I'll wait for you outside."

PENNY stood there until even the sound of the bus had died away. She walked slowly homeward, seeing the lights start up in the shadowy houses, watching the night settle warm and comforting over the bowl of the valley, realizing how lovely it was.

When she came into the house, Dad was sealing his letter. Mom was standing beside him. Their faces were as they once had been, youthful and alive. Dad said, "I'll take it in with me in the morning. Send it air mail."

The phone rang. Penny went into the hall and took it up. She had forgotten all about Ed Danning. It took a full second for her to recall him even as his voice said—in answer to her "Hello"—"Hello, yourself. I'll be driving down in an hour to take you out of that cemetery."

Penny hadn't realized how brittle his voice was, how false the note of his assurance. She said, "No. Don't."

Ed Danning laughed. "What's the idea? Playing hard to get? I might not give you another chance, Penny James."

"Perhaps you'd better not," Penny said slowly. "I won't be able to go out with you."

"Hey, what *is* this?" He was still laughing, but the note wasn't right.

"Just that," Penny said. "Thank you for the invitation. Goodby."

She hung up. She knew Ed Danning would never understand, but his vanity wouldn't let him be hurt. There had to be men like Ed—just as there had to be men like Johnny Olney.

She went into the living room. Mom looked at her, and Penny said, "Nothing important."

Mom smiled. She said, "I think I'll walk over to evening service."

She didn't make it a question, but Dad said as he put the letter carefully into his breast pocket, "Will I need a topcoat, Bess?"

Penny saw the pleasure in her mother's face. "You'd better, John." She turned to Penny, and Penny nodded, smiling.

"I'm going, too, Mom." She went out to the porch and waited in the soft dark until they came. They went down the steps together. Penny said breathlessly, "I'm going to meet Johnny after work tomorrow. I won't be home to supper."

Mom pressed her arm. Penny walked contentedly, dreamily between Mom and Dad along the road in the scented, heartening spring night air. She looked up at the sky, where the stars were shining softly before the moon came to banish them mostly from view.

She felt life stretching before her, exciting, promising. She heard herself say, wondering, happy and humble, "Wasn't it a *lovely* day?"

THE END

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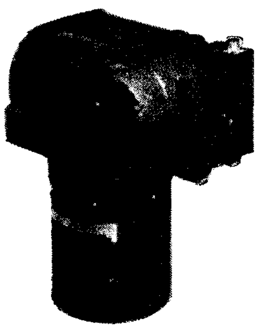

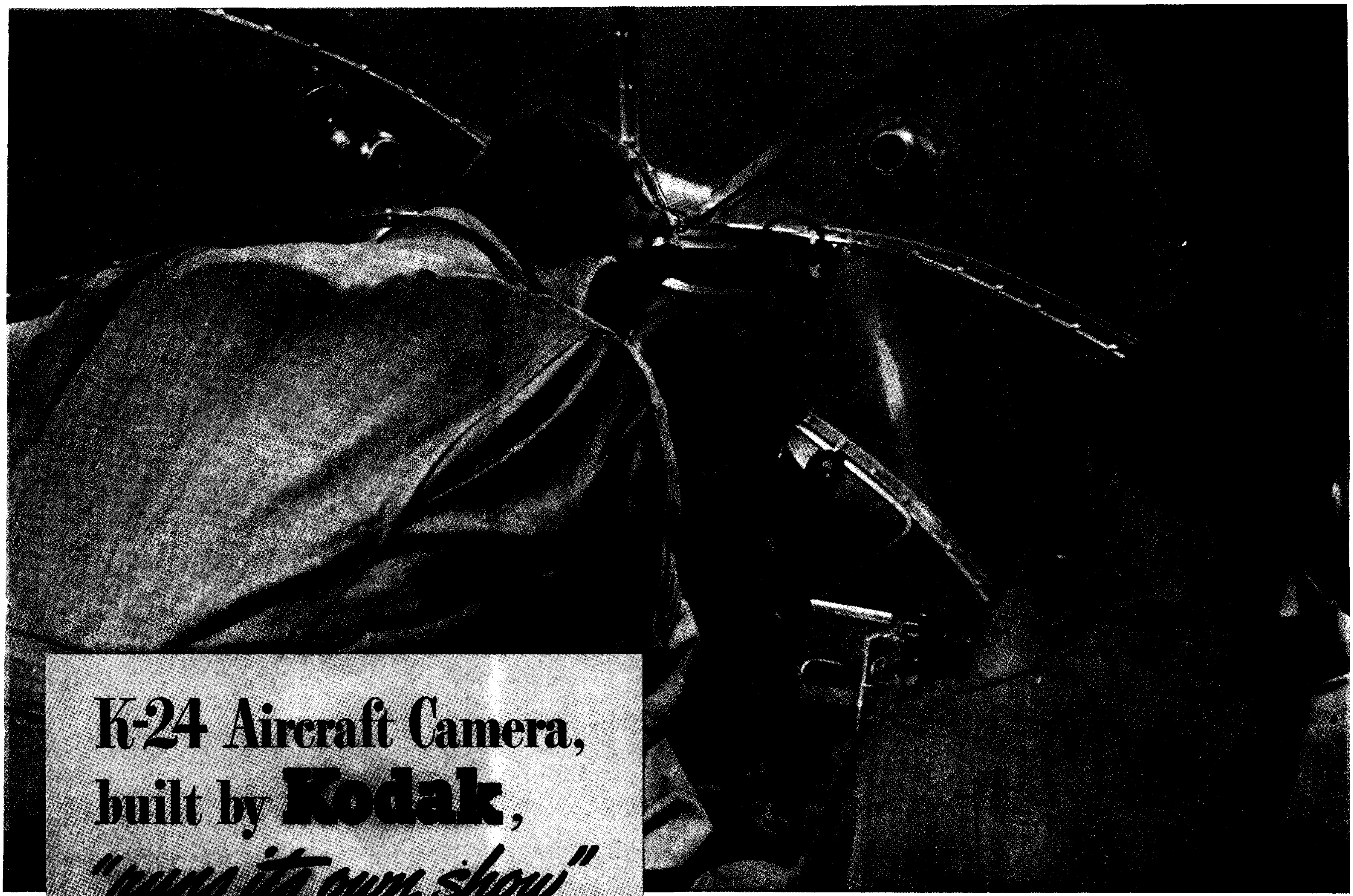

K-24 Aircraft Camera, built by Kodak, *"runs its own show"*

Bombardier, at left, is hunched over his bombsight which is electrically coupled with the camera, back in the belly of the bomber, automatically taking pictures every time bombs are released. At right is a gunner covering the nose with his "fifty."

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On a reconnaissance flight—with no bombs to unload—you press a button for each picture, operating the fixed-position camera by remote control. Or if you want to make a series of shots, simply hold the button down, and the camera takes 3 pictures a second.

"Chalking up the score" in the training of bombardier and pilot is another vital phase of the K-24's activity—to know how good you're getting to be, you consult the photographic evidence.

The K-24 is no hero—the men who do the flying play that role. But it does take a lot off a hero's mind.

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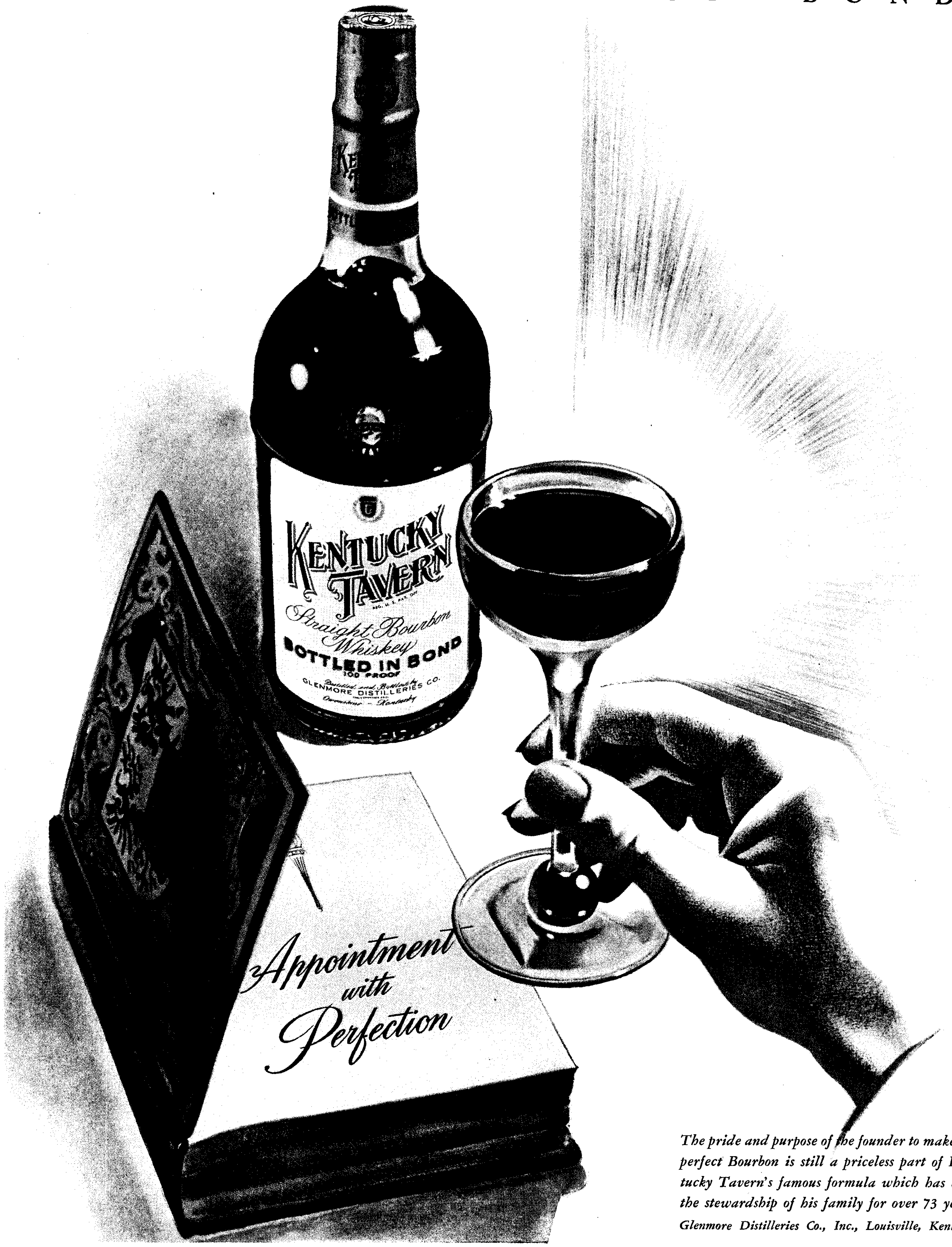
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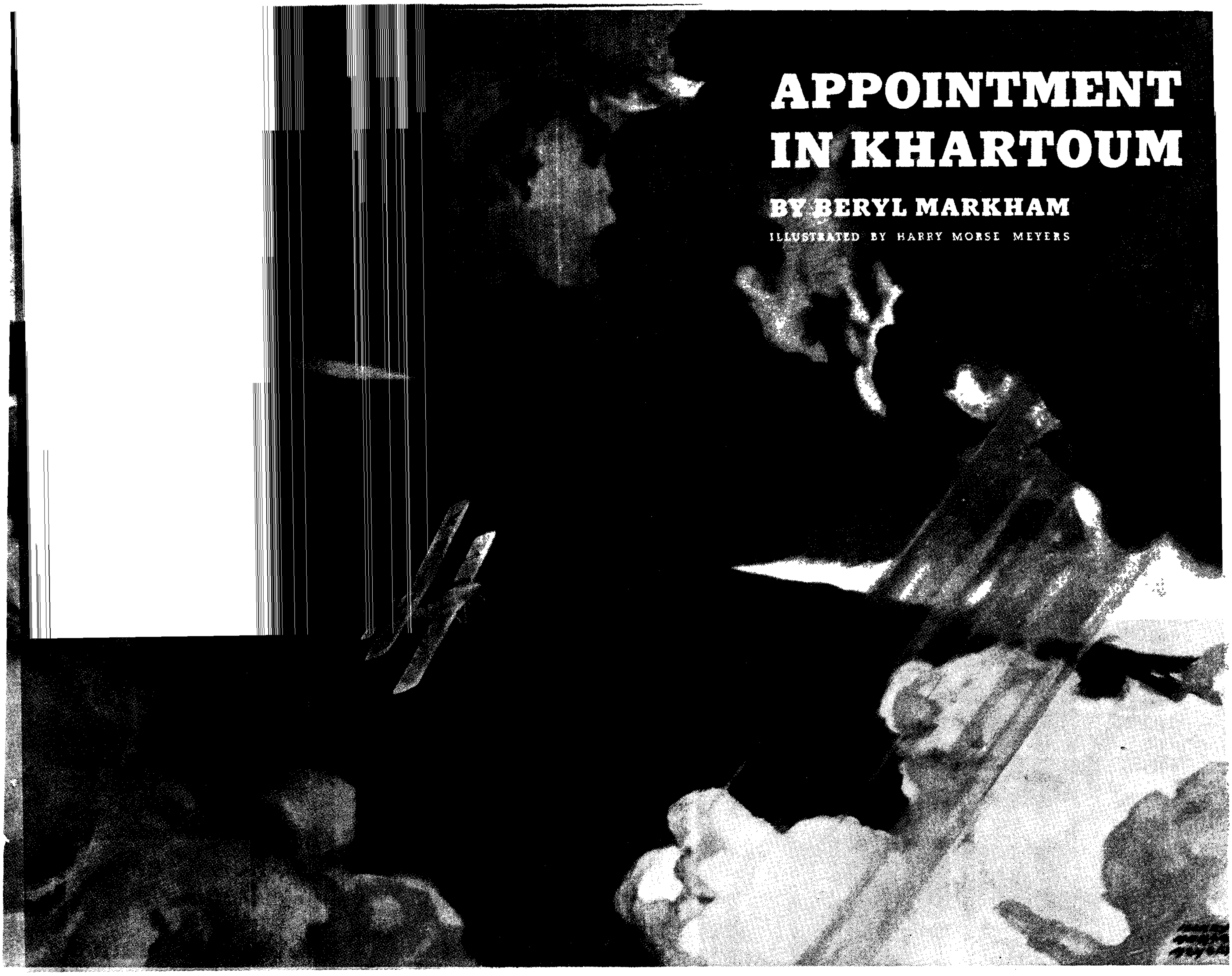
APPOINTMENT IN KHARTOUM

BY BERYL MARKHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



The storm had risen to its full malevolence. Wind struck at the little ship with hammer blows, lightning blinded its eyes, darkness made it blunder on its way

She knew what he was thinking: The plane was tiny, an equatorial storm was blowing up, he had to get safely across the African swamplands—and she was just a woman. But in the end, it was man to man

THE babu desk clerk was apologetic. He wore a red fez upon his narrow head, and he emphasized his regret by shaking the fez from side to side rhythmically, like a band leader's baton. No, the plane for Khartoum had not arrived. It would not arrive. The weather was bad. He was immensely, abjectly, miserably sorry, but there was no other available plane in Jerba, and would Mr. Kensing be kind enough to sit down and drink some tea?

Mr. Kensing would not. He was tall, and when he leaned over the desk, the babu seemed to shrink visibly—fez and all.

"Thank you very much—and blast your tea! I want a plane. I wired for a plane. My business can't wait. Telegraph Nairobi and don't stand there shaking that silly cap!"

The girl in the rawhide chair looked up from her year-old copy of a sports magazine and concluded that the stranger had a foul temper. He was obviously English, plainly in a hurry, and probably connected with the Foreign Office. War had dumped some peculiar people into the heart of Africa—urgent people with a common loathing for delay. They wore their tempers on their sleeves and went around tearing up red tape as if it were confetti.

She looked through the fly-specked window of what was euphemistically, perhaps even sarcastically, called the Hotel Jerba. Had it been called the Jerba Opera House, it would have made as much sense. It was a ten-room corrugated-iron shack with medieval plumbing, and with the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan for a garden. It had an airport with two gently sagging hangars, which now, before the slow stalking wind, were beginning to tremble as if anticipating the impending storm. The plane that had brought the Englishman had gone. No other plane would arrive from Nairobi that day—perhaps not for many days.

She put her magazine aside, wondering half skeptically just how important the young man's business might be. Then she shrugged. It didn't matter.

Or did it? As if she had been made alert by some pinprick of an idea, she sat erect in the chair, then leaned forward, an expression of sudden interest in her face. Perhaps, she thought—just perhaps . . .

She watched the restless stranger pace the floor with enormous strides—enormous, but uneven. His slight limp was apparent enough to her, but he himself ignored it with magnificent disdain. He stared at the little desk clerk who was furiously clicking his telegraph key—and waited.

When the answer came, the babu punched it out on a typewriter and handed the sheet to the Englishman, who read it out loud in staccato syllables:

"ALL PLANES GROUNDED. SUGGEST MR. KENSING GET MEREDITH IF POSSIBLE AND AT OWN RISK. SELFRIDGE."

MR. KENSING crumpled the sheet and swore beautifully, but with British restraint. He lowered his head and crept toward the babu as if he were going to pounce. "Meredith, eh? So there is a pilot here! Why the devil didn't you tell me that? Where is this fellow, Meredith? This is wartime. Move!"

The babu moved. He moved a little like someone quite lately struck over the head with a sandbag—uncertainly, warily. He came around the desk that was made of crude planking and aimed a brown, unstable finger at the girl in the rawhide chair.

With notable lack of gallantry he said, "That, sir, I am very sorry, please forgive, is this fellow Miss Meredith—a woman, you will observe."

"A woman?" Mr. Kensing uttered the word with plain incredulity, almost with distaste. He took three steps toward Diana Meredith and stared at her, around her and through her. He wiped his forehead with a very smart blue handkerchief. "I beg your pardon—but are you . . ."

"A woman?" Diana smiled and looked at her trousers. "Don't let the slacks fool you. Skirts would be silly out here."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. I'm looking for a pilot and a plane."

Diana stood up and shook her chestnut hair into place. Her eyes were about on a level with Grey Kensing's shoulders, and she had to tilt her head upward to speak to him.

"I know," she said. "I couldn't help hearing. I'm a pilot and I have a plane. The war has grounded me, and I've been hoping for a chance." Her voice was confident, but eager. "I thought if I could prove my usefulness . . ." She hesitated, then let the sentence die on her lips.

Grey Kensing was shaking his head a little wearily but with unmistakable firmness. "Terribly sorry, Miss—Meredith is it?—my pilot would have to be a man, of course. Can't trust girls or amateurs, you know, on business matters—war matters. You have the plane. Now if you could

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suggest some pilot . . . some professional. . . ."

Grey Kensing stopped talking abruptly because he had no one to talk to. Diana was halfway to the door before she turned. There was a blaze of anger in her smoke-blue eyes, but she kept her voice cool.

"This is Africa," she said. "The facilities are somewhat limited. So is the supply of pilots. I would suggest you cable London—they might send you one."

She didn't slam the door; she closed it quietly and went across the runway, biting her lip and fighting the rising wind.

Professional pilot! For three years, she had flown her one-plane taxi service into almost every corner of central, east and north Africa under commercial license—until the war had grounded her. Now, thousands of miles from Texas—and home—she was not only useless but had to be reminded of it by an impatient Englishman.

SHE swung open the door of the small hangar with a good deal more strength than required. Midmorning light poured over the yellow wings and fuselage of her tiny Avian. It was a biplane with an open cockpit, few instruments and a galaxy of patches which, to Diana, were no indication of weakness, but only so many symbols of character and integrity.

"My dear young lady!"

She swung round with less surprise than annoyance. My dear young lady, indeed! She muttered the phrase in her mind. Grey Kensing looked scarcely four years older than she, yet there he stood in the hangar doorway, talking like a character out of a third-rate play—looking like one, too—handsome, and better dressed than made sense in this windy wilderness.

She didn't answer. She waited.

He indicated the Avian with a resigned, but disappointed gesture of his hand. "So *that's* what you call your plane. *That's* what you expect to get me to Khartoum in—bad weather and all!" He looked angry, even desperate.

Diana nodded. "That," she admitted, "is what I call my plane. I've flown over half of Africa in it and I expect to fly over the other half in the same machine. As for your getting to Khartoum in it, I'm sorry I made the suggestion. I could get you there—storm or no storm—but you don't trust women pilots, and that's that. You'll have to excuse me now. I'm closing the hangar." She moved toward the door with quick, determined steps.

Grey Kensing sighed. He moved toward the plane. He said, "Miss Meredith, please don't be coy. I didn't come out here in order to sell whisk brooms. I have a job to do for my government—your government, too, incidentally. It's a small job perhaps, but it's important, and I have got to be in Khartoum by morning. You offered to fly me. I'm accepting the offer. I can't do anything else."

Quite as casually as if he were himself the owner of the Avian—albeit not a proud owner—Grey Kensing tossed a brief case and a small overnight bag into the locker, then turned again to Diana, whose face bore an expression of mingled bewilderment and fury.

She had concluded that she could either slam the hangar door in his face, or swallow her pride for the sake of the chance to get off the ground again. Once she had got him across the Sudd and safely to Khartoum, he might be generous enough at least to admit that she could fly. Everything helped. A lot could depend on this one flight. She decided against slamming the hangar door. Instead, she opened it wider, and together, in brittle silence, they pushed the plane out onto the runway.

As she got into her seat behind the instrument board, Diana thought she saw just the glimmer of a smile on Grey Kensing's lips. She wasn't sure, but it seemed to her a challenging smile. . . .

If you are a pilot with a morose turn of mind and wish to escape the world, you need only fly north from Jerba. When the great green Sudd begins to crawl under your wings, you have at least escaped the world that men know and walk upon and quarrel over. The Sudd is the dregs of Africa, the backwash of the Nile, a flat never-ending swamp garrisoned by crocodiles. It spreads between Jerba and Malakal. It seems to wait for planes to fall—a vast receptacle, hopeful of misfortune.

To Diana, the Sudd, in any weather, was a nightmare. In a storm it was delirium come true, but any way you looked at it, you were a fool to fly over it if you didn't have to.

She was flying over it and she supposed that she didn't really have to. She sat at the controls of the Avian and told herself that normally, under the promise of such foul weather, she wouldn't have budged from the runway. Still, when you wanted a chance at something, you did strange, even foolhardy things. That was one reason. The other—well, it was hardly clear in her mind, nor was she sure she wanted it to be. She was not going to admit that Grey Kensing's outspoken disbelief of her ability had influenced her for a moment.

She looked to the east and saw the storm clouds rolling toward her like smoke from a burning forest. The familiar stench of the Sudd began to invade the cockpit, and she eased back on the stick and climbed. . . .

She was cruising at a hundred an hour when the storm hit.

At first, there was no rain; it was all wind and darkness. Diana experienced the eerie sensation of seeing the wings of her plane and all else that was visible swallowed in the gloom until she and Grey Kensing seemed borne wholly by magic and the roar of her engine. It was not a new sensation. She and the Avian were intimate with storm, but somehow today it was disquieting.

When the rain came, lightning came with it, ripping the black fabric of the sky, framing the Avian in momentary halos of brilliance and, as abruptly, leaving it to darkness.

DIANA was suddenly alone. It was the aloneness of concentration—of swiftly moving hands, of concerned eyes darting from instrument to instrument, of feet, sensitive, steady, alert on the rudder bar—the aloneness of caution, of determination, of competence. She was alone as she had been a thousand times before, and when the bland voice of Grey Kensing came to her through the earphones it was as startling as a hand suddenly placed upon her shoulder.

"How far to Malakal?"

She snorted. Ten minutes of storm, and he was already anxious for a runway.

"An hour, I think—maybe more." She had to scream it into the mouthpiece, outshouting both the engine and the thunder, but there was a sharpness in her voice not common to her. She wanted to add, "Maybe two hours—four—six! If you're afraid, we'll turn."

But he wasn't afraid. She knew he wasn't afraid, and even that knowledge vaguely annoyed her; he was simply cold and critical, and obsessed with getting to Khartoum.

The storm had risen to its full malevolence, and she felt, as she had often done, the real enmity of the elements—their hatred of men's intrusion into the sky. Wind struck at the little ship with hammer blows, lightning blinded its eyes, darkness made it blunder on its way. And below it all, there lay the Sudd.

She worked in silence, neither complaining to herself nor aloud. What disturbed her most was that, after all her countless hours in the air, she was being compelled to prove herself once more—

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and to a brusque and even arrogant young man who, until that day, she had never seen and was quite sure she never wanted to see again.

She put her head out of the cockpit and stared down, but the air was opaque as an angry sea. The guiding ribbon of the Nile had not yet appeared.

A muffled metallic cough, yet louder to her than thunder had ever been, came to her ears. Of all sounds in the world, this one sound is, to a pilot, the most significant, the most hated, the most feared. Diana couldn't believe it, but there it was. She wouldn't believe it, but it was true. Now at last it had happened. Now, in the full temper of the storm, the Avian was failing her. It was dying on her.

The splutter increased—sharp staccato barkings of the exhaust, the roar of the engine fighting to live, the cough again, the hesitance, the silence amidst sound, the hush of the powerless prop.

She bit her lip, remembering the worn petrolflex that she had not been able to replace. Air in the fuel tube. Airlock. Her fingers closed on the throttle. It was no good. She eased forward on the stick. She had to. They were falling, losing altitude, circling toward the Sudd. She steadied the plane and thrust it into the wind, working for time, but there was no time.

"It'll shoot 'em as fast as you can pull the bowstring"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

She lifted the speaking tube and said into it, "You had better hang on. We're going down." Her voice was even, but heavy with bitterness—filled with bitterness. There was no fear in it; only admission of defeat and failure.

UNDER a flash of lightning she saw Grey Kensing leaning forward as if intent upon something in his hands. Then the lightning was gone, and his infuriatingly calm British voice came to her through the earphones: "Swamp underneath, I believe. Bad show, isn't it?"

"Bad show!" Diana blurted it out loud. Did he always respond to everything with moth-eaten English clichés? She thrust her head out of the cockpit as she caught the altimeter reading with the tail of her eye. Two thousand feet and losing altitude fast. She couldn't see anything below. She didn't particularly want to. She knew what was there.

At five hundred feet, she saw what was there—a motionless mat of green scum, steamy with the falling rain, flat as an airport, inviting, beckoning. She circled, keeping the plane aloft almost with the strength of her will, catching the wind, letting it lift her so long as it would.

It was not long. The dead engine was dragging the Avian inexorably earthward—swampward. At a hundred feet, she saw the ridge of shining clay jutting from the morass and she was suddenly calm. Calm—and angry, and bitter. She had a choice to make: crash on the ridge, or be sucked into the swamp. It didn't matter which, but the first seemed the least ignominious. She said into the speaking tube, "I'm sorry, but this is it!" and began to sideslip. She made a bird of the Avian, spilling air from one wing, then from the other—teetering, sliding on the wind like a falling hawk, dropping.

SHE had no time to look at Grey Kensing but she was somehow conscious of his poised rigidity as they fell. He was silent, unmoving, vindicated in his distrust of women pilots for whatever satisfaction there was in it. There couldn't be much, she was thinking. And then they struck.

They didn't land, they struck; the little plane hit the clay ridge squarely with both wheels and the skid, leaped into the air and struck again. The jolt was more sickening than painful. It hurled Diana forward in her safety belt until she thought the canvas would break. Not once—twice, three times—four. She thought the jolting would never stop, and then, abruptly, it did.

It stopped and, except for the driving rain, there was silence. No other sound. Not even thunder. A terrible silence. A silence of defeat and despair and emptiness.

She looked at Grey Kensing. He didn't turn; he didn't say a word. He wouldn't, she thought. He was unbuckling his safety belt—slowly, methodically, as if they had come down not in the world's most miserable swamp, but on a paved airport lined with lights. He was imperturbable, superior, hateful.

He clambered out of the plane and helped Diana, saying nothing.

Manners, she thought—those inbred, meaningless, English manners!

She took his hand and got out and looked at him. His dark hair was ruffled, there was a little trickle of blood on his cheek. Not much, but a little. He pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket and patted the trickle neatly. Then he looked at his watch, at Diana, at the Avian.

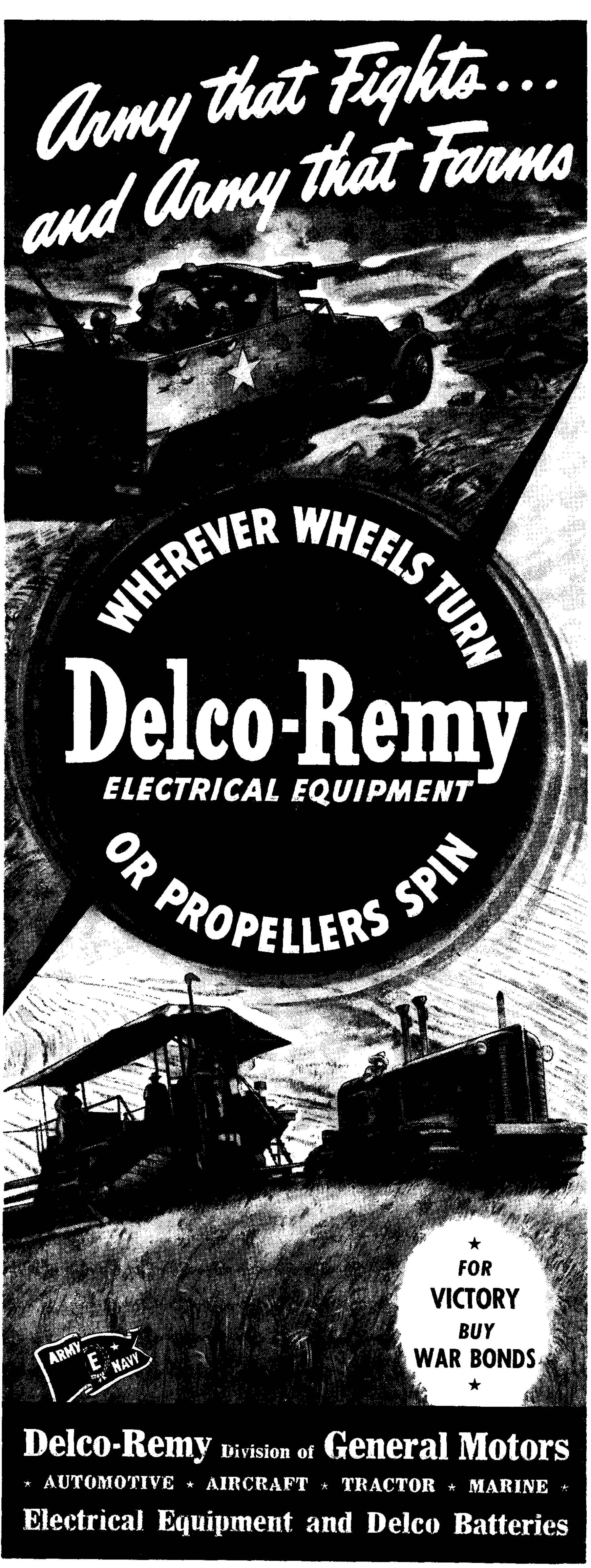
"Airlock, I think," he said. "Have you a spanner?" He didn't say, "Are you all right" or "Are you hurt?" Just, "Airlock, I think. Have you a spanner?" It was exactly as if he had said, "Could I bother you for a match?"

Diana opened her mouth, then closed it again. "Spanner?" Well, that was English for wrench. He wanted a wrench. This obviously nonmechanical, perfectly groomed young Englishman wanted a wrench.

She wanted to laugh, but before she knew it, she had got the box open and was handing him a wrench.

She wanted to swear, too, but she wasn't very good at it, so she didn't. She walked around the plane peering at every strut and joint and wheel. It was intact. Rugged and tough and ready, the little Avian stood there—one wheel on soft clay, the other on fairly hard ground. Not a scratch on her. There was a devilish, minx-like quality in her tip-tilted attitude. Diana shook her head. Why, of all times, should this have been the time for failure! Why couldn't she have been alone when it happened?

She looked around her. The storm was waning, but the rain had stirred the Sudd until its stench was thick as mist. They were on an island of rain-sleek clay—an island perhaps twelve yards wide and four hundred yards long. Normally the Avian required about six hundred for a take-off—in dry weather. Two hundred yards less meant a lot, especially on a wet surface;



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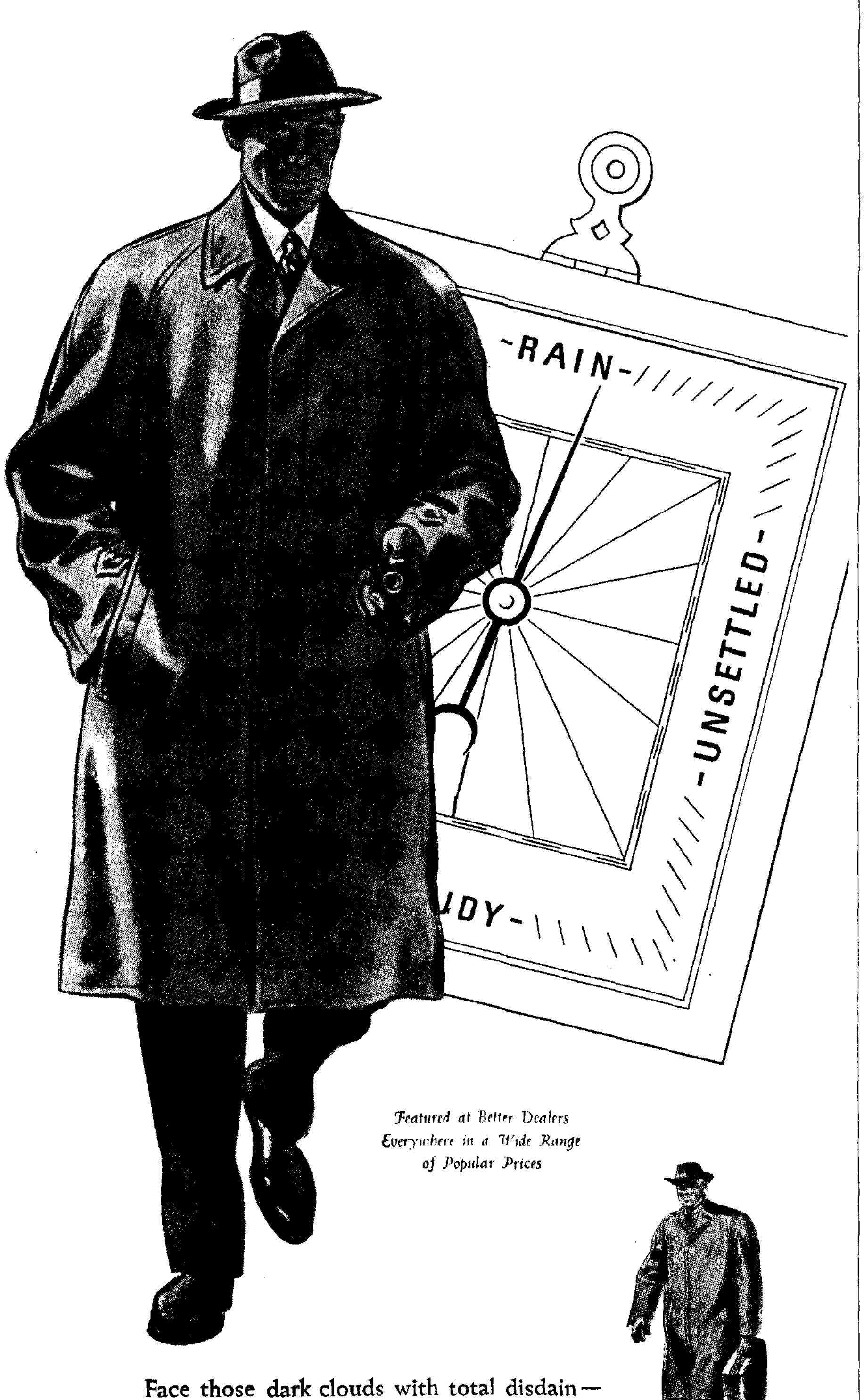

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still, there were the doughnut tires. They helped—or were said to, anyway.

She went round to the cowling and saw that it was open and that Grey Kensing's head was under it. He was making a noble effort but probably didn't know a carburetor from a wing flap. Manlike, he thought he had to do something.

She rolled up her sleeves. She had humored his ego long enough. They were lucky to be alive whether he knew it or not—Khartoum or no Khartoum. If they got out of here, he could spend the rest of his life cursing women pilots and the crates they flew in. It didn't matter any more. She was dejected and impatient—and worried.

She said, "Better let me handle it. I know the engine."

He said, "Get some tape."

She hesitated, making no effort to stem her annoyance. "Mr. Kensing," she said.

He didn't lift his head, but he lifted his voice. He roared, "Tape, dammit!"

A moment later she stood beside him, tight-lipped, furious, groping for effective words and not finding them—but the tape was in her hand. When he said "Wire," she got it. When he said "Pliers," she got them. When, finally, after what seemed ages, but was only ten minutes, he turned his grease-stained face toward her and pointed to the cockpit, she got behind the controls without a word. If she had had a word, she couldn't have uttered it. It wouldn't have come.

She had a vision of his explaining his lateness in Khartoum—explaining it in clipped English terms: "Girl pilot—American, I think . . . best I could do. Put me smack down in the Sudd with a frayed petrolflex . . . had to fix it myself. Man's job, flying. Shouldn't permit . . ."

Smothering her resentment, Diana watched him return from his inspection of what had to be the runway. She had looked it over herself, of course, but that had not been enough—not for Grey Kensing. He walked round the cowling and put his hands on the propeller with such confident ease that she did not stop him.

"Contact?" he said.

"Contact!" she snapped.

The engine roared and he got into his seat. He had taken over. He had simply taken over, and there she sat, in her own plane, waiting for a signal to take off.

The astonishing thing was that he confidently expected her to perform the miraculous. He ignored the soft going, the shortness of the run, the direction of the wind. He just lifted his hand, as if flying were child's play, and Diana (like an obedient child) took off.

It was as simple as that; and, as the Avian shook the Sudd from her heels—quite as nonchalantly as Grey Kensing might have done—she told herself that never in her twenty-one years had she disliked anyone so much, unless it was herself at that moment for having left her single chance to prove her mettle behind her on that scum-surrounded ledge.

MALAKAL for fuel, then Omdurman, and then Khartoum just across the White Nile. No more storm, and the evening sky was blue as heavy glass. The adobe huts of Omdurman stood in the valley like nursery blocks on a green rug. Diana sighed, as she always did when she saw the airport—flat and yellow and capacious as a Texas plain.

She sighed, but with more relief than she had ever done. It was not only the flight that was ended. So too was this enforced companionship with the maddening, arrogant—and yet strangely casual—Grey Kensing.

He had made Khartoum—and with half an hour to spare. Yet, so long as he remembered that flight, he would inevitably recall it as the flight on which a girl pilot—or would-be pilot—had put him down in the Sudd.

When they had landed and he had once more helped her out of the cockpit in that precise and dutiful manner of his, he bowed a little hesitantly, mumbled his thanks and asked if she needed a lift into town. His hair was tousled, the bruise on his cheek had turned slightly blue, and his shirt had grease on it. Diana decided that, for the first time, he looked eminently human, but she did not dwell upon the discovery.

She shook her head. No. No, thanks. It was nice of him to offer the lift, but she couldn't. Had to get a mechanic on the machine right away. Things to see to. . . .

She smiled and he smiled—somewhat painfully, it seemed—and then he was gone, walking away from her, tall, erect, overcoming his limp by the sheer pride of his carriage.

DIANA watched him for a moment, then leaned against the wing of her plane, pulled off her helmet and let the wind blow idly through her hair. That was that, she thought. Grey Kensing—embodiment of a fine, self-centered man. She wondered why he had bothered to thank her at all. Habit, no doubt. He'd probably thanked bus drivers and doormen in exactly the same way. Mustn't be rude to the working classes, you know!

She thought of the entry she would make in her Pilot's Log Book: "Jerba to Khartoum—Pilot, Self. Passenger, Grey Kensing." Under "remarks" she would, of course, write: "Forced landing—Sudd," and she would write it with bitterness. Any chance she might have had to fly regularly again—to revive her air service and put it to wartime needs, instead of carrying lion and elephant hunters from place to place, would be gone now.

She sighed and turned to the Avian. She would get a mechanic to repair the petrolflex and she would return to Jerba in the morning. She was unaccountably depressed, but she couldn't shake it off.

She began to check over the plane as was her habit, but she went about it mechanically, almost without interest. When she got to the front cockpit, she glanced at the seat Grey Kensing had occupied, turned away, then turned back again. Something had caught her eye. It was a scrap of white paper—a used envelope crumpled into a ball. It lay on the floor beside the seat.

Diana looked at it, hesitated, then reached into the cockpit. She got the little ball of paper and compressed it in her hand as if to toss it to the ground, but she didn't. Something kept her from it. She unfolded the envelope with a childish feeling of guilt and saw that there was writing on its back.

It was scrawled, uneven writing—scarcely legible. As she read, she recalled the brief moment when Grey Kensing had sat, head forward, silhouetted by the blazing sky, intent upon something in his hands. This then was what it had been.

She made her lips move slowly, though she read in silence—bewildered silence, almost unbelieving silence:

"I wish to make it clear that, should this plane be found wrecked, it will in no way be the fault of the pilot, Miss Meredith. She made the flight altogether at my insistence and has acted with skill and courage equal to any man's. Grey Kensing."

That was all—or Diana thought it was. She stared at the crumpled envelope with blurred eyes. She turned it over and over again in her fingers, but it was not until she had stood there like that for a long time that she noticed the typewritten words on the front of the envelope—the words that had been used by someone to address Grey Kensing—and it was what followed his name that caught her eye. "Grey Kensing," the clean-cut letters spelled, "Grey Kensing, D.F.C."

Distinguished Flying Cross! She didn't

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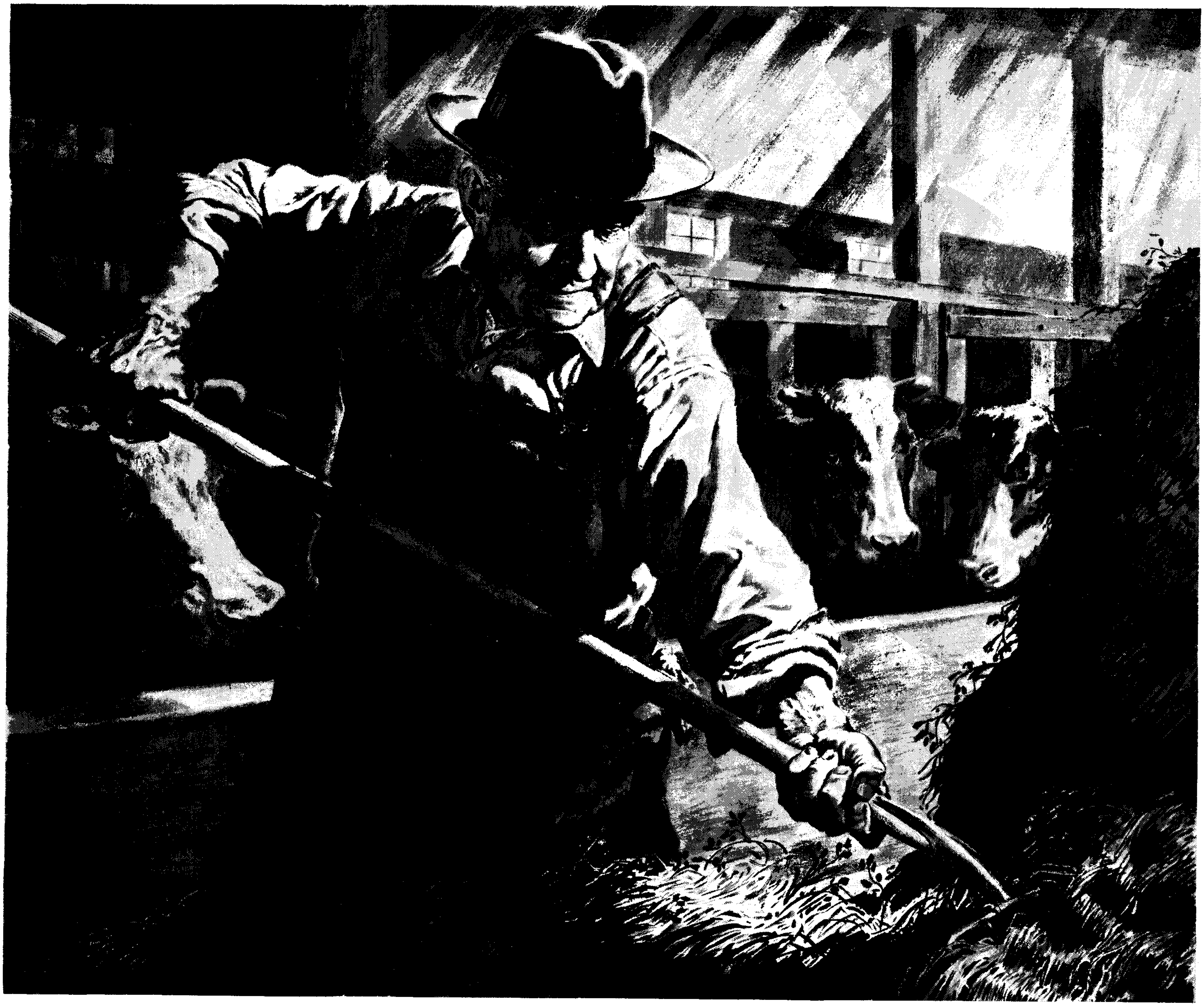

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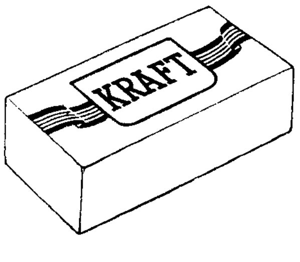

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know whether anger, embarrassment or shame was the uppermost of her emotions. Perhaps it was a combination of the three. Grey Kensing, D.F.C. A war ace—and she, Diana, had undertaken to show *him* how to cross the Sudd in a storm! It was worth a laugh, but there was no laughter in her heart. She wanted to crawl into a hotel room and lock the door and just stay there until her Avian was ready to fly back to Jerba once more.

As she stood there, with the gallant and generous note in her hand, a lump came into her throat and would have been followed by tears if she hadn't held them back. It was obvious enough that in the midst of the storm over the Sudd—at the moment when the forced landing had become inevitable—Grey Kensing had thought not so much of his own safety as he had thought of Diana's honor and reputation as a pilot. If, by chance, he had been killed, and she had lived, that little note, scratched out up there in the wild, resentful sky, would have absolved her of his death. All danger over, he had of course thrown the note from the plane but, as nearly always happened, the wind had hurled it back again—back to her.

Grey Kensing, D.F.C. She repeated the name and, repeating it, found answers to some of the questions in her mind. She knew now that he had been decorated for bravery. She could guess the rest. His limp must be the result of battle injury. He had been retired out of the service and put into civilian work. The gruff manner, the impatience, the seeming rudeness—all these were to cover the disappointment, the bitterness that must come to a fighting man no longer bearing arms, to a pilot no longer able to fly.

SHE shook herself out of her reverie. An airport attendant had come up, and she went through the routine of presenting her papers and arranging for the care of the plane, then she walked slowly toward one of the shining cars that served the airport as taxis.

She said, "Grand Hotel" to the Egyptian driver—and said it listlessly.

In a few minutes, the driver stopped before a deep veranda that looked down upon the dreaming Nile, but Diana, who loved the river, did not look at it now. She gave the driver a note and waived the change.

In a few minutes a Sudanese boy was leading her along the dark, fan-cooled corridor toward her room. She was still in her flying clothes, and a few curious people had stared at her as curious people do, but she was unaware of them.

The Sudanese boy stopped and opened a door, and she was thanking him and fumbling in her pocket for change when another door opened and Grey Kensing stepped into the corridor. He was in fresh clothes and immaculate once more. He came toward her, trying as always, to hide his modest limp, and Diana thought that his smile had lost its challenge, its gently mocking quality.

He said, "You ought to have come with me. I asked you."

Diana nodded and found herself stupidly groping for words. A little impatiently, she handed the waiting boy a few coins, and when he had left and they were alone, she saw that her unsteady fingers had dropped the crumpled envelope that she had found in the plane, and that Grey Kensing had stooped to pick it up.

FOR a moment, she could say nothing. He had recognized it, of course, and was doubtless wondering why she had clung to it all the way from the airport. Nor could she have explained it to him. But she tried. She said, "I—it must have blown back. I'm afraid I read it. It was wonderful of you."

He moved closer to her and looked questioningly into her eyes.

"About the forced landing," she said. "I wanted to make a better showing. I—"

His hands were on her shoulders before she could finish—large hands, strong but strangely gentle. He looked down upon her, smiling. The abrupt, cold manner, the icy reserve were suddenly gone, and his eyes were warm. He shook his head.

"No," he said, "I don't see. I didn't write that note out of kindness, but out of simple respect for a fellow flier and a master of the craft. I'd made a mistake in judging you and I had to make it right. That was just the beginning."

He took her arm in his and began to march her solemnly down the corridor and toward the broad veranda busy with white-clad Sudanese boys, tinkling glasses and uniforms of a dozen nations.

When they were comfortable in the wicker chairs and he had ordered champagne cocktails, he reached across the table and took Diana's hand in his own.

"You see," he explained, "a mistake like mine takes a lot of undoing—weeks, months, years perhaps! It's a big job—even for an Englishman. So big, in fact, I'm going to need an ally."

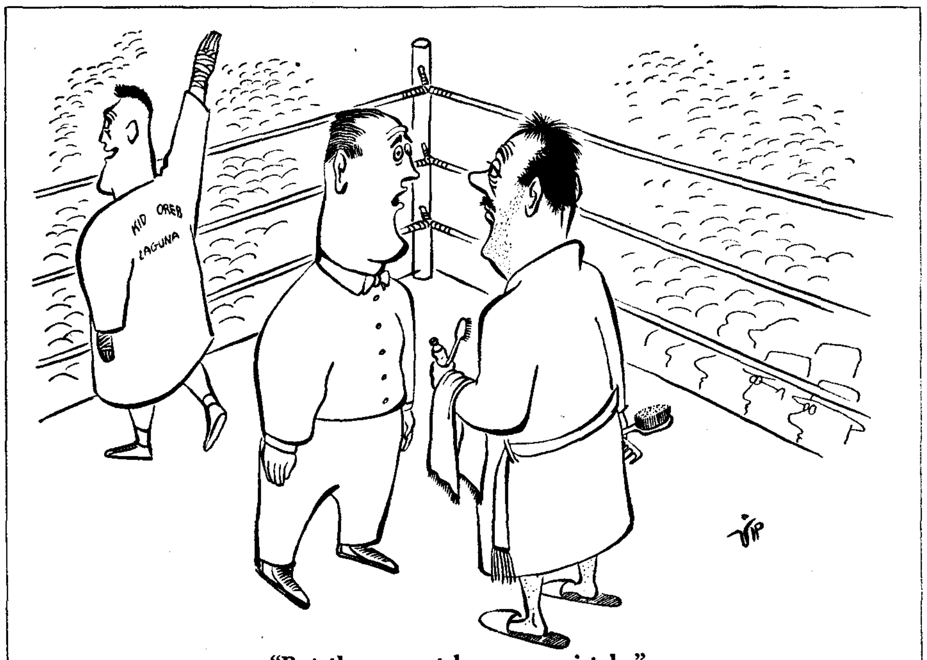
Diana laughed. "Your traditional ally?"

He nodded. "America," he said and lifted his glass to hers. "Contact?"

"Contact!"

The Nile was silent, and yet as Diana peered through the trees that stood in dutiful attendance upon its banks, the river seemed to glow with a wise and age-old smile—placid, knowing and, beyond all things, content.

THE END



COLLIER'S "But there must be some mistake" VIRGIL PARTCH

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Let's Go Fishin'

Continued from page 18

bamboo of Burma, the steel of Sweden, the lacquer of China, the tin of Bangkok, the nickel of Madagascar, the silver of Nevada, and the feathers of Brazil—all compounded into mass production at Akron, Ohio.

For magic and incantations, we have moved forward to cosmetics for artificial flies, and wonders in special clothes, and bags with pigeonholes for everything, including mosquito repellents. We no longer call it a "pole," for it is a "rod," and we no longer say that a fish "bites," he now "strikes."

Out of all this progress, a good fisherman can secure many regenerative hours of winter, polishing up the rods and reels, greasing the lines, and discussing the relative merits of gay-colored flies and deadsure lures—thereby recalling that Big One from the pool just below the rapids and the fly he rose to.

Nor is fishing a rich man's regeneration. That boy with the worm and a grin is always a reminder that men are equal before fish. However, that boy misses out in one particular that I hope to see attended to in our next era of national reform. There is regenerative joy in contemplating and fondling adequate tackle, which he cannot get out of a collection of angleworms. And his joys are more seasonal because he cannot put in the winter nights polishing up that tackle with its reminder of that Big One from that pool and thereby the renewed smell of battles to come.

New Deal for Young Anglers

I acknowledge to a prominent official an idea to reform this. All boys should be guaranteed from birth to manhood a quart of polish and a collection of tackle with an assortment of special flies. There has been sad neglect in this question of assuring artificial flies to the youth of our land, for flies proved their inspiring worth perhaps four hundred years ago—long before Izaak Walton.

When I was a boy and lived at the social level of worms, a true fisherman gave me three flies—a coachman, a gray hackle and a professor. I treasured them greatly and used them successfully for two or three years—until the wings were all worn off. But there were more fish in proportion to the water in those times.

There are some class distinctions among fishermen. The dry-fly devotees hold themselves a bit superior to the wet-fly fishermen; the wet-fly fishermen, superior to the spinner fishermen; and the spinners, superior to the bait fishermen. I have noticed, however, that toward the end of the day when there were no strikes each social level sometimes descends down the scale until it gets some fish for supper.

This class distinction may perhaps be ignored in the general reformation, for it is not based on the economic levels. The best dry fisherman I have known is a lady cook at a lumber camp in Montana. She scorned the wet-fly fishermen and rose to indignation at bait.

The swordfish and tarpon fishermen likewise have some social distinctions on the basis of the size of line and reel. The lower-thread line operators are the dukes and earls in that aristocracy. Also, the swordfish and marlin devotees are naturally superior to those who take mere mackerel, amber jacks or flounders. The bonefish fishermen claim a little superiority to the tarpon seekers. But again it is not economic status that counts in such good society so much as knowing what the fish bite.

Someone propounded the question to me: "Why have all Presidents in modern times been fishermen?" It seemed to me a worthy investigation, for the habits of Presidents are likely to influence the nation's youth. Some of us had been fishermen from boyhood and required no explanation. But others only became fishermen after entering the White House. In examining this national phenomenon, I concluded that the pneumatic hammering of demands on the President's mind had increased in frequency with the rising tide of economic and international complexity, and he just had to get away somehow, somewhere, and be alone for a few hours once in a while. But there are only two occasions when Americans respect privacy, especially in Presidents. Those are prayer and fishing. So that some have taken to fishing.

President Cleveland was both a stream and a sea fisherman from youth. His stiff trout rod is still preserved by a devoted fisherman, and it is recorded that his sea-fishing boatman was chosen for silence. Whether President Coolidge fished in his youth is uncertain. He was a good deal of a fundamentalist in economics, government and fishing, so he naturally preferred angleworms. But when the fly fishermen of the nation raised their eyebrows in surprise, he took to artificial flies. However, his backcast was so much a common danger that even the Secret Service men kept at a distance until they were summoned to climb trees to retrieve flies.

But I should return to expanding on postwar regeneration and its moral and spiritual values in a gloomy world. Statistics tell us that the gainfully employed have steadily decreased in hours of work during the whole of thirty years. And in shorter hours and longer week ends and holidays, we have devoted more time to making merry and stirring the caldron of evil. Crime has increased. Yet nobody ever was in jail or plotted a crime when fishing. The increase of crime is among those deprived of those regenerations that impregnate the mind and character of fishermen.

Our standards of material progress include the notion and the hope that we shall still further lessen the daily hours of labor. We also dream of longer annual holidays as scientific discovery and mass production do our production job faster and faster. But when they do the job, they dull the souls of men unless their leisure hours become the period of life's real objective—regeneration by fishing.

The Problems of Leisure

Moreover, while we are steadily organizing increased production of leisure time, the production of what to do with it still lags greatly. We do have some great machinery of joy, some of it destructive, some of it synthetic, much of it mass production. We go to chain theaters and movies. We watch somebody else knock a ball over the fence or kick it over the goal post.

I do that and I believe in it. But these forms of organized joy are sadly lacking in the values which surround the fish. We gain none of the lift of soul coming from a return to the solemnity, the calm and inspiration of primitive nature.

Nor is it the fish that we get that counts, for they can be had in the market for mere silver. It is the break of the waves in the sun, the joyous rush of the brook, the contemplation of the eternal flow of the stream, the stretch of forest and mountain in their manifestation of the Maker, that soothes our troubles, shames our wickedness and inspires us to esteem our fellow men—especially other fishermen.

THE END

CAN YOU NAME THE WORLD'S BEST-KNOWN...

PAINTER?

• He specialized in portraits of men. Unfortunately, he lived a few hundred years too soon to pose them in handsome Arrow Shirts.

Cow?

• She's married to Elmer, the bull. Arrow is a past master at fitting and flattering male necks, but Elmer's is one neck we're glad we don't have to struggle with!

SHIRTS?

• Trim and *perfect*-fitting, these shirts are the choice of *millions* of well-dressed men. The only shirts which can boast the flawless Arrow Collar . . . the shirts that *also* have anchored buttons, the Mitoga figure-cut, and the "Sanforized" label (less than 1% shrinkage). $2.24 up.

Bargains?

• They cost only $18.75, yet when you buy them you help save American lives, help bring Victory.

ARROW SHIRTS

Arrow Shirts have both fused and soft collars. The fused collars are made by the patented Celanese wrinkle-free process . . . (If your dealer doesn't always have a complete line of Arrows, please don't blame him. It's caused by unavoidable wartime shortages and delays.) Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Answers: *1. Rembrandt. 2. Elsie. 3. Arrows. 4. War Bonds.*

BOMBARDIER

WAY BACK beyond history, a man stood on a cliff and watched invaders crawling upward. Instinctively sensing danger, he stooped for a rock, raised it aloft, and let it fall. . . . Unrecorded, he was the first bombardier.

The *modern* bombardier need not rely on instinct. Behind him stretch months of planned strategy and endless calculations.

And the roots of these calculations are here at home, in the war plants, factories and shipyards of the nation. For the bombing of an enemy city represents an unbroken thread of calculation beginning with the first blueprint in American industry.

Men of American industry know that any method or machine that speeds this calculation is doubly valuable when *human lives* are at stake. That's why—more and more—they rely with confidence on Comptometer adding-calculating machines and modern Comptometer methods to provide figures with *speed, accuracy* and *economy!*

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago 22, Illinois.

COMPTOMETER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ADDING-CALCULATING MACHINES and METHODS

N. W. AYER & SON

Escape from Beauty

Continued from page 17

she said hotly. "I didn't imagine Stephen quarreling with Jean."

"Mother love isn't nearly so universal as people seem to think," he said. "And as for Sawyer—you know yourself he's completely unrestrained."

She stood with her head bent and turned a little away from him, and he saw that he had calmed her. Her face, anxious and still stormy, was oddly vulnerable, like the face of a troubled child, and it affected him with a sudden unfamiliar tenderness.

"Tell you what," he said. "The trouble is, you think too much these days. Let's go over to Carl's Club. A drink and a few tunes on the juke box will make you feel better."

"Carl's Club?"

"You can see the neon sign from here. Look."

She looked down the road, then shrugged. "Oh, all right," she said ungraciously.

He did not answer her; he did not even hear what she had said. He was examining the pleasure that her consenting to go with him had given him, and, as he did so, he knew that the time had come when he must make a new estimate of his feelings for this girl.

Silently he took her hand and tucked it inside his arm. The hand was unresponsive at first, and her eyes glancing sideways at him were suspicious, but finally she relaxed, and they walked that way, arm in arm, toward the beckoning neon lights.

CARL'S CLUB was a pleasant place, with red-leather booths and yellow bar stools, soft lights and a juke box turned high enough to hear but low enough so that it did not forbid conversation. Tonight, the place was almost empty of customers, and the little square dance floor was deserted except for a sailor and his girl who danced intricate steps with dreamy looks on their young faces.

The place did make Erin feel better. It was so ordinary, so normal, that it made the things that had troubled her mind seem impossible and fantastic.

"I'd like to dance," she said after a while.

"Not with me, you wouldn't!" he said. "Remember?"

She remembered, and grinned. Much against his will, she had forced him to take her to her first dance, only to discover when she got him there that his feet had none of the quick dexterity of his doctor's hands. His body when he danced was stiff, and he had no sense of identity with the rhythm of music. Her toes and her feelings had been black and blue for a week.

"I thought you might have improved."

"No tutors—they disappear after my first tryout."

So they sat quietly, watching the room. She was looking at the door when Stephen came in, and her fingers closed upon Dane's hand instinctively.

"The mad genius is with us," Dane said.

Stephen stood at the door, peering around him. He looked at the dancing sailor and his girl, he looked at the two elderly women in the corner and the group of men arguing quietly at one end of the bar. His eyes went incuriously over Erin and Dane, and he crossed the room to the bar. The bartender brought him a drink and he tossed it off without mixing it. He did the same thing again as soon as his glass was refilled.

"I told you something was wrong," Erin said.

"He seems pretty ordinary to me," Dane said quietly. "Sourer than usual, maybe."

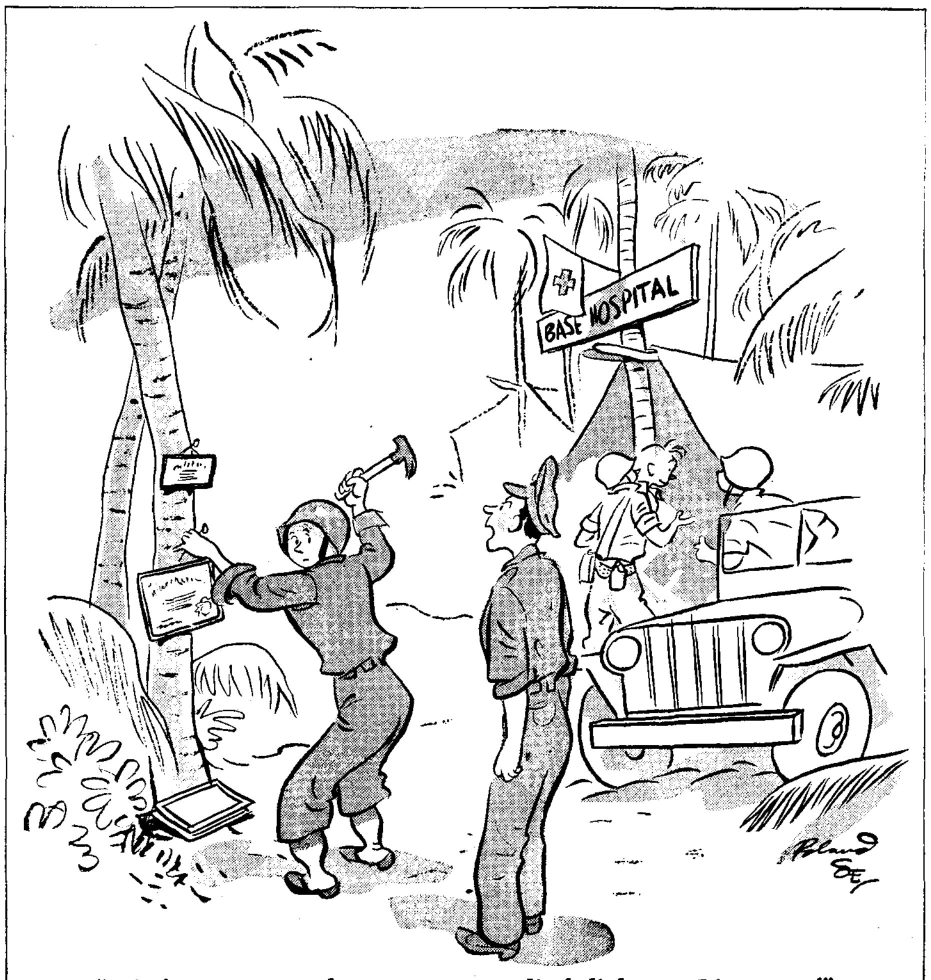
"But he's drinking."

Dane laughed. "Two drinks! I've seen a lot of people do better than that, and they weren't Virginians."

"Not Stephen. Stephen hates to get drunk. I've never seen him take more than one."

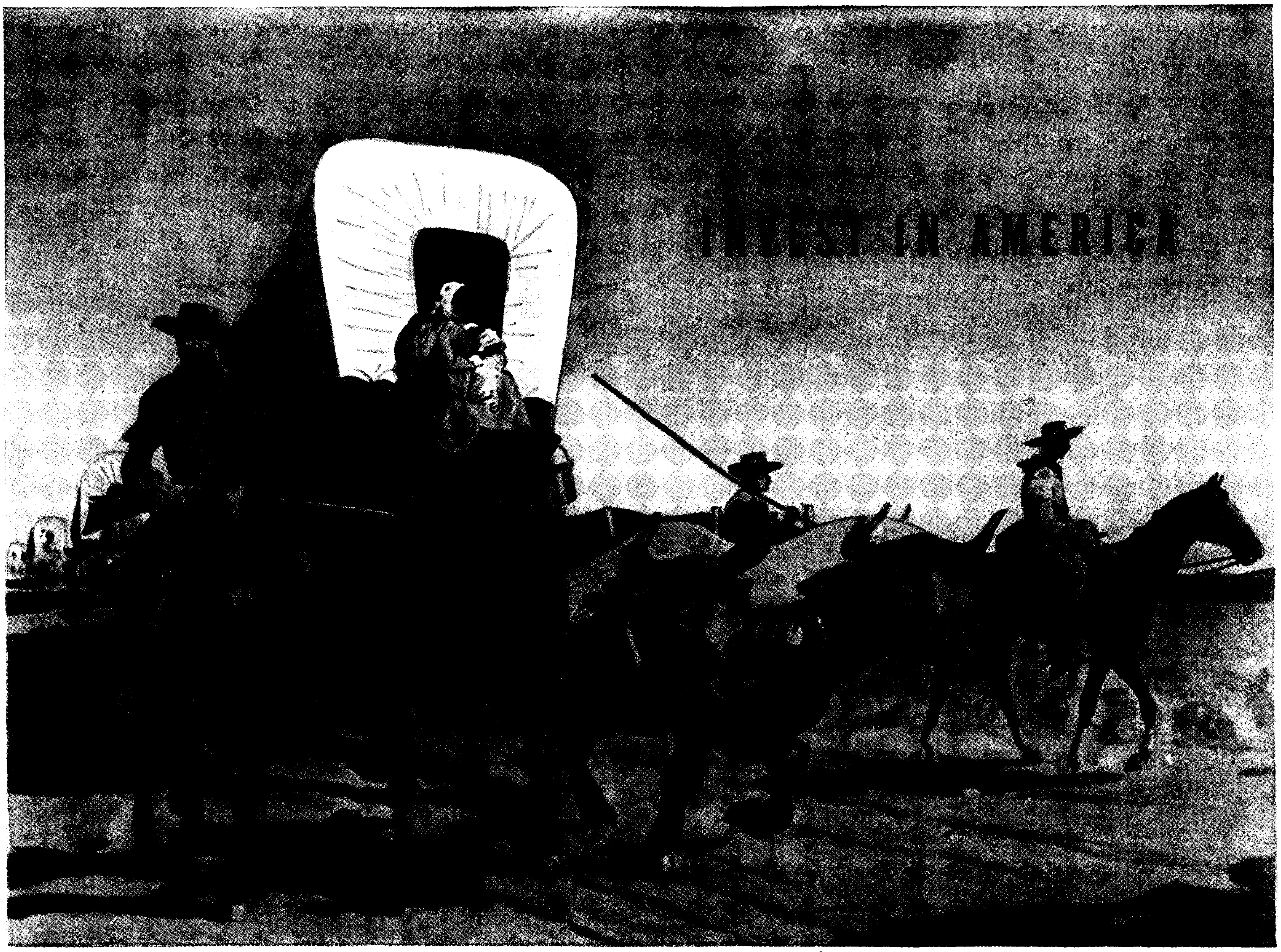
"He may have a chill," Dane said mildly.

Stephen downed a third drink and



"It isn't necessary to hang up your medical diplomas, Lieutenant!"

COLLIER'S ROLAND COE



Stake YOUR Claim NOW with War Bonds

It took a lot of grit for a man and wife to stow their children into a prairie schooner with a few bare necessities and fight it out with all the hardships the frontier had to offer. Yet, these self-reliant pioneers proved their ability to win the finest reward a family can have—security in a land of growing opportunities.

Today, solid citizens are staking their claim in America's future by buying and keeping War Bonds. They know Bonds help to win battle after battle. They know, too, that Bonds will provide security and opportunity for personal initiative when war-supported activity ceases.

Do you know of anything that offers you as much for your money as a War Bond? INVEST IN AMERICA.

* * *

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider and bomber fuselage frames, wing parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and textiles—to name a few.

A journey's end is the beginning of relaxation. In such a moment, Budweiser will prove a welcome companion. Count on Budweiser to make your simple wartime meals taste better. Every sip will tell you why.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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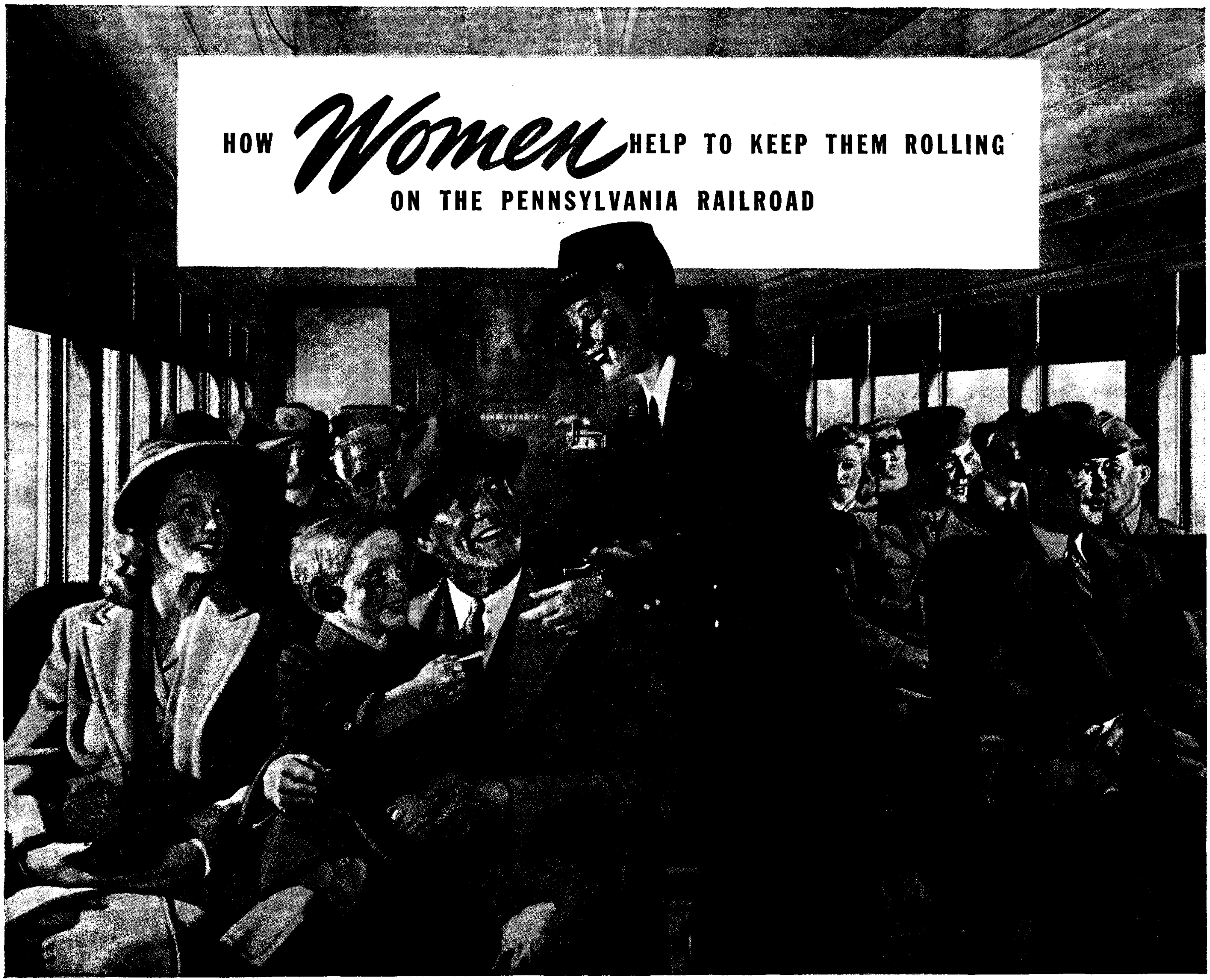
HOW *Women* HELP TO KEEP THEM ROLLING ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



A WAR ROLE FOR WOMEN . . . as a trainman on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Women serve on short runs, as a rule.

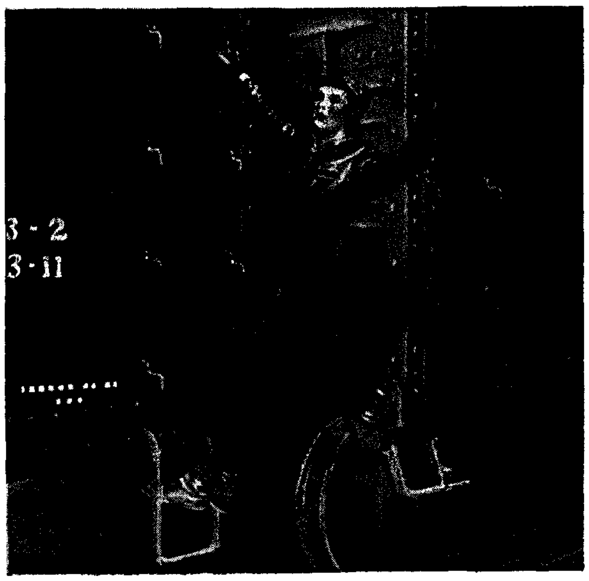
RAILROADING has always been regarded as a man's calling.

But when war reached deeply into railroad ranks — taking from the Pennsylvania Railroad alone more than 41,000 skilled and experienced workers for the Armed Forces — women were employed to help keep trains rolling.

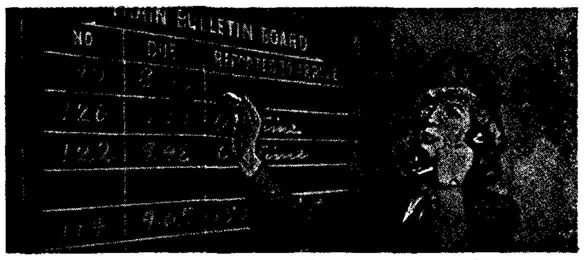
Today, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, approximately 22,000 women are serving in a wide variety of occupations—four of which you see illustrated here.

Positions such as trainmen, ticket sellers, train passenger representatives, ushers, information and reservation personnel call for intelligence, courtesy and a high degree of efficiency. Young women fresh from college and high school—after intensive training—have proved they can fill these roles most capably.

So, we're glad to have their help in the greatest job railroads have ever been called upon to do, *moving men and materials to Victory!*



AS A BRAKEMAN in freight yard operations, a woman fills a job that requires strength and coolness — in all weather.



AS AN USHER, a woman posts trains, announces departures and arrivals — answers the questions asked by travelers.

INFORMATION COUNTERS are besieged these days — so a woman's knowledge of travel must be extensive.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Pennsylvania Railroad

Serving the Nation

★ *44,448 in the Armed Forces* ✯ *123 have given their lives for their country* turned away from the bar. Now he was crossing the room, coming toward their table, and Erin knew he had recognized her after all.

He halted in front of their table and spoke to her without glancing at Dane. "Come on, let's dance."

Dane got to his feet. His voice was quiet and not unfriendly.

"So you know her."

"Oh, don't be a damn' fool!" Stephen told him impatiently.

"Well, sit down a minute. Join us i drink."

Stephen sat down with obvious reluctance, taking the place opposite Erin and beside Dane. Erin looked at him, trying to read what was behind his impatience, but he was examining her with all his old insolent, possessive interest. And yet, she thought uncomfortably, it was not quite the look it used to be; there was something new in it that she did not like.

"What are you doing here, Stephen?" she asked, and was angry to hear her voice come from her throat nervous and uncertain. "At Jean's house?"

"What do you think I'm doing? Getting my pictures."

"Will Jean let you have them?"

For a moment his eyes forgot her and became brooding. "He thinks not," he said. "He thinks I'm here to sell him the one I showed you."

"He's stubborn." Erin tried to keep her voice light, but she was uneasy; she had never seen Stephen like this before. "I don't think you'll change his mind very quickly."

"I'll change his mind," Stephen said. "There are ways to change the mind of any man, if you have the patience."

The words were cold, and Erin knew he meant them. It was ridiculous to be upset, she told herself. It was quite stupid to be upset. People said these melodramatic things every day.

"Sawyer, you're drunk," Dane said. "You were always crazy, and now you're drunk, too."

His voice was filled with the kindly amusement of a reasonable man for a poseur, and somehow that kindliness made Erin feel better.

"Crazy?" Stephen's face darkened, and then he laughed. "Well, I'm in the right house for it!"

Erin felt suddenly cold. "What do you mean, Stephen?"

He turned to answer her and then changed his mind. "Come on, let's dance," he said.

SHE stared at him, baffled, trying to think how to make him finish what he had started to say. She did not want to dance with him, but he was staying at the big house. He knew things which she did not know, things which might be important.

She got up. "I'd like to dance, if Dane doesn't mind."

Dane smiled, and Stephen led her to the floor. For a second or two, she was distracted by his odd, old-fashioned steps, and then she realized that he was holding her too close. She looked up at him, startled, and found him staring down at her with a strange little smile on his face.

"You know," he said, "you're like something I might have done myself."

"What do you mean?"

"Your face, so lovely and out of drawing. I like it; perfection is a bore."

"I'm glad you like it," she said, and felt chilled and strangely degraded.

The smile on his face deepened, and he broke from her suddenly, holding her wrist. "Come with me a minute."

They were outside the door, in the flickering shadows of the deep porch before she stopped him, pulling her hand away.

"Stephen, where on earth are you going?"

He turned to face her and, in the reflection of the light from the jumping neon tubes, his expression was alien and frightening.

"Nowhere. This is far enough. I just want a kiss."

"Don't be an ass!" she told him angrily.

He caught her wrist and pulled her toward him. "You were always wanting to kiss me. Now, when I want to kiss you, you're coy."

She tried to pull away, but he was too strong. Finally she stood quiet rather than submit to the indignity of a struggle. Besides, he was right. She had kissed him too often to care about once more.

But it was not just another kiss from Stephen. He had never kissed her before, not like this. No one had ever kissed her like this. She wrenched away from him and slapped him across the face as hard as she could.

And then there were other arms around her—Dane's. "You'd better get out, Sawyer," he said over her head. His voice was calm and even.

"Would you like to make me, Doctor?" Stephen's voice asked, full of mockery.

ERIN felt Dane's muscles tighten and then relax again. She wished at that moment that he would kill Stephen; she told herself that he could do it if he wanted to, that he was strong enough. But he continued to hold her.

"I think I'd go, if I were you," he said again, very quietly.

"You have no idea what you might do if you were me," Stephen said contemptuously, and Erin heard him moving toward them.

She held herself taut, but then she heard the door of the tavern bang and knew that he had gone back inside.

Dane and she stood there for a moment, and then he handed her a clean handkerchief. She blew her nose and moved away from him a little self-consciously.

"Why didn't you hit him?" she asked.

"That wouldn't have helped," Dane said. He turned toward the door. "Wait a minute; I'll get our coats and pay the bill. Then I'll walk you home."

She did not protest until he came back. "You don't have to walk me home. I'll be all right."

"I know you'll be all right," he said, and took her elbow. "I'm making sure of it."

She was glad. His presence beside her on the dark road was comforting. Even his silence was reassuring.

Except for a word with the watchman at Jean Desalles' gates, neither of them spoke until they reached the door of the Children's House. Then Erin brought out something of what she had been thinking on the way.

"Do you see what I meant when I said I was worried?"

"I see what you meant as far as Sawyer is concerned," Dane admitted grimly.

"But Moira . . ." She hesitated, almost hopeless of making him understand that it was not Stephen who bothered her, that what he said only confirmed what had been in her own mind.

"I'll tell you," Dane said unexpectedly. "Is there any way you and I could see Moira alone?"

Erin thought for a minute. "She walks in the garden for about half an hour every day," she said at last. "She never comes this way, but—"

"But we could go that way. What time?"

"Right after lunch. About two-thirty."

"All right. Within the next few days I'll come over to make my monthly check-up on the kids, and you and I will take a stroll in the garden afterward. I admit she can't have a very happy life, but I think you're taking an exaggerated view of things. Perhaps if we talk to her together, it will put your mind at rest."

Erin sighed with relief. "Thank you, Dane."

There was a brief, awkward silence;

RALPH ROYLE, W.C.S.

Polly Rosenthal, knitwear designer, fits her Mexican sweater to Felice Ingersoll, Ziegfeld Follies girl

WHEN people use the phrase "sweater girl," they are thinking about girl, not sweater. This is shortsighted of them. For there are sweaters and sweaters, and only the right kind of one can make a charming girl more so.

Take the sweater shown on the cover of this issue, and again on this page. It is exactly right in a number of ways. It is low-necked—point one in its favor, for fashion authorities have hatched a pretty plot to reveal throats this season. It has short sleeves, good again for style and material-conservation reasons. It is of Mexican derivation, following the pleasing lines of the increasingly popular Mexican peasant blouses. It is a harmonizer, easily sliding into the groove with wool or cotton suits, with short skirts or long summer evening ones. And it is agreeably inexpensive, especially if you make it yourself, as you easily can according to the directions we will send at your request. You can make it in bright wool, as on the cover, or in spool cotton, as shown on this page.

This pluperfect sweater was designed to Collier's sweater-girl specifications by Polly Rosenthal, the designer who has done more than any other person to elevate knits to a high fashion pedestal.

Mrs. Rosenthal, who says she is proud to be called a refugee, was stylist for her own specialty shop in Cologne before the war. In the few years she has been here, she has led the revolution in the styling of knit dresses, coats and suits as well as sweaters. She builds up a garment section by section, instead of knitting it all in one piece. She knits a skirt, for example, in six separate sections, the sections being blocked into shape and then seamed together. The result of this treatment is better fit and hang, and the evolution of knit styles suitable for mature figures as well as for sweater-girl shapes. The finished Rosenthal product is quite expensive, but her designs and directions for making them are available in booklets distributed through yarn counters to home knitters everywhere.

Mrs. Rosenthal's business, conducted in two small workrooms in her New York apartment, in a few years has grown from a one-woman affair supplying one or two smart New York shops, to a sizable enterprise employing almost 100 people, with daily shipments to stores all over the country. The actual knitting now is done by women in their own homes. Many of them also are refugees, and they have found their knitting skill a useful bridge toward adjustment to life in a new country.

Mrs. Rosenthal, who with her husband received her naturalization papers recently, still attends citizenship night classes, along with many of her workers. "It is necessary for us older ones to study hard to become good citizens in the country which has so kindly given us new homes," she says. "For my boys, it is easier."

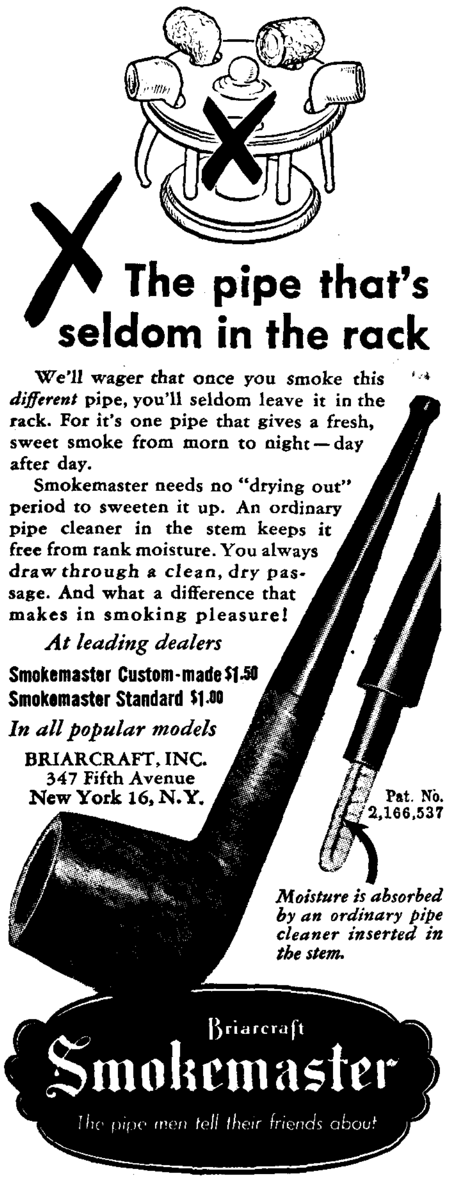
One Rosenthal boy is in the Army; the other, rejected for military service because of his eyes, works in a war plant.

The homely art of knitting helped to ease the whole family into independence here. At first, Mrs. Rosenthal says, she feared to try designing for American women who already were "marvelously well-dressed." Then, with the encouragement of former customers, she made a study of American styles and figures.

"It is my business to sell finished knits," says Mrs. Rosenthal, "but I still believe it is more satisfying to a woman to knit her own."

AMY PORTER

For directions for the Collier's Cover Sweater, write to Distaff Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, enclosing three cents. Please specify whether you want directions for cotton or wool.



The pipe that's seldom in the rack

We'll wager that once you smoke this different pipe, you'll seldom leave it in the rack. For it's one pipe that gives a fresh, sweet smoke from morn to night—day after day.

Smokemaster needs no "drying out" period to sweeten it up. An ordinary pipe cleaner in the stem keeps it free from rank moisture. You always draw through a clean, dry passage. And what a difference that makes in smoking pleasure!

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NOW RENDERING
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PRESS . . . IT'S LIT
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Made today for our armed forces only
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BUY WAR BONDS

then, abruptly, Dane took one of her hands. He held it between the two of his, his fingers strong and warm around hers.

"If Sawyer bothers you again, let me know."

"I can take care of him," she said, and by now was able to laugh a little. "I was just generally unstuck tonight."

"Let me know," he insisted. "Promise?"

"I'll promise to let you know if anything comes up that I can't handle," she compromised.

He frowned with dissatisfaction and then suddenly grinned. "All right. I suppose that's as much as I could have expected. Good night, Erin."

"Good night, Dane."

He continued to hold her hand, and for a moment she thought he was going to kiss her. But then he released her hand and went away. She watched him going swiftly through the woods back toward the gate and felt a momentary twinge of something she was amazed to identify as disappointment.

THE children were being troublesome. This was the third morning they had been posing for Stephen and they did not like it. Erin did not like it, either, but it was part of her job to try to make them sit still. They were outdoors, and the sun was warm in the sky, and the children could see no reason for sitting still in such circumstances.

"Please, Jeanette!" Erin said now. "You know you can't read and look up at the clouds, as Mr. Sawyer wants you to."

"But I feel like a perfect fool, doing that!" Jeanette complained bitterly.

"You look like one, too," Yvonne told her. Yvonne was angry because she had wanted the looking-up pose herself; she had told Erin that she believed she looked a good deal more like an angel than Jeanette did.

Stephen left his easel and strolled over to the group, holding a pointed brush. He stared at Erin, who did not look at him at all. She had been avoiding his eyes for four days, since the night at the tavern. Stephen turned his attention to the children.

"Listen, you brats! Sit still! One flicker of an eyelash out of you, and you'll be the sorriest humans on earth!" He looked at them coldly. "And that, my little ones, is a threat!"

Erin did not approve of the method, but it was effective. Stephen went back to his canvas, and the children were quiet for fully fifteen minutes, absorbed in speculation as to what horrible punishment he might have in mind. They swapped hair-raising suggestions in low voices, and had not even begun to run out of ideas when Stephen ended the session for the day.

"Skedaddle, you pirates!" he said. "Same time tomorrow morning. Same clothes."

The children disappeared so precipitately that Erin found herself left behind. She rose to follow them, but Stephen called to her.

"Erin, wait a minute!"

She hesitated. She did not want to be alone with him. She had managed to avoid it so far, but she knew that she could not go on avoiding it forever. And, after all, what was there to be afraid of in the broad daylight, in Jean Desalles' trim and formal garden? She was beginning to think that she must have acted like a schoolgirl the other night.

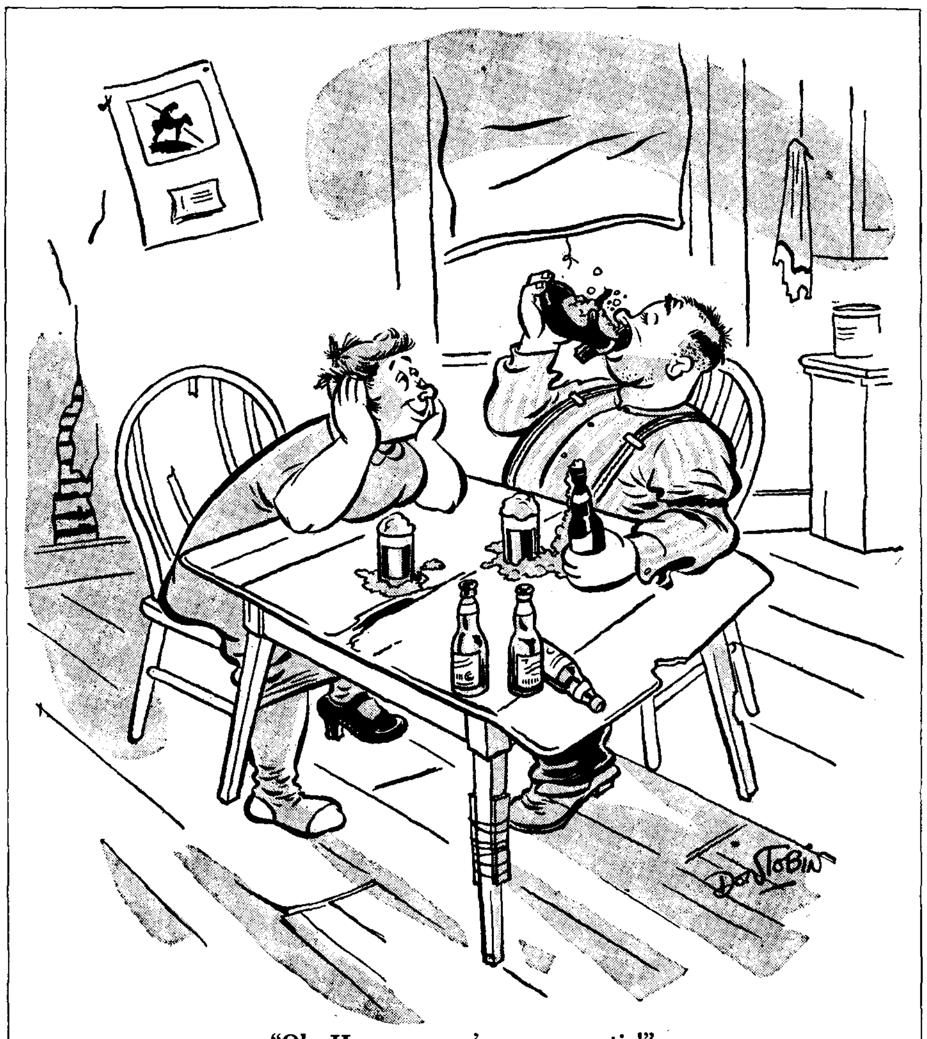
So she turned around and looked at him without smiling. "What do you want?" she asked.

He grinned at her and, for a second, he was the old Stephen, wayward and gay and beloved. "A few kind words, mostly," he said. "This place is getting me down and I need comfort."

Almost, her heart melted. All the years of her growing-up she had been at his beck and call, to become what he wanted her to be at the moment—comforter or companion. It was hard, now, not to fall into the ways of old habit.

"I suppose it would be silly to expect you to apologize for the other night?" she asked.

Stephen grinned again, a little impatiently. "Women are such fools!" he said. "Come look at the picture!"



COLLIER'S "Oh, Herman, you're so romantic!" DON TOBIN

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EYE-GENE
2 DROPS CLEAR, SOOTHE IN SECONDS

She hesitated, and then gave in. If it were at all possible, it would certainly be more comfortable to be on speaking terms with him, especially if they were going to be thrown together day after day. Slowly, she walked to the easel and looked at the picture.

He had not really started on the children yet; they were merely sketched in against an almost completed background. But in the lines of the sketching, in the attitudes and poses, eighteenth-century England was inherent.

"It ought to be pretty as a picture," she said contemptuously. She knew nothing about art except what he himself had taught her, and he had never encouraged her to be enthusiastic about Romney or any of his fellows.

HE DID not get angry at her criticism. There was mockery in his voice when he spoke—mockery and eagerness. "How do you like the background?" he asked.

The background was mostly a tree, a rather ugly tree, enormous and dark. Knowing Stephen's backgrounds, she stared at it for a long time, waiting for it to turn into something else, but it remained a tree.

"It's just a tree, isn't it?" she asked. "It looks as though you'd been tying it in knots."

"Doesn't it look like an octopus?" he asked impatiently.

Erin stared at it doubtfully. "Does it? I suppose so, if you know what to look for. But I don't think anybody would ever guess it without being told."

The mockery was gone from his voice now, leaving only impatience. "Look at it again. Look at the octopus. Does it remind you of anybody?"

Obediently, Erin looked. After a minute, helplessly, she shrugged. "Frankly, it doesn't even remind me very much of an octopus." She turned away. "Is it supposed to look like somebody?"

He was staring at the ground, his hands thrust hard into the pockets of his trousers. "It's supposed to look like Jean," he said gloomily. "Jean the Octopus, with his tentacles weaving over the children—over the whole place."

Erin laughed a little. "Perhaps it's just as well this way. Jean wouldn't care for your conception."

"Damn' right he wouldn't!" Stephen said. "A lot of things are going to happen that Jean won't care for."

The ugliness that had been in his voice the other night was back now and it made Erin uneasy. There was hate in his eyes and in the set of his mouth.

"Why don't you go away?" she asked pacifically. "You can always make a good living painting portraits."

He looked at her acidly. "All women have cheap minds," he said. "Money has nothing to do with it. All the money in the world wouldn't help me to paint again."

This was the crux of the matter, she realized—his inability to paint. The realization of that fact was filling him with hatred for everything and everybody, for himself first, and, after himself, the whole world.

"Perhaps Jean will change his mind," she said gently. "Perhaps if you didn't shout and demand, but tried explaining, he might reconsider and let you have the pictures."

"He'll reconsider," Stephen said, and smiled with sudden malicious delight. "I'll attend to that."

There was something about the smile, a smug confidence that made her even more uneasy than she had been. But she forced herself to go slowly and with diplomacy. She had to find out what was in his mind, but she knew a direct approach would shut him off.

"You sound like Machiavelli," she said, and tried to sound at once admiring and derisive.

"When you're dealing with a guy like Desalles, you have to be as clever as he is!" Stephen said, quickly. "You can't fight his strength, so you play on his weakness."

Erin looked dubious. "And what is Jean's weakness?"

"He likes to own things, beautiful things. He likes to keep them to himself, so that no one else can touch them or even look at them. He has a houseful of the most beautiful things in the world. Now suppose someone should steal one of them. . . ."

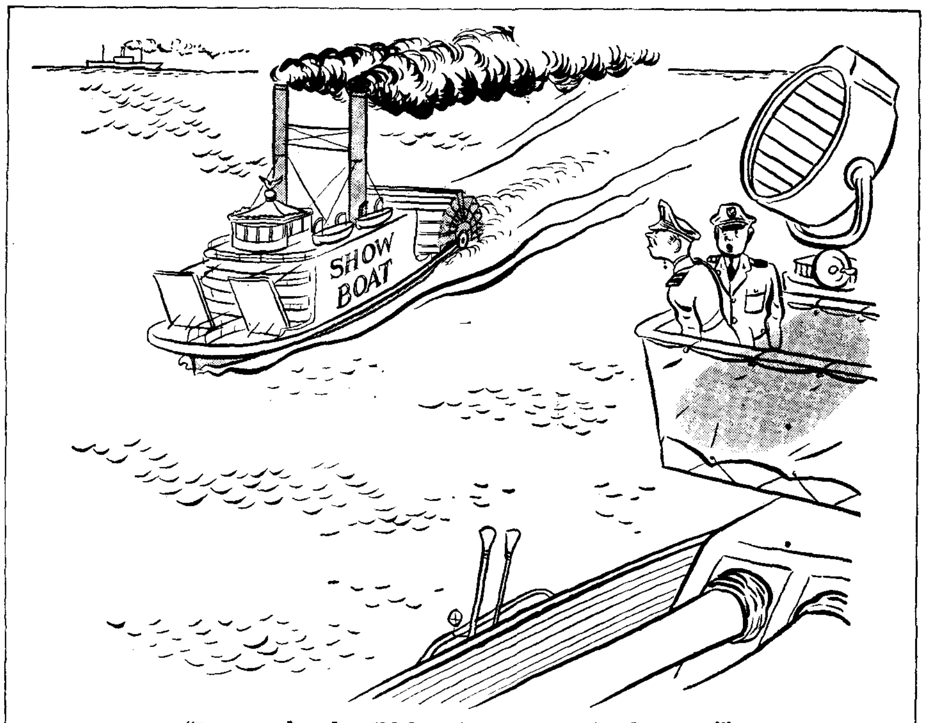
Erin stared at him in consternation. "Stephen, for heaven's sake, you can't steal art treasures! He'd know it was you. You'd spend the rest of your life in jail."

And again that smile of secret, malicious delight. "Desalles has one thing I could steal. Nobody would punish me for stealing it. The loveliest thing he owns."

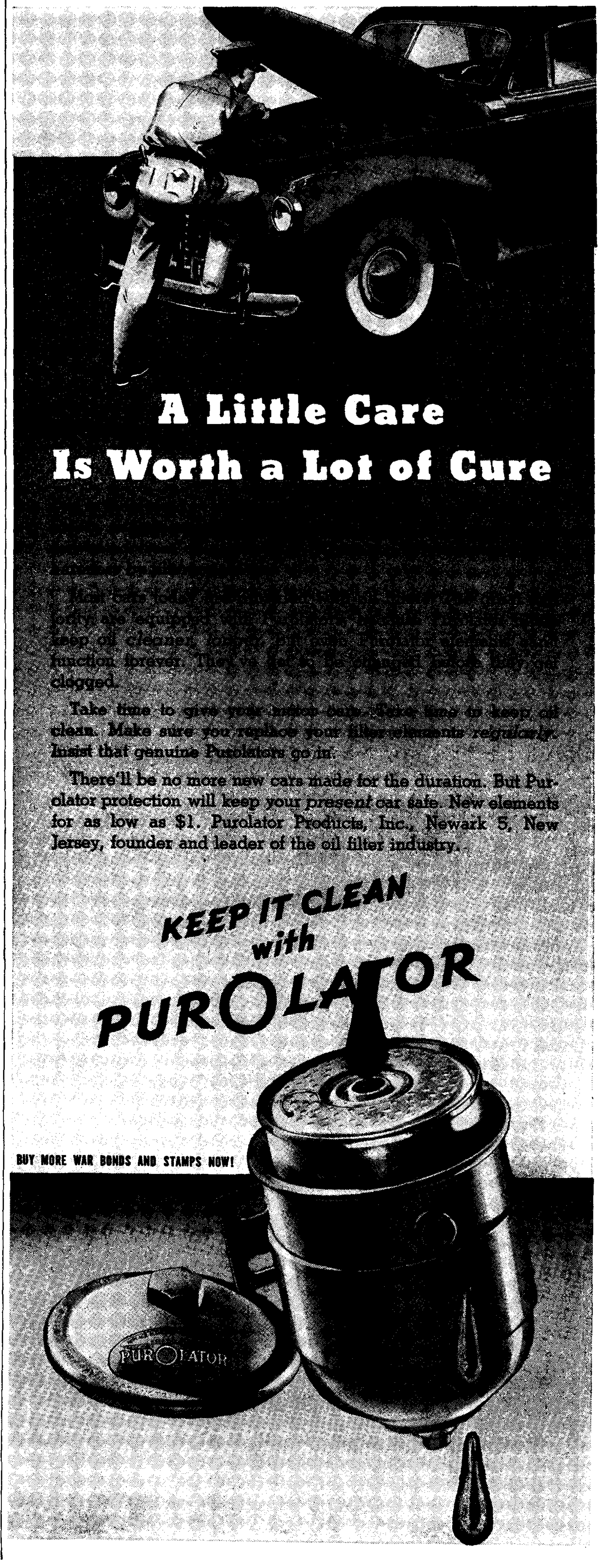
"Stop talking riddles!" Erin told him impatiently.

"One lovely thing," Stephen said. "Lovely and perishable and completely irreplaceable. His wife!"

IN HIS hospital office, the telephone rang, and Dane regarded it for a moment with somber disinterest. One of his small patients had died that morning at the end of a three-day struggle, and Dane was



COLLIER'S "It must be the USO unit to entertain the men!" FRITZ WILKINSON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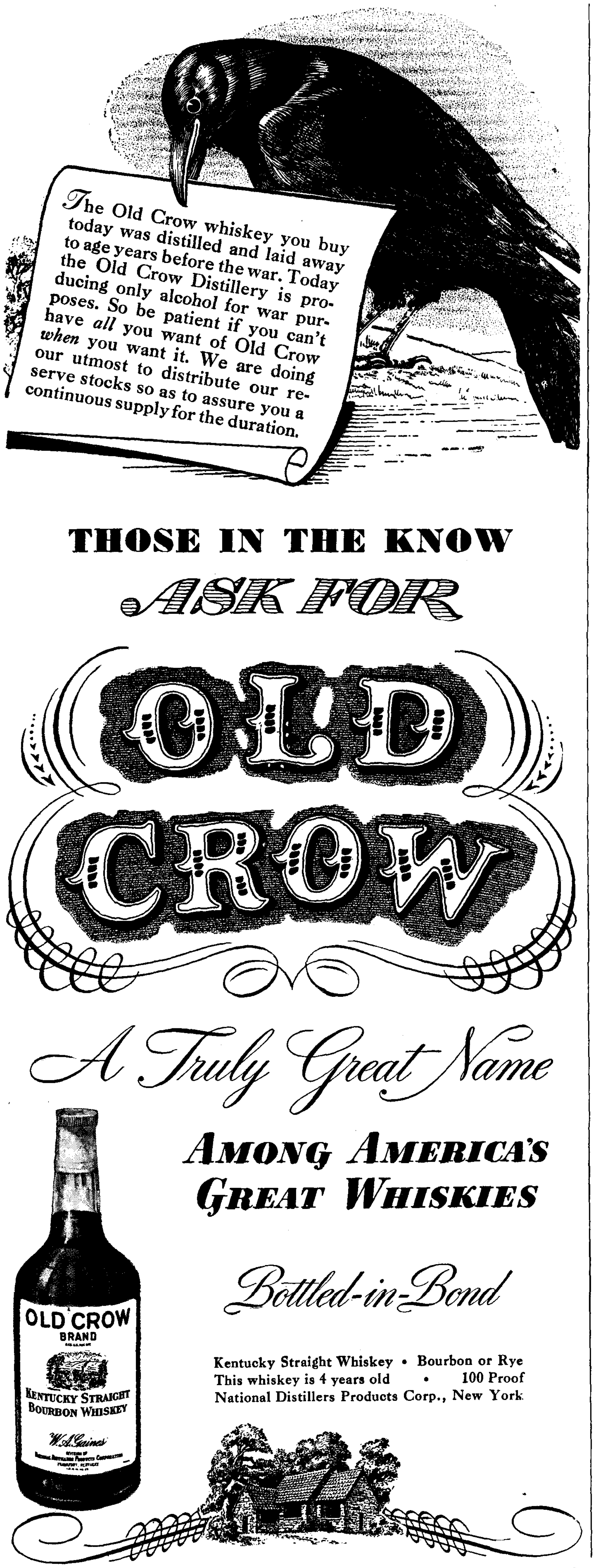
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tired and discouraged, as he always was under such circumstances.

The phone rang again and he picked it up irritably. "Hello?"

"Dane?" It was Erin's voice and, unreasonably, his oppression began to lift. "You said you'd come over in a day or two, and that was Friday."

"I know. One of my kids got complications." He felt suddenly sorry for himself and made a bid for her sympathy. "I haven't had time to sleep for the past three days."

"Oh, Dane!" she said, but her voice was perfunctory, and he thought wryly that he should have remembered that she was a doctor's daughter, accustomed to the idea of death and of other people's sleepless nights. Still, it would have been nice if she had shown some real concern.

There was a long pause, and then her voice came again, a little hesitant. "Dane, can you come today?"

He glanced at his wrist watch and groaned to himself. There went the hour's nap he had been planning on. "I suppose so," he said. "Anything new?"

"No," she said doubtfully. "Not really. It was just something Stephen said."

"Stephen! There's no limit to the things that guy might say. Has he been bothering you again?"

"No. I'll tell you when you come."

"Give me fifteen minutes."

But it was almost half an hour before he drove up in front of the Children's House and found Erin waiting for him on the little semicircular porch, her hands deep in the pockets of her polo coat, her face whipped red by the cold wind that had come up since morning. She came to meet him as he got out of the car, and he tried to persuade himself that it would be perfectly natural if he were to offer to shake hands with her, so that for a few seconds he might touch her, even so casually.

"You're late," she said uncompromisingly, and the handshake idea vanished immediately. "I hope Moira hasn't finished her walk, or decided that it's too cold."

"I hope not," he said, and grinned at his own absurd disappointment. "What has the great Sawyer been shooting off his mouth about now?"

"I'll tell you on the way to the rose gardens," she said.

He fell into step beside her, and they started through the woods, still February-bleak, soft underfoot with fallen leaves. She told him briefly about Stephen's picture and his threat against Moira. Dane listened in growing astonishment.

"The guy's nuts!" he said incredulously. "He's an egomaniac."

"I suppose he is," Erin said. "Those pictures are important to him. There's nothing he wouldn't do to get them."

"But how does he think he's going to get Moira to go away with him? Is he planning on kidnaping her?"

"I don't know," Erin said. "But I don't think he'd have said anything unless he was pretty sure of himself."

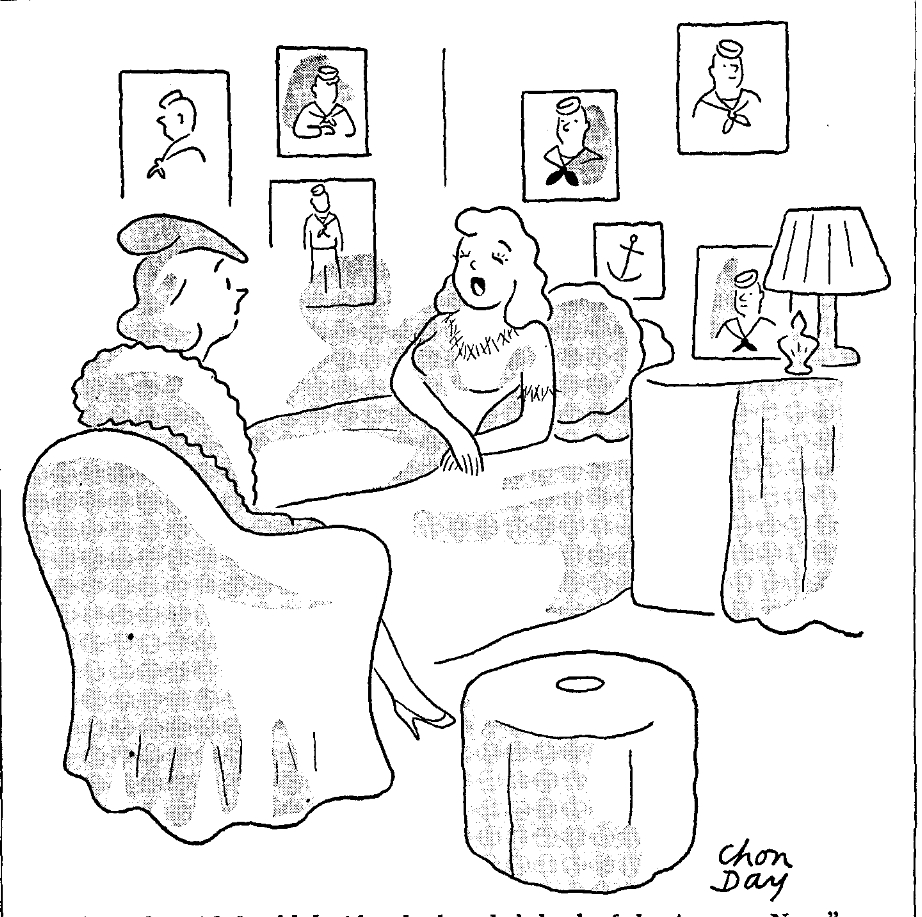
THEY stopped suddenly. They were on the edge of the rose gardens, lovely even now in their winter-frozen formality. Moira was there, with her back toward them, a small, slight figure in a fur jacket, walking with an odd, unnatural briskness. Dane had a fleeting illusion that she was not actually walking, that instead she was being blown in front of the wind—like smoke or the skeleton of a dead leaf.

She turned then and came toward them, her face lovely and pale between the dark cloud of her hair and the dark, gleaming collar of her coat, an empty face blind and devoid of all feeling. She had covered almost half of the distance to where they stood before she saw them and came to an uncertain stop, staring at them as though they were ghosts. Her hands made a fluttery movement of repudiation, and fear sprang into her eyes. Turning, she started to run stumblingly away from them.

Dane could do nothing but stare after her, but Erin ran to catch her, overtaking her quickly with long, effortless strides. When she stopped her with a hand on Moira's arm, Dane aroused himself to hurry after them. Erin was talking in a low, urgent voice when he reached them.

"Darling, darling, it's all right! Don't be afraid. It's only us. It's only Dane and Erin. You're not afraid of us?"

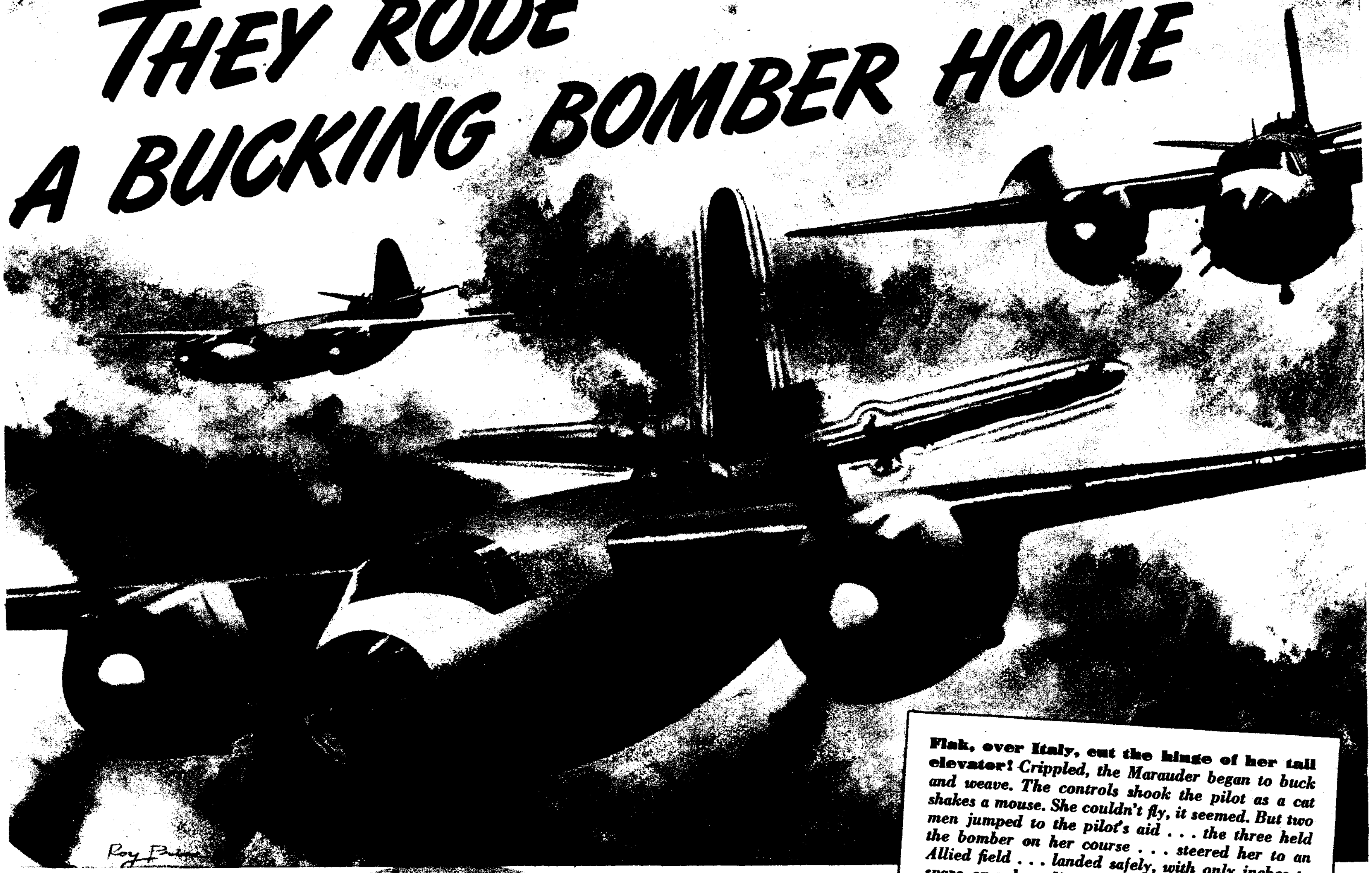
But Moira did not answer. She stared from one to the other of them with wide, frightened eyes, and her whole body



"I think a girl should decide whether she's back of the Army or Navy"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

THEY RODE A BUCKING BOMBER HOME



Flak, over Italy, cut the hinge of her tail elevator! *Crippled, the Marauder began to buck and weave. The controls shook the pilot as a cat shakes a mouse. She couldn't fly, it seemed. But two men jumped to the pilot's aid . . . the three held the bomber on her course . . . steered her to an Allied field . . . landed safely, with only inches to spare, on a short dirt strip built for fighters.*

Incident reported from official War Department release

Planes as well as pilots *won glory in the first battle tests of deadly Curtiss Helldivers in the South Pacific. Eight Jap ships sunk, one probably sunk, many others damaged . . . no Helldivers lost. That was the score in attacks on Rabaul and Kavieng. We at Hudson are proud to build wings for these hornets of the air.*

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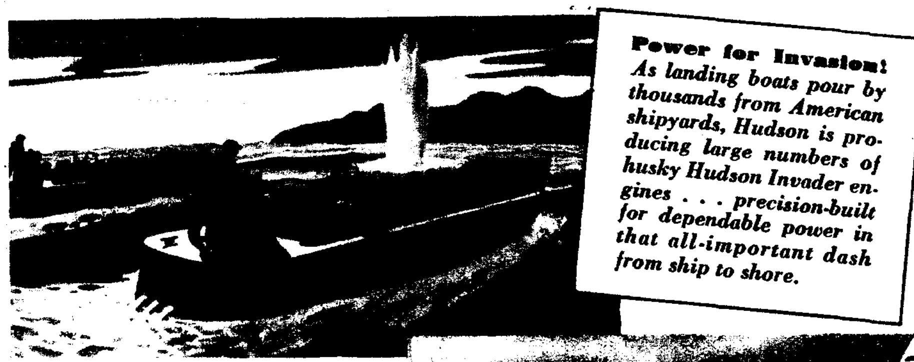

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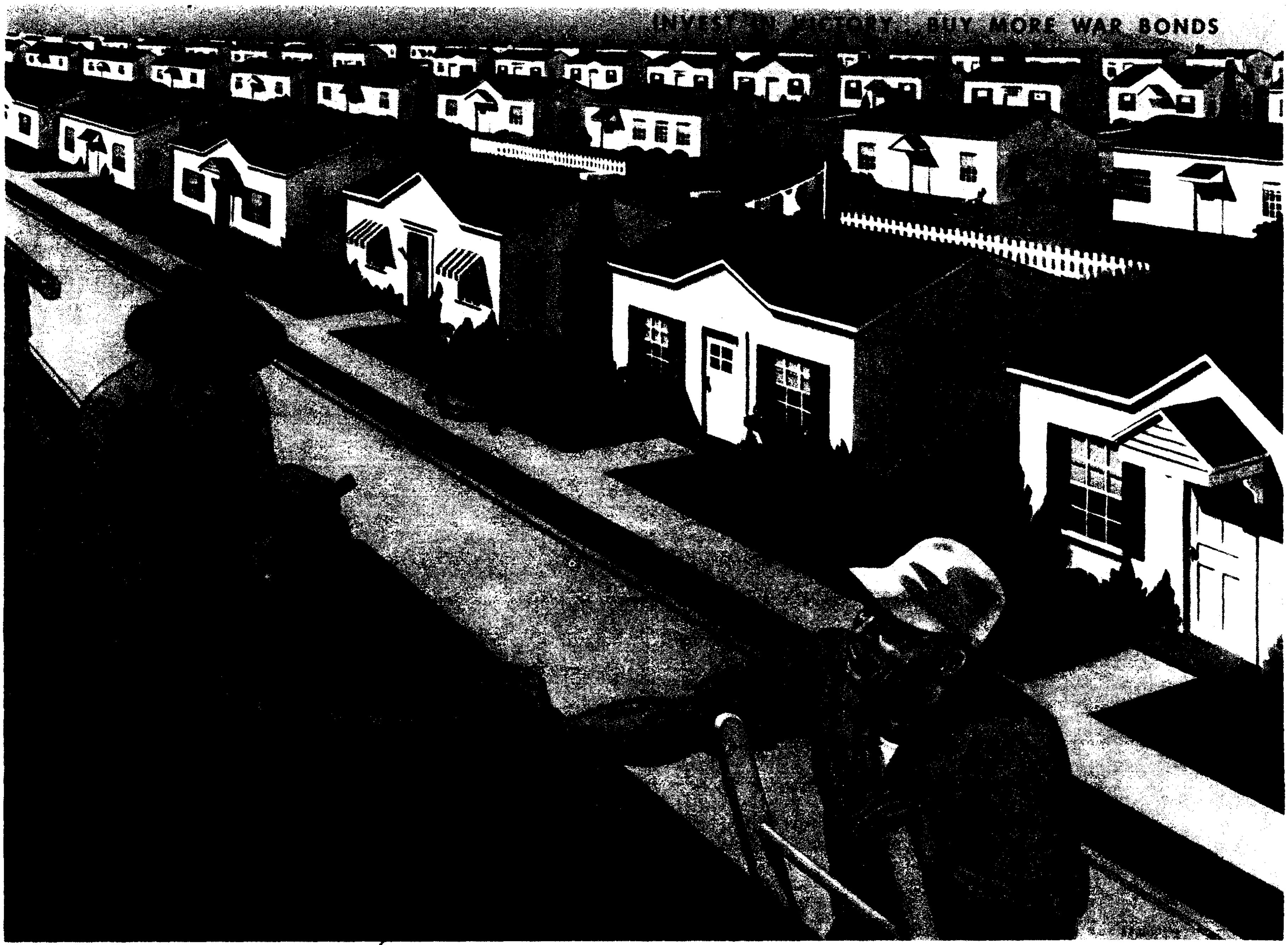
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At an Eastern Army Camp, miles from the nearest rail line, construction schedules called for the completion of 1,200 buildings for 20,000 men within 75 days. *Every foot of lumber, every pound of nails, every piece of material was brought in by motor truck.*

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shrank from them, as though only Erin's fingers on her arm prevented her from renewing her flight.

"Hello, Moira," Dane said, and forced his voice to be casual and pleasant. "I've been looking over the children, and they're in fine shape. Erin was just showing me around the gardens when we ran into you. They ought to be wonderful, a couple of months from now."

While he spoke, she watched his eyes as though he were hypnotizing her, but she made no answer. She continued to watch him while they waited for her to reply, and then when Erin spoke, she turned to regard her with the same fixed intensity.

"I hope you don't mind my staying in your Children's House," Erin said, and Dane was relieved to notice that she had adopted his light tone. "I'm fleeing from my former self, and I couldn't think of a better place to hide."

Still Moira said nothing. Over her head, Erin sent a glance of supplication to Dane, and he tried to think of something that would force this woman to speak. He wanted to hear her voice; he needed to know if it would come as empty as her face. He tried the children.

"Those tonsils of Pierre's—I'm afraid they'll start acting up again as soon as spring comes in. Don't you think we ought to have them out?"

FOR a minute he thought it had failed, that she would hold to her silence. But her voice finally came, hardly more than a whisper, "Yes," she said. "Yes.... I don't know. Ask him."

He frowned. "Ask the boy?"

"No," she said. "Ask him—my husband. I must go. The servants. They'll see us talking."

"What of it?" Erin said, and for the first time there was anxiety in her voice.

"They'll tell him. Please, please, I must go!"

She made a feeble attempt to pull her arm away, but Erin held her firmly.

"Moira, darling, don't be silly! You can talk to us a moment. Tell me about Stephen. It must bring back old times, having him in the house."

Now, for the first time, there was a change in Moira's expression. The alarm in her eyes flared for a second and then vanished, replaced by a blank incomprehension that amounted almost to stupidity.

"Stephen? Yes. Yes, of course, it's very pleasant to have him to talk—I don't see much of him." Her eyes darted back and forth between them, suspicious and oddly cunning.

Dane could almost see the sudden building of defenses in her mind, the abrupt, desperate shouldering of spears by the harassed army of her nerves. He saw Erin looking at him helplessly and he tried again to phrase some question that might lead Moira on, but she pulled her arm away from Erin and backed off.

"I must go," she said. "I must go now. It's time for my nap." She frowned a little and then smiled, a taut, false smile. "It's been very pleasant, chatting."

They let her go. There was nothing else to do. They stood side by side and watched her as she hurried up the garden paths toward the house. They did not move or say anything for a full minute after she had disappeared behind the box hedges that hid the driveway.

"Do you still think I was exaggerating things?" Erin asked quietly.

Dane did not answer until they had turned and were walking back toward the Children's House. In his mind he was trying to correlate his impressions of Moira, to make them add up to some reasonable conclusion. But he had to admit to himself that no matter what answer he provided for the sum, it made him afraid.

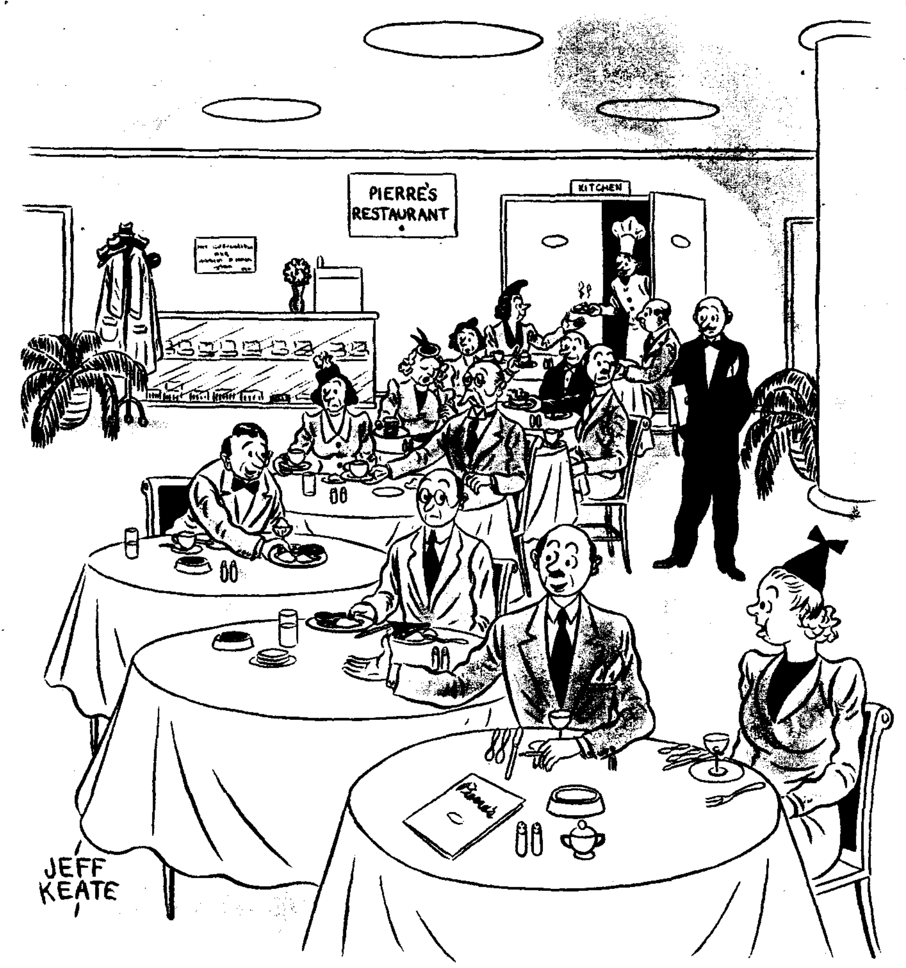
"No," he said at last. "I don't think you were exaggerating. I never saw her like this before. She's in pretty bad shape."

"Dane—" she began, and paused, and he looked sideways to see her taking a deep breath before she went on. "Dane, do you think she's—out of her mind?"

"I don't know," he said honestly. "I'm not an alienist. But I know she's in a dangerous mental condition."

"It's Jean!" she burst out angrily. "He's done this to her. He should be—he should be in jail."

"There isn't any way you can touch people like him," Dane said somberly. "If he beat her or refused to support her, you could have the law on him. But if he torments her to the point of insanity—that's no crime!"



COLLIER'S "It was their only solution to the waitress problem!" JEFF KEATE

"Dane, what are we going to do?"

"Don't worry darling," he said comfortingly, and smiled at her. "We'll do something."

But he could not think what. You had to walk carefully where a man like Desalles was concerned. You could not make accusations that were not susceptible to proof, or take steps that might arouse his anger. He had the power of prestige and great wealth, and he would not hesitate to use that power. Dane knew that he would not be left in charge of the hospital for five minutes if he were to make any move that would reveal to Desalles an interference in his domestic life.

"I wish I knew what to do," he said. "I wish there was one person in that house we could trust."

THEY had arrived back at the Children's House now, and were standing by his car. Erin frowned thoughtfully and drew her initials in the white dust on his fender. Then, suddenly, she looked up.

"How about Sheila and Alistair?" she asked. "They're in New York—it was in the papers yesterday. He's doing something about new planes—consulting with engineers. They could just as well stay here as not."

"How about Desalles?" Dane asked doubtfully. "How is he going to be persuaded to ask them?"

Erin thrust the objection aside impatiently. "Leave that to Sheila. She'll know how to manage. She's perfectly ruthless in a social sort of way. You just call her up as soon as you get home and tell her to get out here as quickly as she can."

For a moment he resented her dictatorial manner, and then he grinned and relaxed. "You know," he said, "there's an awful lot of your mother in you. The funny thing is, in you it's attractive."

She scowled sulkily and then, abruptly, smiled back at him. "I'm sorry," she said. "But will you do it? I'd do it myself, but our calls go through the main house."

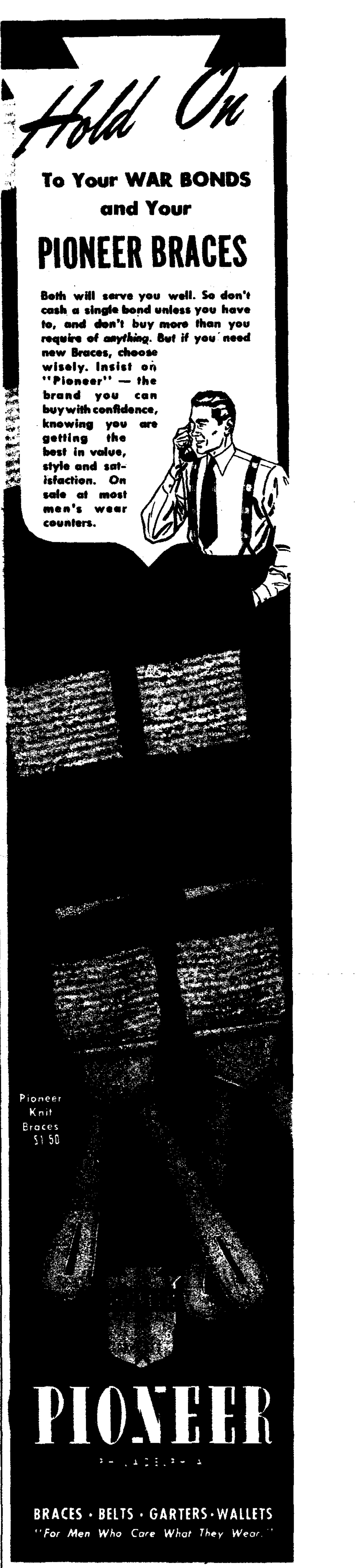
"Of course, I'll do it," he said, and wondered what would happen if he were to kiss her now.

Almost, he did it. And then the spell broke and he realized that what would most probably happen would be astonished rage on her part and a black eye on his. He grinned at his own foolishness and climbed into his car.

MOIRA lay in her darkened bedroom with her eyes shut, pretending to be asleep. Her husband was in the room, and she was watching him. She was not using her eyes, but only her hearing and the quivering ends of her nerves, which felt every motion he made, every feeling that passed through him, every mood that even touched him lightly. She lay very quietly and divorced herself from everything except an awareness of him, by thinking of nothing and feeling nothing except him, by listening to nothing except the tiny sound of his breathing, the little brushing noises his shoes made against the carpet.

She knew that he was looking at her from the door and that he was not angry or disturbed. But that was a precarious state which might change at any moment. If he became aware that she was awake, watching him, his anger might turn upon her. If her hair were out of place, or arranged in a manner he did not like, if he should suddenly find her too fat or too thin, or if he disliked the style of the negligee or the color of the lipstick she was wearing, his anger would be there, stabbing at her, shattering the peace she had built up, destroying the shaky security that was so difficult to maintain, leaving her open to pain.

He turned and went out, and she waited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a moment, and then she allowed herself to sigh with relief at the realization that no one had seen her in the garden, talking to that ugly girl, her sister, or the man with the sharp eyes, the sharp, uncomfortable, seeing eyes, the man who used to be a friend. Jean did not know about that. Jean could not punish her for it, could not bring fear and pain to punish her.

Pain. She ordered her mind to turn away from the word, to think of something else. But how could she think of anything else when there were the children's voices coming through the window, faint and far away. In a minute she would have to get up and go downstairs and sit and suffer them, the pain-makers, the unwitting givers of pain, coming with their soft voices and their accusing eyes and their moist lips to pull her back out of her safety, to make her vulnerable again.

They would try to call her back, to make her look at them, to make her aware of them, just as the others had, Erin and Dane Johns. But she was too clever for them. She knew they came only because *he* sent them to torment her, to open the door for him so that he could crash in upon her, bringing violence with him, bringing more pain and hatred and fear.

She was too clever for them, she thought again. She had made them think she did not know what they meant when they talked of Stephen. She had made them think she did not realize they were spying on her, trying to make her tell them her secret. But she had kept it safe, the secret, the cool, green secret, the secret of the pool between the rocks, the secret out of the other time—the lost time, the time before Jean.

"Remember the day we swam in the river, up by Dalton's Gap?" Stephen had asked.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, of course."

"I kissed you," he reminded her softly.

LONG ago, a very long time ago, ages and ages ago, there was green water and brown rocks and a boy kissing her in the sunlight. She waited for the memory of fear that was part of being kissed, but it did not come. Nothing came but the warmth of the sun on her shoulders and the memory of laughter.

"I remember," she said. "I remember."

Now, in her bed, with the afternoon shut away by Venetian blinds, with Jean's watching eyes and watching mind shut away by a door that he had closed himself, she remembered it again—the water, the sun, the laughter and the boy's cool hands on her shoulders, the boy's mouth on her lips.

There was a little knock at her door, and hastily she tried to drive out the memory, to make her mind blank. The door opened, and in a second she heard her maid's voice.

"The children are here, madam. Mr. Desalles would like you to come down."

Moira lay for another moment, driving her mind back to its hiding place. Then she got up and let her maid brush her hair.

THE children were quiet when they left the main house, and Erin, following them, was quiet, too, wrapped in gloom and worry. Today, things had been worse even than usual, with Moira late coming down and Jean sarcastic about it when she finally did arrive.

"Let's go for a walk on the shore," Yvonne said.

"All right," Erin agreed automatically, and followed them along the path that led down to the rock-strewn beach. When they got there, she sat in the sun and paid no attention to the children until her ear was caught by something Yvonne was saying.

"You're silly to be afraid of him! He was very rude to Mamma today, but it's childish to be frightened of somebody just because they're rude."

With a shock, Erin realized that they were talking of their father, that they were reflecting the atmosphere of hate and fear that was darkening this whole lovely place. And that was wrong; children should not know ugliness.

"Rude!" she said, interrupting them. "If you think that was rude, you don't know anything about husbands. You should have known mine!"

Diverted, they joined her on her rock. "What was his name?" Jeanette asked.

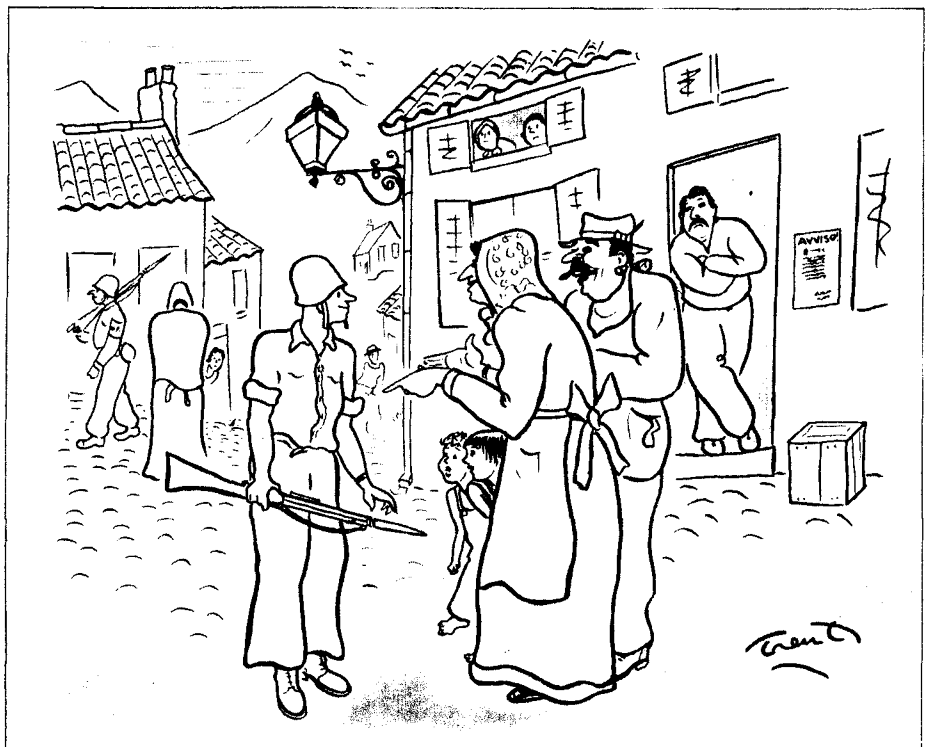
"Aloysius," Erin said. "He was enormous—six feet eight inches tall. He used to beat me."

"Why did he beat you?" Yvonne asked. Jeanette shivered with sympathy and snuggled close against Erin.

Erin laughed. "The drink, mostly," she said lightly. "When it was on him, oh, he was a terror. And the next morning, there would be my Percival, licking my shoes and vowing that he'd never do it again."

The younger children were spellbound, but Yvonne looked chilly. "You said his name was Aloysius!" she said accusingly.

Erin explained. "Aloysius Percival Hanscom. When he was sober, he liked



COLLIER'S "If you traded at my brother Giuseppe's store on Main Street and if you owe him a small bill, would you mind paying us?" W. P. TRENT

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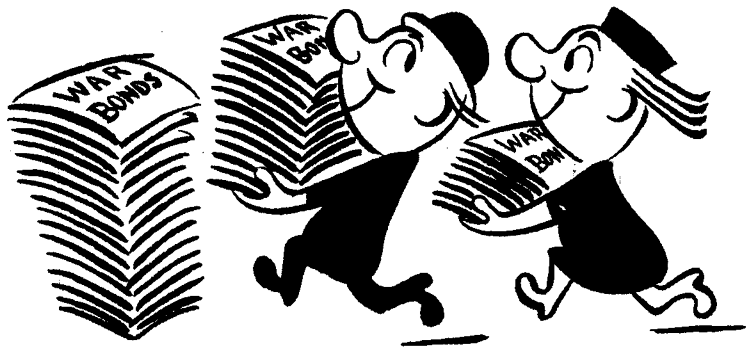
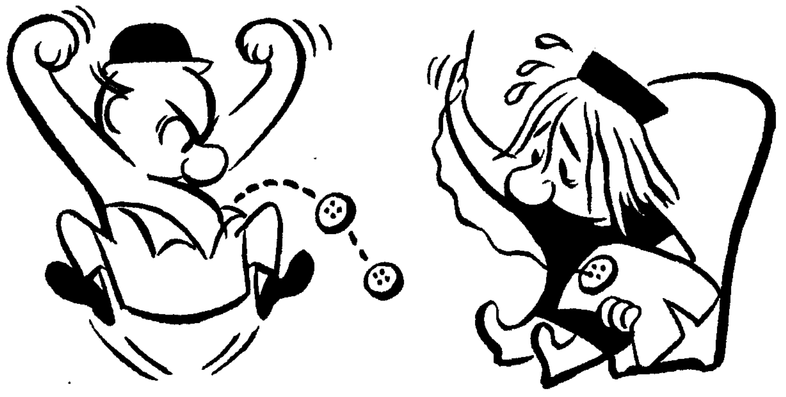
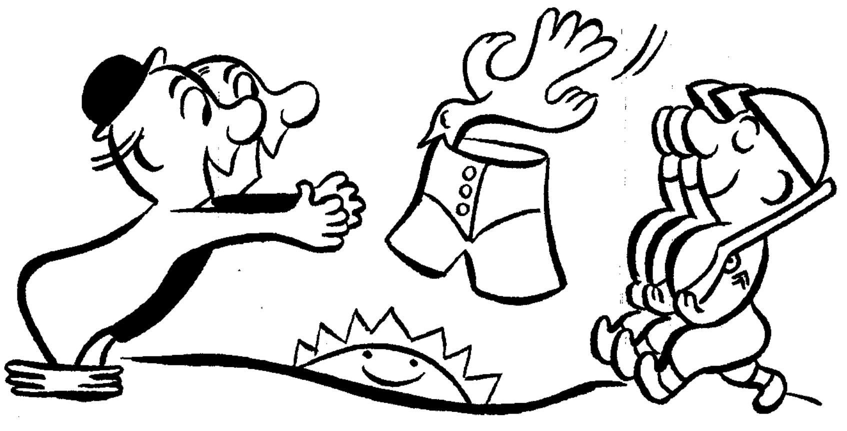


We're buying bonds with all our jack...



To end this war... and button toil...



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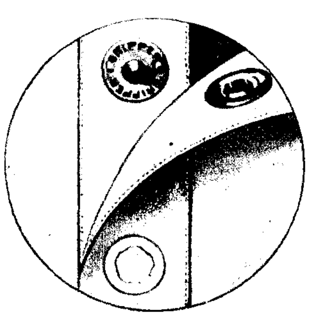

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AT THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

Percival, but when he was drunk, he insisted on Aloysius."

"Were you all bloody?" Pierre demanded hopefully. "Did your nose bleed?"

"My nose was a regular fountain half the time. A wonderful sight I was."

"Know what I think?" Yvonne asked. "I think you're the most awful liar I ever heard!"

"She is not!" Jeanette said loyally. "It's only part of her disguise."

Erin looked at her, startled. "Disguise? What on earth are you talking about?"

Jeanette looked embarrassed, but Yvonne had never been embarrassed. "You dye your hair," she said triumphantly. "It isn't brown. I've been watching the roots, and it's really blond, just like mine."

"We found a bottle in your room," Jeanette confessed in a small voice.

Erin stared at them, wondering what to say, but they had their own answers

"We think you're a spy," Yvonne said. "Though what you're spying for around here, I can't imagine."

"Saboteur!" Erin said promptly. "Manhattan is to be blown up. Submarines brought in dynamite, and local traitors hid it."

"Who?" Yvonne asked suspiciously.

"Military secret. Everything's a military secret."

Yvonne was defeated. "My goodness, what an *awful* liar!" she muttered respectfully. "A person doesn't know what to think!"

Erin grinned at her derisively. "A person doesn't, does one?"

Yvonne opened her mouth to say something else and then compressed her lips and shrugged and went away. Pierre followed her, chanting to himself, "Nose like a regular fountain," in a happy voice.

JEANETTE stayed with Erin, sitting close to her, and they were quiet for a while, looking at the fat clouds that scudded swiftly across the blue sky, and the white horses that rode the blue water, echoing the color of the clouds.

"I don't think you're a spy," the little girl said, at last, and then went on rapidly: "I was thinking about your disguise last night, and do you know what I think? I think you're our real mother."

For a moment Erin could not speak, and the child went rushing on:

"I think we were stolen from you years and years ago, before we can remember, and that you've been searching for us all over ever since, and now that you've found us, you can't take us away because Papa won't let you, and so you disguised yourself so you could be near us."

She ended breathless but triumphant and looked at Erin with shining, anxious eyes.

Erin drew a deep breath and laughed shakily. "What a story!" She tried to keep her voice cool and untroubled. "You know who your mother is."

The child's face puckered with quick disappointment. "But she can't be our mother. She doesn't love us. And you do."

Erin put an arm across the child's shoulders, pulling her close. "Darling, you mustn't say things like that; you mustn't even think them. Of course, I love you. And of course, your mother loves you, too. It's just that she hasn't been well. She's the most beautiful person in all the world, but she really has not been very well."

"I don't love her," Jeanette said sullenly. "I don't love anybody but you."

"Darling, please don't say that!"

The child's eyes veiled. "Anyway, I'm going to pretend, and you can't stop me. I'm going to pretend that you're a princess in disguise, and that I'm really your little girl."

There was no answer to that. Erin gazed out to sea, carefully keeping her face expressionless, astonished at the love and protective pity that had been aroused in her. She could hardly hold back the tears, and she did not know whether they were for the children, or for Moira, or for herself.

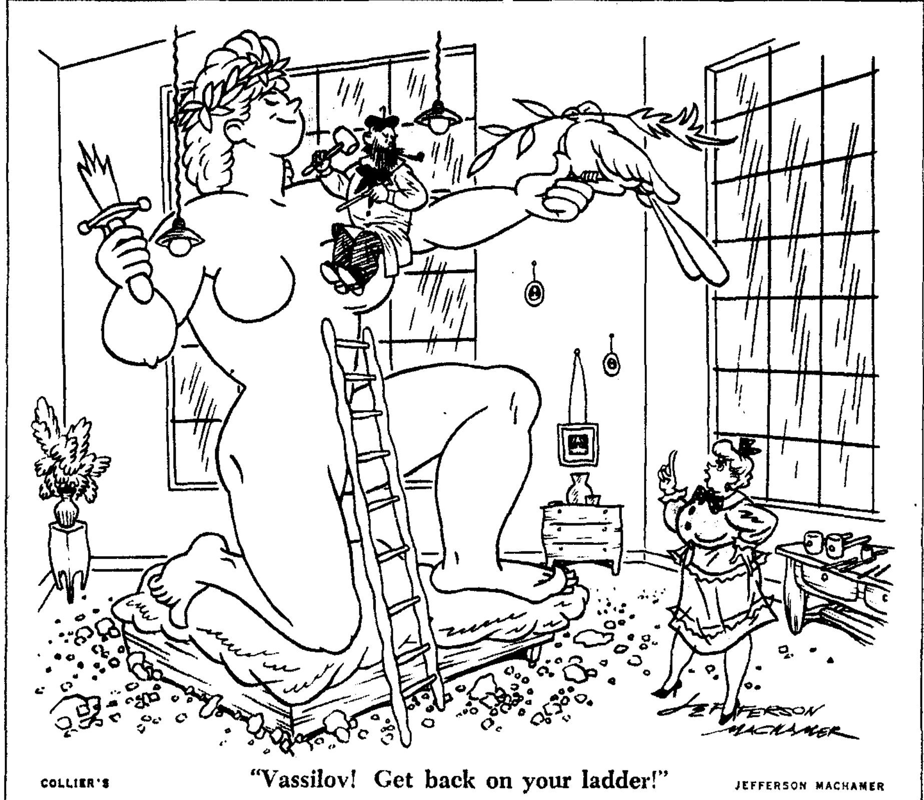
In a moment she got control of herself and realized that it was time they were getting back. She called to the children, and they ran on ahead through the woods, with the sun slanting through bare branches at them.

When the path came into the clearing surrounding the Children's House, she caught up with them. They were standing close together, silently staring toward the front door.

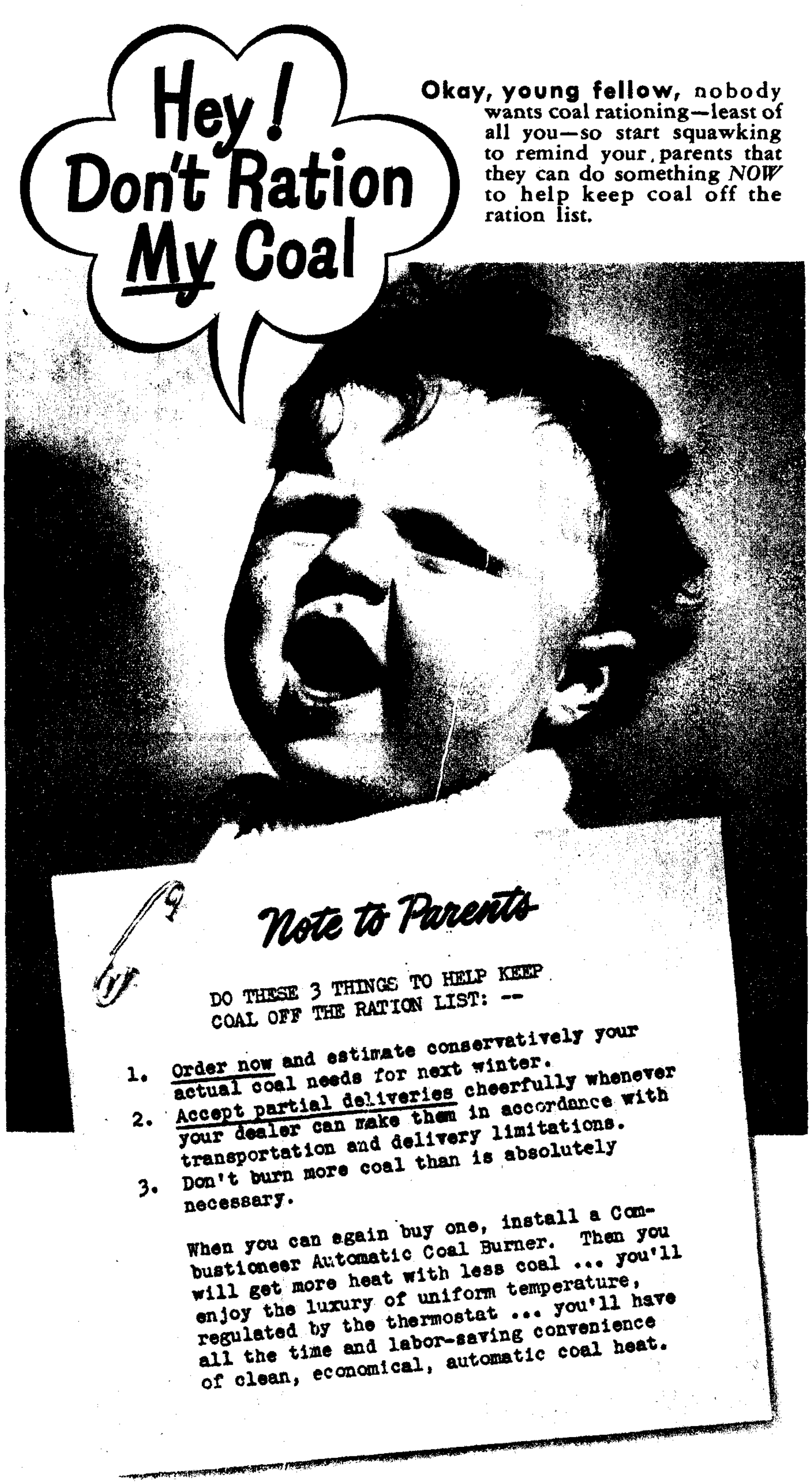
Two cars were parked there, Dane's dusty coupé and a shining black roadster. Dane was standing on the porch, talking earnestly with Alistair and Sheila, and Erin felt a wave of deep relief at the sight of them.

Sheila saw the children almost at once, and ran to her car. Then she came hurrying toward them, her hands full of parcels.

"Oh, you sweet darlings!" she cried, and threw her arms around Yvonne and



COLLIER'S "Vassilov! Get back on your ladder!" JEFFERSON MACHAMER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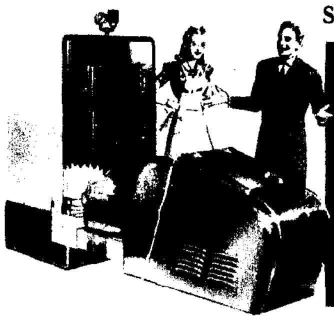

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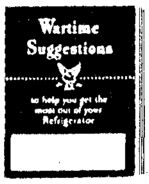

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Jeanette. She fell on her knees in front of Pierre. "And you, you little candystick! I could eat you."

She started tearing paper off the presents, and they had a fine time until Erin interrupted them.

"It's time for their tea," she said. "Miss Mary hates them to get off schedule. I'll take them in and be right back out."

The children followed her reluctantly.

"That's our Aunt Sheila," Yvonne said proudly, as soon as they were inside the house. "You must call her Lady Sheila, though I can't remember what her last name is this time. She marries quite often."

"But she has a good heart," Jeanette said loyally.

"I'm sure she has," Erin agreed. "Run and get washed up now. I'll see you in a little while."

WHEN she got outside again Alistair and Dane had obviously been trying to explain something to Sheila and had not got far with it. They were looking helpless, and she was looking completely skeptical. She turned to Erin with a froth of quick words.

"Darling, how could you do such horrible things to your hair? And what *is* this about poor Moira? I know she's been behaving rather oddly, but after all—"

"Dane's a doctor," her husband said reasonably. "They aren't just amusing themselves, my sweet."

"But Moira— It can't be anything serious," Sheila said, and turned back to Erin "Darling, I do wish you'd get your face fixed."

Erin opened her mouth impatiently, and then closed it again. Sheila never saw anything but the good and beautiful if she could help it, and it was almost hopeless to try to convince her that anything else existed. Even then, she might choose to ignore it.

Erin could not help smiling. "I'm glad you're here, anyway," she said. "You are staying, aren't you?"

"Of course we're staying," Sheila said.

"How on earth did you ever get Jean to invite you?"

Alistair grinned, and Sheila looked surprised. "Jean? You know very well he never invites anybody. So we just came. He can't very well turn us out."

Erin was doubtful for a moment, but looking at her sister and her brother-in-law, she decided that Sheila was probably right. Even Jean could hardly stand up against the complete self-confidence of that couple. He would not like it, but he would be forced into making some pretense of being a gracious host.

"We'd better be getting on," Alistair said, and turned to Dane. "And just what are we expected to do, anyway?"

Dane shrugged. "Keep an eye open and act normal. A leavening of normality is what that place needs more than anything else."

After the big car had driven off along the winding driveway toward the main house, Dane and Erin were left alone. He climbed into his own car and then, on a sudden resolve, instead of closing the door, made a motion to Erin. "Get in and sit down for a moment."

She looked doubtful. "I ought to go in. The children must be through with their tea." But she got in anyway and leaned back against the upholstery. "It's a relief to have those two here. They're so healthy they make one feel everything must turn out all right, after all."

"I know what you mean," he said.

THEY sat for a moment in companionable silence, and he half turned in his seat to look at her. Her hand was lying, palm upward, on the seat beside him, and quietly he took it in his. At his touch, she turned to him with surprise. She frowned curiously at him, and then, suddenly, her face cleared and she smiled.

"Dane Johns," she said. "Are you thinking of kissing me?"

Dane had to draw a deep, uneven breath before he could answer. "Yes," he said. "Yes, Erin, I am."

"Well, what's stopping you?" she de-

THE *Guilty*

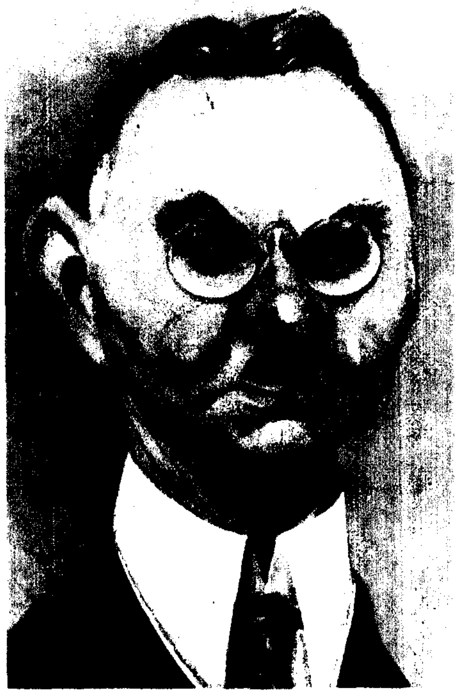
DOCTOR SCHACHT

XXVIII

IT IS quite certain that Doctor Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht will go down in history as the master swindler of all me. It is equally certain that he will be ried by the victorious Allies as a master riminal, for it was his swindles that furished Hitler with the necessary billions or rearmament and war. Under Schacht's uidance, Germany doled out four and a alf billions in reparations, and got back ve and a half billions in loans. On top of his gain, he persuaded foreign capital to nvest two billions in German bond issues, ndustrial enterprises and real property.

When it stood clear at last that no more oans and investments could be expected, e coolly announced that further reparaon payments were beyond "poor Gerany's" capacity. This done, he followed wiftly with the repudiation of all indebtdness. Under penalty of death, Germans ere forbidden to pay a pfennig to any oreign creditor, either for interest or mortization. And all the while he sobbed at the dear Vaterland was being "doomed eternal poverty and degradation by the ruel and intolerable terms of the infaous Treaty of Versailles."

n his way, the Good Old Doctor is very whit as incredible as Hitler, Himmr and Goering. His father was a Dane ho came to the United States rather than cept Prussian citizenship when Bismarck ized Schleswig-Holstein. Returning to ermany in 1876, he named his first-born ter a Danish grandfather, and for Hore Greeley, the American he most adired. On quitting school, young Hjalmar ent to work for a notorious scandal sheet, d drifted from that to press-agent jobs th banks and bond houses.



Picked as one of the experts to loot Belgium after the invasion in 1914, shady transactions earned his discharge, and little more was heard of him until the wild postwar inflation period. Spectacular operations brought him wealth and prominence, and the doctor now turned to politics, joining the German Democrats and shouting his enthusiasm for the Weimar Republic. Glib and convincing, by 1923 he was Currency Commissioner, and shortly afterward President Ebert put him at the head of the Reichsbank.

Utterly devoid of loyalty as well as honesty, Doctor Schacht made secret deals with the Right while in the service of the Left. His stabilization of the mark, for example, hailed as a supreme achievement, impoverished the middle class while giving millions in profits to the great bankers and industrialists. Proudly announcing that Germany's finances were now on a sound basis, he invited loans and investments from the outside world and poured the golden flow into armament.

By 1930, the Republic tottered to its fall, and, suddenly quitting both the Democratic party and his official posts, Schacht joined the Nazis and hailed Hitler as Germany's hope. Impressively respectable with his high white collar, sober black coat and gleaming eyeglasses, Doctor Schacht now toured the world, assuring British, French and Americans that the Fuehrer was the soul of honor, a lover of peace, well worthy of full trust.

Back in Germany again, his intrigues and double crosses played no small part in Hitler's climb to power and, in 1933, Doctor Schacht was among the first to be rewarded. Not only was he returned to the presidency of the Reichsbank, but was also made Minister of Economic Affairs. For a while there was much pretense that Germany would meet all obligations, but when no more loans were forthcoming the doctor threw off the mask and declared for repudiation. Four and a half billions was the net profit, but even that vast amount was not enough for Hitler's purposes. With world dominion his objective, more billions were needed.

Having swindled Europe and the United States, some new field had to be found, so Doctor Schacht turned to Latin America and painted an alluring picture of the rich market offered by 66,000,000 Germans. Payment, of course, would not be in cash, but Germany would turn over her finest tools, machinery, chemicals, finished products, etc., bartering on the generous scale of two for one.

Incredibly enough, the Latin Americans fell for it, and rude indeed was their awakening. Chile received harmonicas for her copper, Mexico aspirin and barber chairs for her oil, Argentina spectacle cases for her foodstuffs, Bolivia band instruments for her tin, Peru lacquers for her cotton, and Brazil obsolete guns for her coffee.

These swindles netted millions, but even as Doctor Schacht prided himself on being the most successful fraudulent bankrupt in history, Hitler kicked him out as Minister of Economic Affairs. With no more suckers in sight, he feared the double-crossing doctor's gift for betrayal. But the doctor is still president of the Reichsbank, the Fuehrer keeping him as an ace in the hole. With defeat imminent, already the cry is being raised that a "strong Germany" is essential to world order and world prosperity, and must not be punished or dismembered. And what better man for this job of bamboozlement than Doctor Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht, supreme liar and master swindler? . . . G. C.

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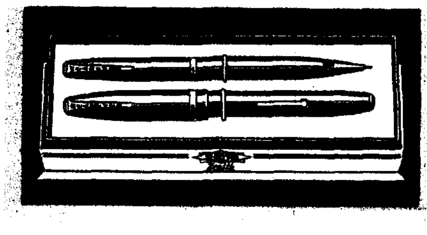

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American Locomotive
NEW YORK

manded, and her smile was full of mischief.

Without knowing why, he was suddenly angry. He twisted to catch her shoulders and, with his mouth on hers, pressed her head back against the upholstery. When he released her, his anger was gone and so was her mischief. He was shaken, and her eyes were full of something very like consternation.

"Dane!" she said at last. "Did you mean that?"

"What do you think?" he asked defiantly. "I'm sorry if it upsets you."

She shook her head, and the consternation was still in her eyes. "I liked it," she said. "I think I did."

For a moment he was confused; then he reached for her again. She evaded him easily and slid out of the car, slamming the door behind her. She leaned through the open window, laughing at him.

"Enough is enough, Doctor Johns!"

"When do I see you again?"

"I don't know. Soon."

"Erin, I—"

She shook her head quickly. "Don't say it, Dane. Not now."

She ran up the steps of the little porch and turned to wave at him. He waved back, then started the car and drove away. It took a physical effort not to press the gas pedal down to the floor, to make the car go fast, to make it fly. He was acting like an adolescent boy in the throes of puppy love, and he knew it, and he didn't give a damn.

ERIN watched the car until it disappeared along the twisting driveway. She felt odd; something important had happened, and she was not quite sure what it was. Dane had kissed her, but there was nothing strange about that; she had been kissed before. But Dane had kissed her, and inside her something had clicked into life, as though a switch had been turned in a machine that had been standing idle, waiting only power to start it humming with life.

Thoughtfully, she started to go into the house, but out of the corner of her eye she saw a figure emerge from one of the paths to the main house. Startled, she swung around and saw that it was Stephen lounging toward her, his hands in his pockets. Neither of them said anything until he reached the steps, and then he looked her up and down with a mocking grin.

"Imagine you going all dewy!" he said at last. "I never thought I'd live to see the day."

"I don't know what you mean," she said.

"Now, darling! This is Stephen. Remember? I'm the guy who knows what makes you tick—though I never expected this. Now I suppose you'll have to marry the guy and settle down as a nice suburban housewife!"

She felt the hot color in her face. "Suppose you mind your own business," she said, and turned back to the door.

"That's an idea," he said, and his voice was suddenly hard. "I could do it better, though, if you'd only stop minding it for me."

Slowly she faced him. "What do you mean?"

Again he smiled that superior smile. "Darling, do you imagine I don't know what you're up to—getting Sheila and her tame husband out here? But they're a little late."

She was cold with a quick fear. "What do you mean?" she asked again.

His smile quickened with triumph and delight. "You know what I mean. Jean Desalles has my pictures, but I have his wife. She's coming away with me tomorrow."

"Oh, no!" she said. "Oh, Stephen, no!"

His smile became almost gentle, with a strange, tender mockery. "No, Erin?"

She stared at him in desperation, trying to grasp the fact that Moira was going, that poor, lost Moira was escaping from her prison with Stephen, who would build her a worse one.

"Jean will hound you until the day you die," she said. "He'll never forgive you."

"I'll still have his wife," Stephen said.

"He'll hound her, too. Stephen, you can't do this to her. She's sick. You know she's sick. You don't care anything for her at all. Leave her alone."

"You're being very silly," he said wearily. "You're jealous."

The words gave her an idea. "All right, I'm jealous," she said. "How can you expect me not to be jealous?"

He raised his hand and gently touched the wreckage of her nose and the scar on her mouth. "You needn't be," he said.

She put her hands around his neck and raised herself on tiptoe. "Leave her alone, Stephen!" she murmured against his cheek. "Take me instead."

"What good would that do?" he asked, and he pushed her away. "Desalles wouldn't give a hoot if I took you."

Erin stepped back; it was no good. Nothing she could do was any good. Moira would go away with Stephen, and Jean Desalles' anger would be loosed like a storm to destroy everything before it. Still she had to think of something; she could not accept defeat without a fight.

"I won't let you do it," she told Stephen quietly. "If it were only Moira, I might. Nothing much could happen to her that would be worse than what has already happened. But there are the children. I won't let you do this to them."

"You can't stop me."

"I'll stop you. I don't know how, but I'll stop you.". . .

She was doing the only thing she could do, and she knew it, but she was frightened because she had to do it alone. She had called the hospital and Dane's New York office and had been unable to reach him. Still, she thought he would have agreed that this was the only course open to her.

She ran up the steps of Jean Desalles' house, drew a deep breath, opened the front door and walked in. Now, she thought, it was too late to change her mind. Now, the die was cast. There was the sound of voices from the big drawing room, and she walked directly to it, halting in the doorway. They were all there—Jean and Moira, Sheila and Alistair and Stephen. For a moment, none of them noticed her, and she watched them and listened to them as they chattered aimlessly. They all seemed uneasy; there were brilliant spots of color on Moira's delicate cheekbones, and Jean's forehead was dark and creased with repressed anger. Alistair was watching Sheila, who was chattering and laughing without any of her usual spontaneity. Stephen prowled around the room like a big cat.

THEN Jean saw Erin standing in the doorway. His eyes widened with astonishment, and his face became darker than ever.

"Young woman, what are you doing here?"

Erin did not answer him directly. She looked around at the others, and kept her voice cool. "Hello, Sheila. Hello, Moira, darling." She looked finally at her brother-in-law, her eyes level against his. "How are you, Jean?"

Sheila jumped to her feet and ran to link her arm through Erin's. "Darling, you've taken the dye out of your hair! I think it's wonderful! You look almost as well as ever. Doesn't she, Moira? Doesn't she, Alistair?"

Erin continued to watch Jean, seeing realization dawn upon him. Astonishment gave way to a cold, inward anger that glittered like ice behind his gray eyes. The smile he gave her was thin and edged.

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GATOR ROACH HIVES

Erin," he said quietly. "I trust you have enjoyed yourself in my home."

"Oh, I've learned a lot," Erin said lightly, and then looked directly at Stephen. "I only hope I don't have to tell any of it."

Stephen's face was a mask, blank and expressionless, but she knew he understood that she was giving him a chance, that all he had to do now was give a sign and she would keep silent. But as she watched him, his mouth curved into an ironic smile.

"Blackmail, Erin? For shame!" he said. "And what made you think it would work?"

With everyone watching him, he crossed to Moira's chair, took her hand in his and smiled down at her. Then he looked directly at Jean.

"Moira and I have decided we love each other," he said. "We're going away together tomorrow morning. Tonight, if you prefer."

For a long time, nobody moved, nobody spoke. Jean Desalles stood quite still, seeming to turn even more gray. His eyes went from Stephen's face to Moira's and stayed there.

"Is this true?" he asked softly.

Moira's face was white, and her eyes were bright with terror. She clung to Stephen's hand as a child might cling to the hand of its mother in a strange and horrible place. Twice her mouth opened to speak, but she had to wet her lips before she could answer.

"Yes," she whispered.

Again there was silence. Jean's eyes left his wife and met Stephen's. Erin saw his hands behind him, twisting and untwisting.

"Very romantic," he said calmly. "All in the grand manner. And all, somehow, a little false. I don't suppose that if I were to let you have your paintings you would clear out and leave my home in peace?"

Stephen's face was quite still, but Erin saw hope come into his eyes. Gently, his hand disengaged itself from Moira's.

"Show me the pictures," he said quietly.

And now, suddenly, inexplicably, triumph flickered in Jean's face. His voice rose. "I'll show them to you. Come. Everyone. We'll have a private showing of Mr. Sawyer's paintings."

He started toward the hall, and the others looked at one another uncertainly. He turned at the door and beckoned them after him.

"Come!" he said. "Why are we waiting?"

Then he turned and led the way.

DANE knew that there was a bell at the entrance to Desalles' house, but it was too dark to find it. He hammered on the door again, wishing that Erin had chosen to leave an explanation with her message. It was all very well to tell him to come here as quickly as possible, but he wished he knew what unpleasantness to expect. If she were here instead of at the Children's House at this hour, the chances were that things had blown wide open.

He realized with discouragement that his thumping on the heavy door could cause only the faintest of reverberations inside, but he had raised his fist to try again, when the door opened and Alistair was there. Behind him, in the wide hall, were all the others—Moira, Erin, Sheila, Stephen, Jean Desalles himself—their faces toward the door, as though his knock had frozen them in the attitudes they held when they had heard it.

"Our young doctor!" Jean's voice was thin and cold with malice. "Welcome. You're just in time to view Mr. Sawyer's one-man show."

He led the way swiftly toward the back of the hall, and the others followed him with a kind of hypnotized passivity that puzzled Dane. He glanced inquiringly at Alistair.

"What's up?"

Alistair shrugged helplessly. "Damned if I know. All hell broke loose."

Jean halted at a door in the paneling in the rear of the hall. He opened it with a key, and with another key unlocked the steel door behind it. Then he reached out and switched on a harsh light and led the way down stone stairs into the cellars of his house.

The others looked at one another and then trooped down after him. Only Stephen seemed to go eagerly; he followed close on Jean's heels, and his face was strained and eager.

AT THE bottom of the stairs, there was another steel door, like that of a bank's safety-deposit vault. There was no key to this, but an intricate combination, and Jean's audience waited behind him as he twisted the dial expertly.

In a moment, the door swung back silently to reveal the vault inside, all dark, shining steel, big and bare-looking and brilliantly lighted.

Dane heard Alistair whistle under his breath, and felt like echoing the whistle. No pirate of old, no ancient Midas, ever had a treasure cave such as this. He followed the others, glancing around him with curiosity and not a little awe, as Jean led the way.

It was arranged in compartments of various sizes, from very big to very small, all locked with steel doors. They were labeled neatly, with black letters printed on white adhesive tape. The one on the huge compartment nearest to him said, "Tapestries, French, 14th Cent." The one on the compartment next to it was, "Stones, Precious, Carved, Ant."

Alistair made a little gesture of disbelief and Dane could not restrain a smile. But there was really nothing to smile about in that taut room, and he knew it. Nobody spoke. There was no sound in the room except the scraping of steel against steel as Jean unlocked one of the big compartments, plainly labeled, "Paintings, Mr. Stephen Sawyer."

When the door was opened, he reached in, and a big canvas swung out smoothly on a steel rack. Everyone gasped as it came into the light, the glowing picture of the three lovely girls walking arm in arm along the garden path. They gasped again when they saw the little, upturned, agonized faces that made the path.

Stephen did not move for a minute, and when Dane looked at him, he saw that his face was white and tense. When he finally spoke, his voice was so harsh as to be almost a croak.

"Where did you get that?" he demanded. "Where did you get it? I left it with Connors in New York."

"And Connors"—Jean said, and smiled at him—"Connors sold it to me."

For another few seconds, nothing happened. Then Stephen sprang, and his fingers closed around Jean's throat. He was holding him off the floor, shaking him, when Alistair and Dane jumped forward. They wrenched his hands from Jean's throat and forced him slowly backward. Dimly, Dane felt surprise that there was so much power in the man.

"Dane!" It was Erin's voice, urgent and full of fear. "Dane! Watch Jean!"

He turned swiftly. Jean had picked himself up from the floor, and now there was a little thin pocketknife gleaming in his hand.

He raised the knife, and Dane swung himself in front of Stephen. The knife fell—but it was not aimed at Stephen. It sliced through the picture of the three serenely smiling nude girls in their garden. Again and again the thin steel slashed the canvas until it hung in tatters in its heavy frame.

(To be concluded next week)

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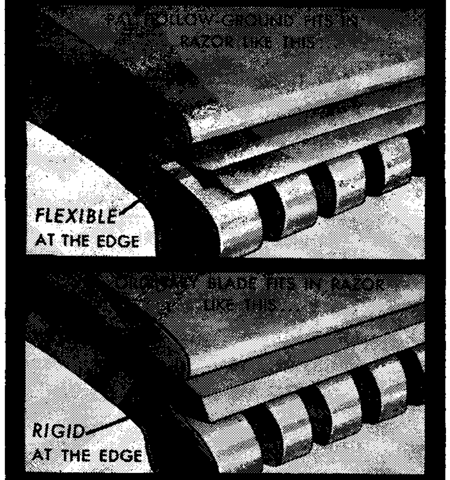

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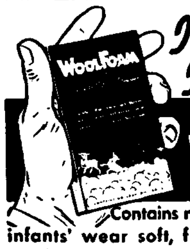

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Are We Losing the Peace?

Continued from page 24

of Russian aloofness and ended for good the Axis hope of dividing the Allies and making a separate peace, either with Russia or with Britain and America. The defeatist attitude apparent now even in Nazi propaganda dates from Moscow. The subsequent conferences of Churchill and Roosevelt with Stalin at Teheran and with Chiang Kai-shek at Cairo further emphasized this unity of the Big Four in waging the war, although the formal statements after those conferences contributed little to postwar planning except for the commitment to strip Japan of all territory she has seized by force.

As to the peace, the Moscow Declaration was the first step of the Big Four toward implementing the Atlantic Charter and setting up the organizations to translate its principles into action. Not a very long step, but the first one, and holding great hope for future progress.

It is true the terms of the Moscow Declaration are very general. There are too many loose words like "consultation" and "as occasion requires," still leaving wide open the possibility of delaying and avoiding real action. There is no statement or restatement of Atlantic Charter principles, although regulation of armaments is brought in as a new postwar aim.

The First Notes of Discord

Unfortunately, all too soon after Moscow and Teheran, the Russian-Polish boundary issue flared up and Pravda's "rumor" story on a separate peace and the vicious attack on Wendell Willkie's friendly article on Russia raised again the question of whether the Moscow Declaration was merely window dressing to hide the old game of power politics going on behind the scenes.

This leads us back to the questions posed at the beginning: Are we losing the peace? And where do we go from here?

My answer is not a flat yes or no. We are not losing the peace, but neither are we making very rapid progress toward winning it. The political statesmanship of the Big Four in planning a lasting peace simply does not measure up to the military and production leadership which has turned the tide of this global war in two short years. Our diplomacy and that of our allies seems to be traveling in a nineteenth-century carriage instead of the twentieth-century's airplane. And that is very dangerous, because time will not stand still and wait for diplomacy to catch up with it.

The nations and peoples of the world are not going to wait until the shooting has stopped to adopt their foreign policies. To do so is to invite crisis and chaos. The overwhelming majority of them now are seeking security through collective action; they want an international organization which they can join and on which they can depend for security. But they cannot wait forever. If there are no signs of such an organization materializing, they will seek what temporary and perilous security military alliances, secret diplomatic deals and balance-of-power politics afford, and they will seek it soon.

Today, and as long as we fight, the United Nations are bound together by a common cause, a common enemy and a common hope for an enduring peace. We are co-operating to an unprecedented degree in waging war. The dominant forces in all of the United Nations pull in the direction of harmony and co-operation. The task of uniting them now in an over-all organization to arbitrate explosive problems of the peace and then maintain that peace would be much easier than it will be a year or two or three years after the war has ended. By that time these cohesive forces will have largely disappeared, and internal problems, old rivalries and their very real clashes of interest in many fields will have forged to the front and tended to overshadow the necessity for maintenance of the peace.

The overwhelming demand of peoples all over the world for effective international action to prevent the occurrence of World War III is nearing its peak now as the horrible loss and tragedy of World War II nears its peak. That public opinion will not last forever. Unless it has some positive action to sustain it, public support of international collaboration will wither away. We saw that happen in the United States twenty-five years ago.

Public opinion at the end of the first World War in favor of our joining the League of Nations was very strong, but with the defeat of the Versailles Treaty in the Senate, that support began to dwindle, until finally it was in a minority, and for twenty years public opinion in America was isolationist. That can happen again, and it will happen again if the demand of the American people for positive action toward winning the peace is fed only on pious generalizations and admonitions to be patient.

One argument raised against immediate action is that it would create differences among the United Nations, which would injure the war effort. The fallacy is that the differences already exist. Our difficulty is that there is no place where they can even be discussed around a table, let alone adjusted in accordance with agreed-upon principles.

A prime example is the Russian-Polish dispute. It is seriously affecting the morale and confidence of the United Nations, particularly in regard to winning the peace. How much better if there existed a United Nations council to which it could be referred for arbitration? And, from a purely military viewpoint, the definite establishment of a United Nations council and assurance that all disputed peace problems would be settled by it in accordance with democratic principles, would be worth many divisions in winning the war because it would undercut the last stand of Axis propaganda, namely, that the Big Four intend to dominate the world through power politics.

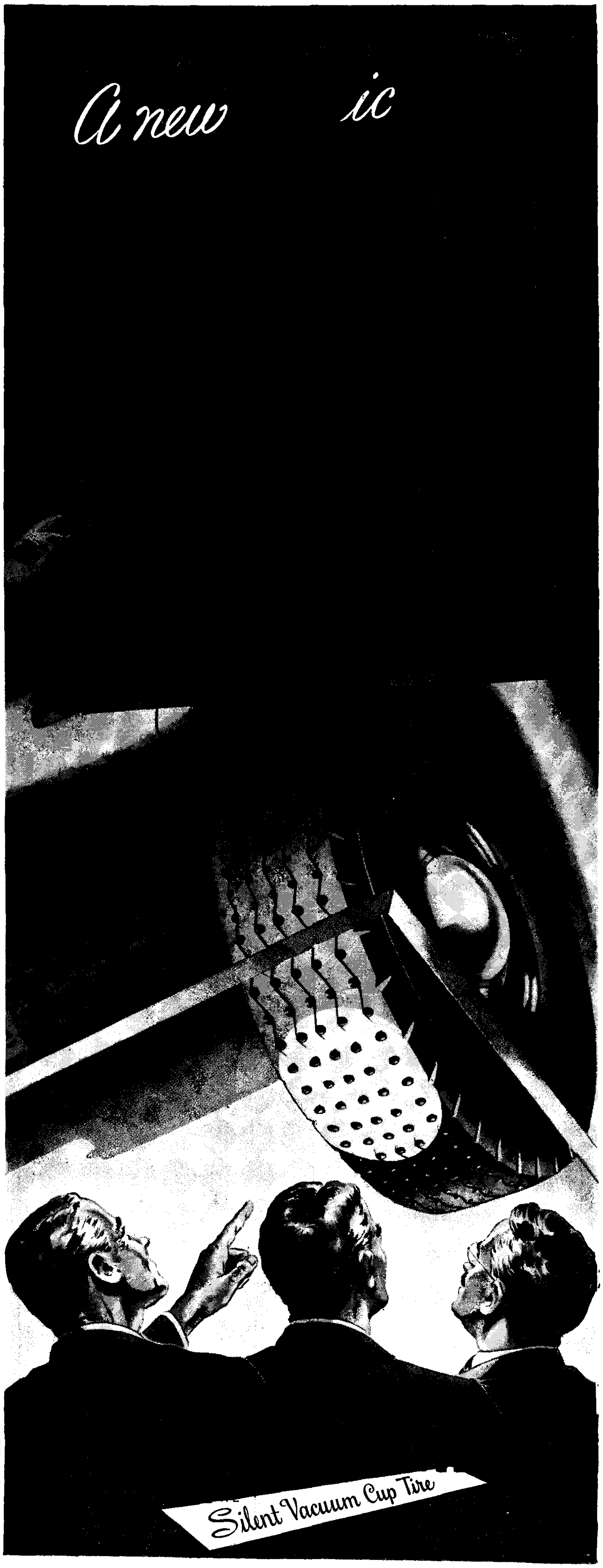
The Responsibility is Ours

Whether we like it or not, leadership in solving this greatest of all problems of our civilized world—the prevention of future world wars—is thrust upon the United States. Whatever the causes and without any reflections on those nations, Communist Russia and Imperialist Britain do not command the confidence of smaller nations and the hundreds of millions of subject peoples as does the United States. China is in no position to assume leadership; she is fighting a defensive war and faces vast internal problems. Of the Big Four, there remains only the United States to take the initiative for action.

Here, in logical sequence, are the steps which should follow the Atlantic Charter and the Moscow Declaration:

Proceed immediately to get first the Big Four and then all of the United Nations to agree on the principles to guide settlement of all specific postwar problems, and under which the international organization to maintain peace will function. The Atlantic Charter should be the basis of this international code of conduct, but the principles must be definitely tied to action and organization and not left as generalizations having no practical application.

Next, get first the Big Four and then the



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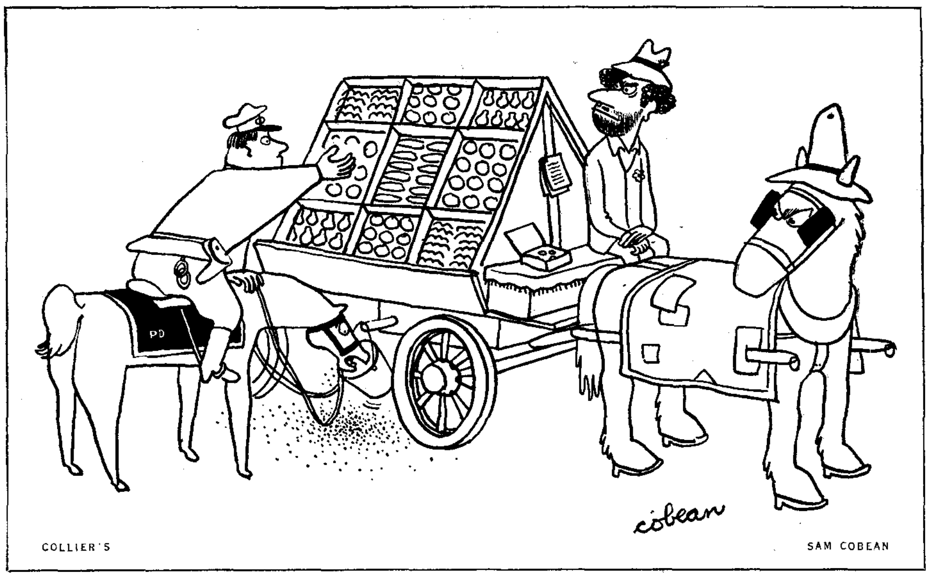


COLLIER'S SAM COBEAN

other United Nations (some of them of course would have to agree only provisionally until their countries are freed from the Axis and can again establish governments at home) agreed on the organization setup and the mechanics of operation of the international organization, including the procedures and machinery for peaceful settlement of disputes. Draft the agreement into a charter or covenant for the United Nations Council (or whatever name is chosen) and, as soon as it is signed, get the organization going on a provisional basis, pending ratification by the member nations.

Action Endorsed by Senate

Submit the covenant or charter to the United States Senate for treaty ratification as soon as possible. The present Senate is on record, 90 to 6, in favor of such a general international organization. Now is the time to set it up and have our participation ratified.

Take the initiative in early action by the United Nations Council to provide for the enforcement of its decisions on international disputes, and then submit this additional provision of the charter to the individual nations for ratification.

Under our Constitution, all negotiations with foreign nations are carried on by the President, directly or indirectly. Hence, only the chief executive can take these four steps outlined above. One danger to peace which we in America must guard against is our tendency to demand that all the world's age-old problems and injustices be solved and corrected before we agree to help maintain the peace. Some of us demand a world Utopia overnight before we will admit we are part of that world and obligated to do our share to keep it from destroying itself.

Nations are made up of and led by human beings, with all the faults and weaknesses, as well as the strength and idealism of human beings. Our world principles of democracy and justice will not be applied 100 per cent in all instances, because special interests will intervene and force compromises. That is no reason for abandoning the principles or taking the position that our task is hopeless.

It would be a severe blow to our hopes for a just and lasting peace built on principles and not on power if a settlement of the Polish-Russian dispute is imposed by Russia alone, simply because Russia has the military power to do it. The United States should (and I believe will) use all her influence to prevent such a development, seeking instead to have the dispute arbitrated by the United Nations in accordance with the Atlantic Charter principles. Yet if we fail, our larger cause must not be abandoned. We should still seek a general international organization, with Russia in it, and specifically reserve the right to press for a reopening of that dispute whenever the time is appropriate.

As a matter of fact, it is likely that Russia's policy would be modified considerably if there were in existence a collective security organization, with the United States participating, to maintain peace and prevent aggression after the war. The exact position of her boundaries would then be much less important to her security.

We are fighting today because Germany and Japan threatened to enslave us with the rest of the world, take away our political and economic freedoms. Complete victory over the Axis is the only way to remove the threat. But what happens to these same political and economic freedoms if we fail to build a lasting peace and the world drifts into World War III as it drifted into World War II?

The President's recommendation of a National Service Act in his January 11th message to Congress gives us an answer. National Service would mean giving the government, which means a federal agency staffed by very human beings, power to order any and all men and women in the United States to work at whatever jobs were assigned to them.

In my opinion, we cannot draft men and women to work for other men and women for profit. If we draft people, we must also draft all wealth and property, which would mean having the government operate all factories, farms, mines and railroads. That is totalitarianism, which is the kind of government we are fighting against. It would end economic freedom in America, and political freedom would not survive much longer. That is why I do not believe Congress will pass a National Service Act.

Alternative to World Peace

But if World War III happens, and we get into it, as we inevitably would, the picture would be different. Then we would have hanging over us a debt of 300 billion dollars. Our manpower problem would be aggravated by the loss of hundreds of thousands of our best men in this war and the necessity of caring for hundreds of thousands more who had been wounded. Our own cities would be open to bombing by the long-range bombers of the future.

Total mobilization of our people and our resources would be imperative at once, and there would be no question about the need for or the immediate passage of a universal service act placing all individuals and all wealth and industry under government control. Unscrambling government ownership and regimentation after such a third World War would be an extremely difficult if not impossible task. It would take generations if it could be done at all.

If World War III is permitted to happen, we of the United States will lose the very political and economic freedoms which we are fighting this war to preserve.

THE END

Nurses with Wings

Continued from page 23

home. And Gerry, of course, let them watch.

All three nurses, loath to discuss injuries, became vehement about the boys' worries over how their wounds and mutilations would affect their girl friends, their families and the chances of their getting a job again.

Gerry told of a typical case, a 19-year-old boy from Detroit, Michigan, who had lost a leg.

"If you were engaged to a fella, and he had his leg cut off, would you still be engaged to him?" he asked wistfully.

She assured him that "any American girl would."

A Disheartening Prayer

"I hope I'm right," said Gerry. "I think it is wicked that people write to soldiers and say such things as 'I pray every night you will come home whole.' That makes the soldier worry about how he will be received if he comes back with an arm or a leg missing. It would break your heart to hear them wondering what the folks will say."

"Speaking of letters, I wish there were some way to put an end to the 'Dear John' letters. They do lots of harm," Pat broke in. ("Dear John" letters are those which break engagements, propose a divorce or otherwise inform the soldier he is no longer loved.) "They usually start something like this: 'This is the hardest letter I've ever had to write. I wish I could talk it over with you instead of writing. Many of them come from girls who married the soldiers two weeks before they sailed."

On Guadalcanal, there is a "Dear John" Club composed of the unhappy recipients of these letters.

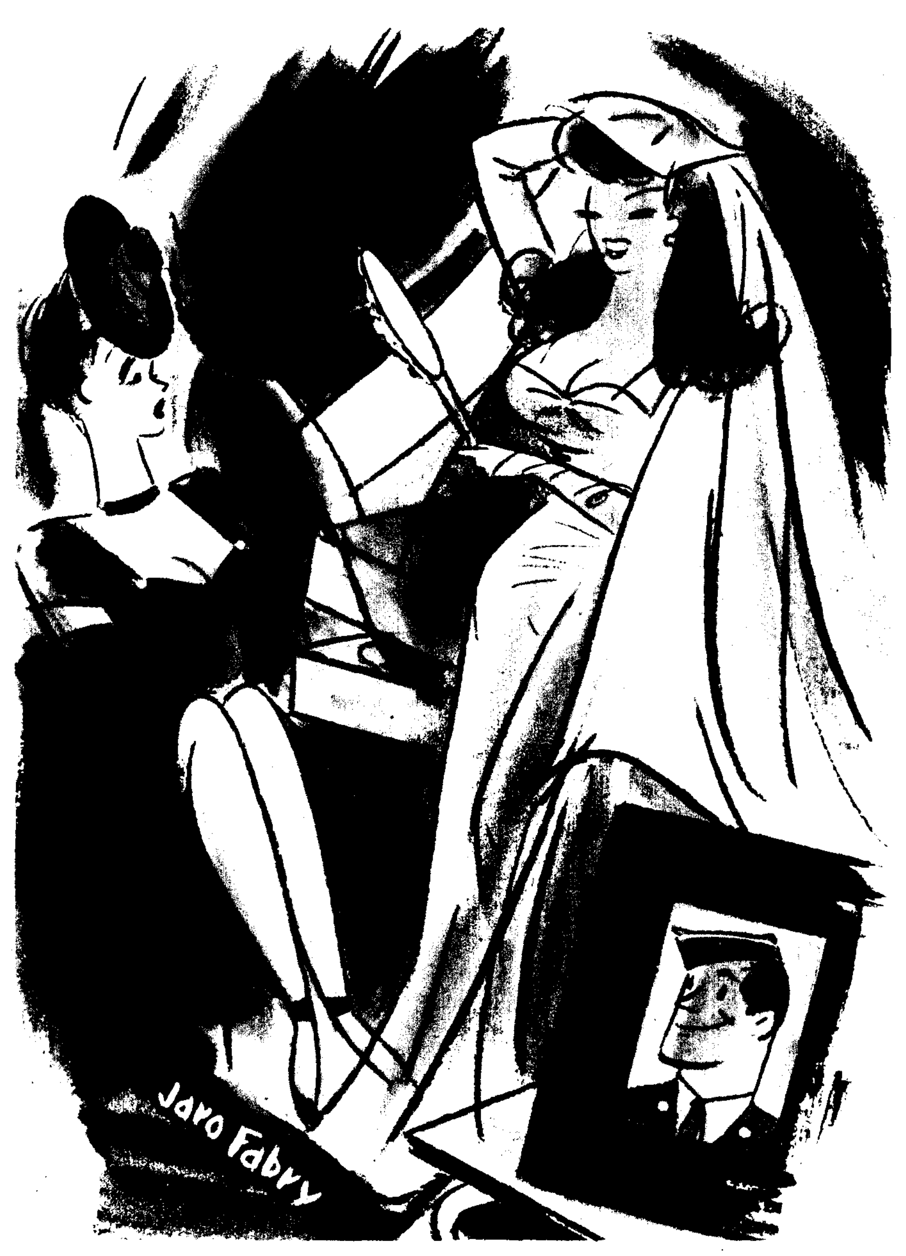
Flight nurses are proud of their branch of the service, wouldn't want any other war job. Their risks are great, but compensation is great, too. The life is exciting and satisfying.

The round trip from New Caledonia to New Hebrides to Guadalcanal requires two days, with approximately fourteen nerve-racking, hard-working hours in the air where the threat of enemy planes is ever present. But at the end of each trip, a nurse gets two days off—two days of swimming and dancing and rest. And every three months, the nurses get a ten-day leave which they usually spend in New Zealand, luxuriating in hot baths, and sheets and tableware, tall buildings and telephones. At the end of a year's service, they get a long leave at home.

The squadron has had its romances. Lieutenant Edith D. Ahlgren, of Hudson, Wisconsin, married a young Air Forces captain, and Pat became engaged to another.

But it also has tragedy. Pretty dark-eyed Brownie wears a large square-cut diamond on her engagement finger. Her sweetheart was killed in the Philippines in the early days of the war.

THE END



COLLIER'S "We plan to get married as soon as he asks me" JARO FABRY

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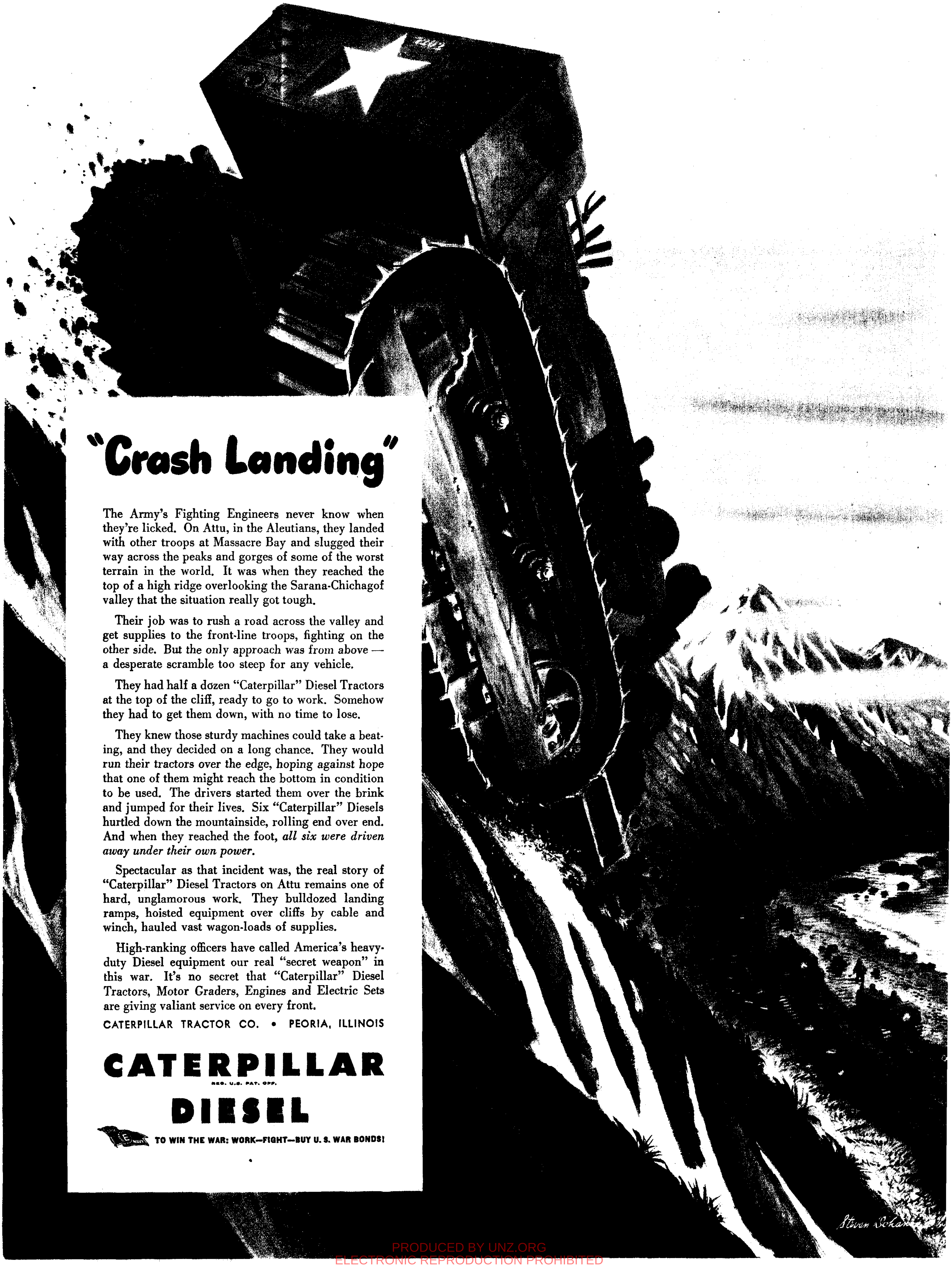

"Crash Landing"

The Army's Fighting Engineers never know when they're licked. On Attu, in the Aleutians, they landed with other troops at Massacre Bay and slugged their way across the peaks and gorges of some of the worst terrain in the world. It was when they reached the top of a high ridge overlooking the Sarana-Chichagof valley that the situation really got tough.

Their job was to rush a road across the valley and get supplies to the front-line troops, fighting on the other side. But the only approach was from above — a desperate scramble too steep for any vehicle.

They had half a dozen "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors at the top of the cliff, ready to go to work. Somehow they had to get them down, with no time to lose.

They knew those sturdy machines could take a beating, and they decided on a long chance. They would run their tractors over the edge, hoping against hope that one of them might reach the bottom in condition to be used. The drivers started them over the brink and jumped for their lives. Six "Caterpillar" Diesels hurtled down the mountainside, rolling end over end. And when they reached the foot, *all six were driven away under their own power.*

Spectacular as that incident was, the real story of "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors on Attu remains one of hard, unglamorous work. They bulldozed landing ramps, hoisted equipment over cliffs by cable and winch, hauled vast wagon-loads of supplies.

High-ranking officers have called America's heavy-duty Diesel equipment our real "secret weapon" in this war. It's no secret that "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors, Motor Graders, Engines and Electric Sets are giving valiant service on every front.

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Man's Best Friend

BY ELSIE McCORMICK

AFTER AN INTERVIEW WITH
CARL H. GREENE, M.D.

Stop maligning your hard-working, uncomplaining liver. It has enough to do without taking the rap for all the things wrongly blamed on it

A GREAT many people talk about the liver as if it were an enemy—as if this brownish-red organ were both a mischief-maker and as lazy as a ground sloth, and responsible for making them sluggish, giving them spots before the eyes, and ruining what might have been their sweet dispositions.

Quite wrong. According to Doctor Carl H. Greene, a leading authority on the subject, your liver is one of your stanchest friends. It asks little, performs an enormous number of services, rarely gets out of order, and is able to take a staggering amount of abuse, even including the loss of eighty per cent of its substance. Not even the heart works as hard as your liver, which is a great storehouse, laboratory and factory, glowing with so many activities that it supplies a large part of the body's heat.

For hundreds of years, it was believed that the liver's only job was making bile, which is used in the digestion of fats. Now we know that it manufactures vitamin A out of a raw material called carotene; stores sugar, which it releases whenever the muscles send along a requisition for fuel; produces, with the help of vitamin K, the blood-clotting substance that saves you from bleeding to death from a slight cut; concocts some of the antibodies that battle disease germs; and stores a compound which encourages the manufacture of red blood cells—the reason why eating liver is a prime remedy for anemia.

In addition to all this, the liver serves as a warehouse for protein, copper, iron and vitamin B, and ingeniously prevents your blood from being diluted when you drink water. It is an important line of defense against poisons. Besides being able to cope with reasonable quantities of mercury and strychnine, it purifies the harmful products from digested meat. Without the liver to reform it, some of the brew prepared for us by the stomach and intestines would be worthy of Lucretia Borgia.

Though wrongly blamed for lots of things, the liver has only a short list of diseases. If all the unneeded liver pills that will be taken during the year could be laid end to end, it would be a good idea to leave them there. Dosing oneself is harmful because it delays investigation of what the symptoms really mean.

What About Jaundice?

But, you might ask, what about jaundice? Surely jaundiced patients, yellow to the whites of their eyes, prove the liver's bad reputation. Well, they do and they don't. Jaundice is a symptom rather than a disease, and often the liver is innocent.

One of the organ's numerous jobs is to sweep away, in the bile, the red coloring matter from broken-down blood cells. If an abnormal number of blood cells are broken down, as in malaria, pernicious anemia, and some forms of poisoning, the liver is in the position of the garbage-removal department in an expanding boom town. It can't cart off all the debris.

Some of the material backs up into the blood stream and turns one a greenish-yellow; or when a stone seals the duct leading to the intestine, the bile itself backs up into the blood. Sudden yellowing of the skin always commands a doctor's interest and respect, since it may be an indication of serious disease.

On the other hand, jaundice is sometimes due to one's state of mind. Algebra has been a cause, so have economics and solid geometry. Worry can bring about a spasm of the bile duct, and a very temporary jaundice caused in this way sometimes affects students about to take a stiff examination. A bad fright or a sizzling quarrel can turn a person as yellow as a buttercup.

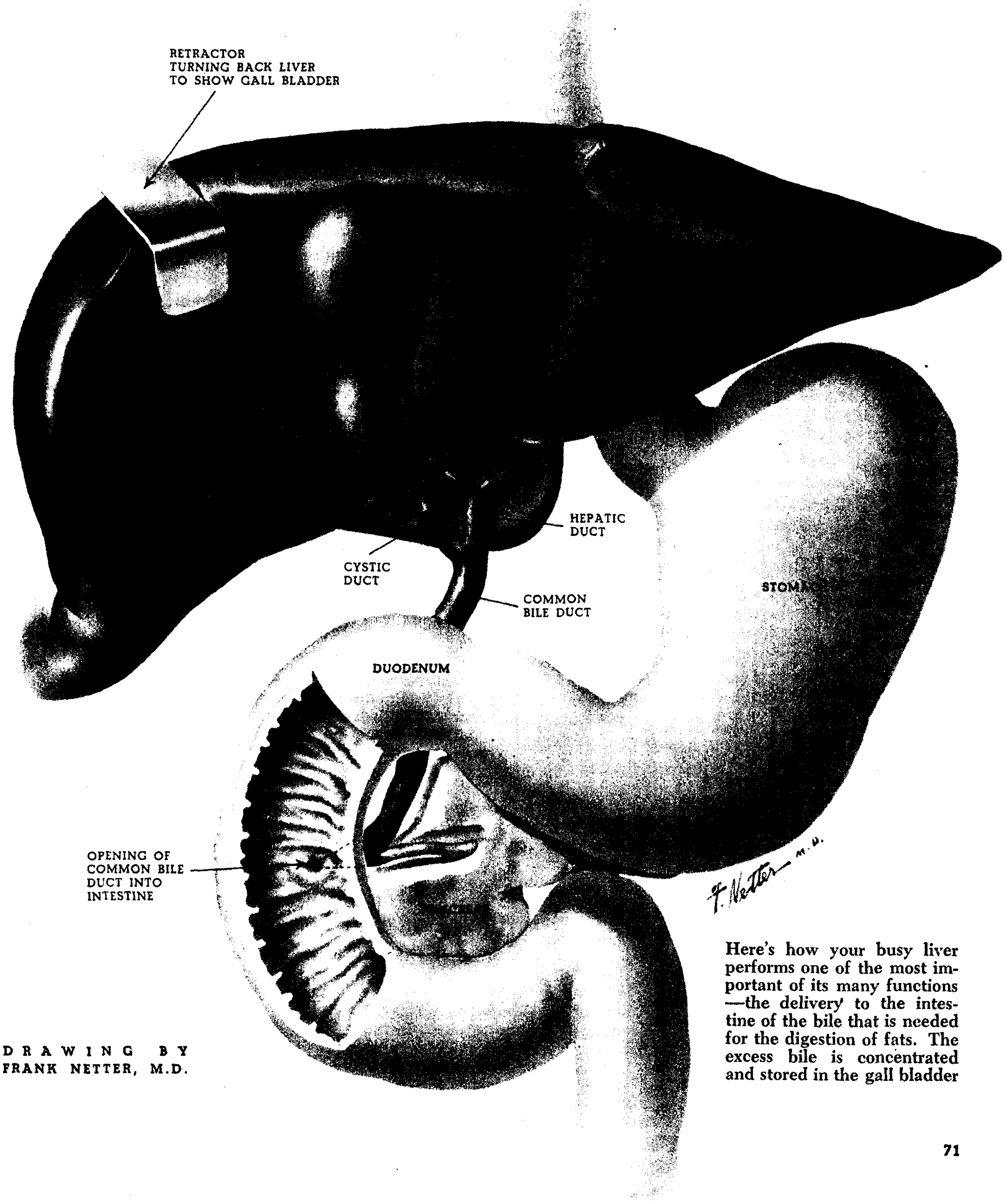
One of the best-known liver diseases is cirrhosis. Temperance lecturers love it. Large charts showing livers that look as if they were paved with cobblestones have scared thousands of people into signing the pledge. Cirrhosis of the liver is, indeed, a dangerous and fearsome malady. Tissues in the organ become fibrosed, contract and crush to death vast numbers of working cells. That hobnail effect is produced by the bulging sections of a liver trying desperately to regenerate itself despite the strangling fibers. Late in the disease, the unfortunate organ is squeezed so hard that serum from the blood vessels supplying it seeps into the abdomen and causes a form of dropsy.

Today, cirrhosis isn't as perilous a disease as it was in the past. Besides, the latest evidence shows that liquor isn't the primary cause at all.

Although at least half the cirrhosis patients have a flamboyant alcoholic history, doctors have long been puzzled by the fact that it also attacks people who are teetotalers. Children also occasionally get the disease.

Doctors who studied these records were impressed by one thing: Practically all the people who developed cirrhosis had been living on an inadequate diet. This applied

(Continued on page 84)


RETRACTOR TURNING BACK LIVER TO SHOW GALL BLADDER
HEPATIC DUCT
CYSTIC DUCT
COMMON BILE DUCT
STOMACH
DUODENUM
OPENING OF COMMON BILE DUCT INTO INTESTINE
F. Netter M.D.

DRAWING BY
FRANK NETTER, M.D.

Here's how your busy liver performs one of the most important of its many functions—the delivery to the intestine of the bile that is needed for the digestion of fats. The excess bile is concentrated and stored in the gall bladder

Gover for President

Continued from page 14

perishable quality of issues, Mr. Gover's platform will be brief, simple and elastic. His foreign policy is an eight-word triumph: Live and let live, but don't be silly. He has boiled down his domestic policy to four syllables: Don't be silly.

Naturally we asked him about his party's title—the Protestant United Party—and whether he didn't think the word Protestant limited his vote-snaring range.

"Yes," he said, "it does. I don't remember who put that word Protestant in. Doesn't mean a thing. A lot of strangers muscled in on our 1936 convention, and I guess they must have done it. It's a handicap, but a party can't be going around changing its name all the time.

"The Detroit papers said last year that I said the war was started by Jews and Catholics. How could I have said a thing like that when everybody with any sense at all knows it ain't so? That's the trouble. If the newspapers would just print the truth and nothing but the truth, there wouldn't be all this newsprint shortage. Nope, don't know how that word Protestant got in. Like that feller—l-e-t. m-e s-e-e-e-e."

But Mr. Gover remembers well the name of the man who tried to run for the U. S. Senate on the PUP ticket in 1936. It was Bowen Gover. When the authorities told him that he could not legally run simultaneously for the Senate and the Presidency, he bowed gracefully, retired from the Senate contest and forthwith nominated himself for the lower house of Congress.

Nothing much came of it, although none can say that Mr. Gover did not offer the electorate its money's worth. He was for taking the tax off beer; for the appointment of judges by Congress, with no judge permitted to sit in his home state; for from twenty-five years to life in jail for all officials of banks that fail, regardless of the cause; and he was for a law permitting property owners to fix their own assessments.

Defeated But Not Defeatist

Mr. Gover is still a handsome man at fifty-five. That he has never won a political battle has not embittered him. The day must inevitably come, he contends, when the law of averages will come to his aid and see him into elective office. Someday, he says, a first-class man is bound to win somewhere along the line, and he can't see why it shouldn't be Bowen Gover. Success, he adds, comes to him who keeps everlastingly at it, although you may have to be pretty everlasting.

He entered public life, in a manner of speaking, in 1929, when he ran for City Council in Detroit. He was quite unsuccessful, running a camera-finish last with a couple of other local statesmen. But he sold a lot of razor blades by circulating among the crowds who went out to listen to his rivals.

In 1930, he announced himself for the State Senate in the Republican primaries and finished third in a field of three. For some reason which Mr. Gover has never been able to isolate, very few people came forth to hear him speak. And yet he spoke words of prophecy which marked him as a man of long vision.

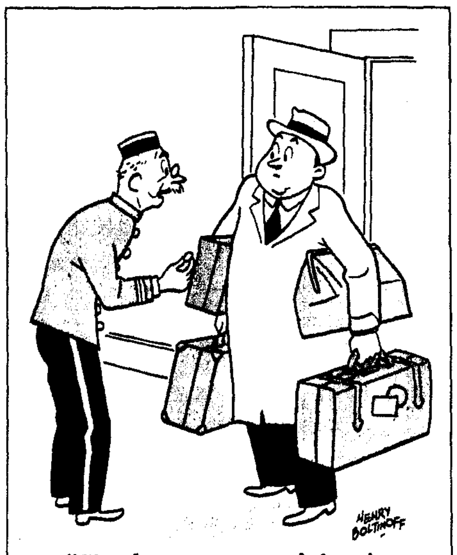
To an apathetic throng of seven he predicted that the day was not far off when a great many of Michigan's politicos would not be in office but in jail. And such, indeed, has come to pass. In the ensuing ten years, Detroit officials marched off to the penitentiary in heartening numbers, not the least of whom was the Honorable Richard W. Reading, ex-mayor of Detroit. Mr. Reading and others just couldn't keep their hands to themselves when there was money around.

Mr. Gover got 727 votes when seeking the Republican nomination for mayor in 1931. Nevertheless, he finished eighth in a field of eight, the successful candidate getting 123,000. He came out for Congress in 1932 under banners which announced "The Eyes of the World are on Gover." He had organized Gover's Businessmen's Political League. Also, he got out a tabloid newspaper which bade the electorate "Send Gover to Washington and Get More for Your Money."

Finding the voters a trifle coy, he organized giant political rallies at which any of his rivals for the job might speak for five minutes in exchange for a five-dollar ad in his paper. Crowds of considerable proportions attended these rallies, but Mr. Gover was so busy selling them razor blades and promoting his revolutionary ice-cream cone (It Tastes Better Than the Ice Cream) that frequently he never got around to speaking in his own behalf at his own rally. However, he got 518 votes whereas the winner got only 3,337.

"Anyway," says Mr. Gover, "they got good razor blades."

Two years later, he ran again for nomination to Congress. This time he did better, getting 985 votes. Thus, encouraged, he tried again in 1938, but slipped badly. Only 175 citizens voted for Gover. Mr. Gover has never been able to figure that one out. He and his campaign manager, a gentleman named Bowen Gover, sat up all night after that election, seeking a good reason why the voters should have deserted him in such numbers.



"Thank you, sir, and here's something for your trouble!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

Nope. Couldn't think. He had listened to everything the others had said and had gone them one better. For example, when the winner electrified the public with the statement that he had never missed a church service until he was nine years old, Mr. Gover said that he had been a regular attendant until he was fourteen.

Almost as shocking, however, was the result of the contest for city clerk. Mr. Reading (who was subsequently to become mayor and eventually a convict) was out all alone for the office. That is, all alone until Mr. Gover heard about it. No man runs unchallenged for office while Mr. Gover's around.

Mr. Gover told the electorate frankly that it was possible that if the world were searched a better city clerk than he might conceivably be found. But he added it would be a sin and a shame to waste time seeking a man less fitted for that or any other public office than Mr. Reading. There were 23,665 voters who agreed with Mr. Gover and voted for him, but 133,685 went all out for Mr. Reading.

While all this was going on, Mr. Gover lived on Fenkell Avenue, Detroit. But with the war laying waste his razor-blade, ice-cream-cone and radio business, he moved beyond the city limits into Redford Township. There are those in Detroit who say that Mr. Gover thus eluded success at the polls. Just how they arrive at this conclusion is somewhat vague, Mr. Gover himself being somewhat skeptical.

To his way of thinking, prophets, analysts, forecasters and experts are all alike, being infernal nuisances in war and peace, and refugees from the jailhouse. All of them, says Mr. Gover, whether writers or radio voices, are guilty of taking money under false pretenses—scantling minds blowing sawdust into two-by-four heads.

A Troublemaker Butts In

Anyway, Mr. Gover filed for city treasurer last year against the only other aspirant, Mr. Albert E. Cobo. Just before the ballots were printed somebody who obviously had little to do telephoned the City Election Commission that Mr. Gover was not a resident of Detroit. An investigator went to the Fenkell Avenue address, pounded on the door and got no response except a loud cackling from a flock of frightened chickens.

The investigator then went to Redford Township, where he found Mr. Gover and more chickens living on Student Avenue. Mr. Gover explained that he lived in both houses, bedding down with the Fenkell Avenue pullets two or three times a week—and anyway, what of it? But the election commission ruled that Mr. Gover was no longer a citizen of Detroit. So he ran unsuccessfully for township supervisor instead.

"Chances are that I'll run for President," said Mr. Gover. "At the moment, I'm kinda laying low—waiting to see who the other parties nominate. Maybe you're right about the name of our party. Guess we'll have to drop that word Protestant. Me, I'm a Presbyterian, although I ain't what you might call very churchy. You know how it is. If you're a Baptist, the Methodists say don't pay any attention to that feller. Same as like you're a Presbyterian or an Elk or in the American Legion. Dunno who we'll nominate for Vice-President. It ain't hard to get a feller to run for Vice-President. You know—like the feller they've got in there now. 'Most anybody'll do long's he don't get underfoot. Might get that same feller who ran with me in 1936. Doggone it. L-e-t m-e s-e-e-e-e."

Mr. Gover scratched his jaw, squinted, tapped the ground with his foot and gave off other indications of memory-rummaging. Suddenly he looked at us speculatively and, in our opinion, ominously. Maybe we're wrong, but it seemed as if he had abandoned efforts at recalling the name of his 1936 running mate and was speculating upon a partner for 1944. So we bade him farewell with vigor and haste and wished him luck. But he took down our address and said we'd hear from him later.

"What the hell?" said the taxi driver, as we returned to Detroit. "What are you scared of? You wouldn't get elected."

So we did a little research and wrote Mr. Gover a letter. The name of the fellow who ran for Vice-President was Doctor Townsend, inventor of the Townsend Plan. And this will probably be news to Doctor Townsend, too, because Mr. Gover forgot to notify him.

THE END

YOAKUM YARNS

by "RAWHIDE TANNER"

"THE KILLIN' OF BALDY CARSON"

THIS limp of mine? I got that back in '79, the night Baldy Carson left off horse stealin' for coal shovelin'... Nope, I didn't have a hand in killin' Baldy. It was like this...

Texas had livery stables in those days. My horse was bedded down in a stall and I was dead to the world on the hay in the loft, plannin' to get an early start for the ranch next mornin'. All of a sudden I was woke up by some feller blattin' right under the open hayloft door. "Sheriff," he was hollerin', "you'd better of stayed in bed. Now I got to kill you!"

Well, I eased over and looked and there in the moonlight was this whoppin' big feller. He was standin' sorta spraddle-legged, pointin' a mean lookin' six-shooter at another man over by the hitchin' rail. The other feller was little and kind of old and dried up lookin'. He was bareheaded and his white hair was all bristly on his banty-rooster head. He had a .44, too, but it was still in its holster.

Just as I peeped down the little feller spoke up: "You ain't killin' nobody, Baldy Carson. I heard you was in town and I've come to take you in for bein' too careless about whose horses you saddle." Awful calm and quiet, the old man was. But it looked to me like he was buckin' a losin' game. This here Baldy was all set to shoot. "Here's where I take a hand," I thought, and I took a flyin' leap for Baldy's shoulders. A split second later three things happened, simultaneous: I landed on Baldy; Baldy's gun roared; and danged if the old sheriff's gun didn't bust loose, too! I never seen him draw, but he done it. Baldy's shot went wild. But the Sheriff's didn't. I got it in my left leg and let out a yelp and rolled off of Baldy, expectin' him to come up shootin'. But he didn't. He was dead. That .44 slug had went through my leg and right on through Baldy's gizzard. Nope, I didn't have a hand in killin' Baldy Carson, but I sure had a leg in it!

★ ★ ★

The lively, red-blooded traditions of Texas are carried on in leather goods made by TexTan of Yoakum, Texas. Leather craftsmen of the old frontier school create for you TEXAS RANGER BELTS and SADDLECRAFT BELTS and BILLFOLDS, genuine products of the West. Most of our leathers and our craftsmanship now are devoted to war materials, but TexTan merchandise is being made and apportioned to dealers to the best of our ability.

SADDLE CRAFT

TEXAS RANGER

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TexTan OF YOAKUM, TEXAS

A Present from K. O. Scott

Continued from page 19

"Minute I laid eyes on that Mickey, I knew he was the goods. Didn't anybody have to tell me he'd fought in all the big clubs, the Garden and everywhere."

Ed was surprised. "Is that so? Fought in the Garden?" Then he added skeptically, "Why . . . ?"

Frank held up his hand, smiling mysteriously. "That's a question we don't ever ask," he said. "Why a fighter good as Mickey would be up here in the sticks. But," he went on, looking wise, "it ain't too hard to figure out. You know who runs the fight game in the big towns: Gangsters. You know what might happen to a honest fighter didn't want to play ball with them racketeers in the big towns."

The men all looked serious, and Ed nodded thoughtfully. "And," Frank went on, puffing at his cigar, "as I told Mickey, Mill City ain't such a bad place to hang around and kind of wait till things blow over. And, course, take a few easy shots, just to keep in shape."

Ed laughed. "Say," he said, "I'd like to see the look on that darky's face. He prob'ly thinks he's got something easy."

Frank winked. "Keep it under your hat," he said. "I'm throwing a big victory supper at the Abbey, after the fight."

Harry took off his apron and shoved it through the slide to the kitchen. "Well," he said to Frank, "you can take over."

Frank waved his cigar and said, "Okay." This was Frank's week on the night shift, but he and Harry were exchanging today, so that Frank could go to the fight. Harry went out to the kitchen, and the phone rang. He lifted the receiver and said, "Presto Lunch."

It was Rita's voice. "Harry?" she said. "Harry, I got to see you. . . ." The words ended in a quaver, and Harry knew there was going to be trouble. Rita was not much over twenty; she had been working here and going with Frank, for about two years. Once Frank had said he would marry her if he could get his wife to give him a divorce. Harry happened to know that Frank's wife had died in Florida, over a year ago. "I just got to see you," Rita was saying. "Can you come to my room? Don't say anything to Frank."

Harry hung up the receiver as if it burned his hand. Come to her room, he said to himself. I ain't in the habit of coming to girls' rooms. He put on his hat and coat and went out the back way. He walked up West Street and turned down Cottage and stopped at McGarry's rooming house, where Rita lived. He remembered that her room was on the second floor; he went up and knocked at the first door. Inside, there was the sound of quick steps; the key clattered in the lock. Rita jerked open the door and peered out. Harry looked into her wide, dark eyes. "Hiya," he said.

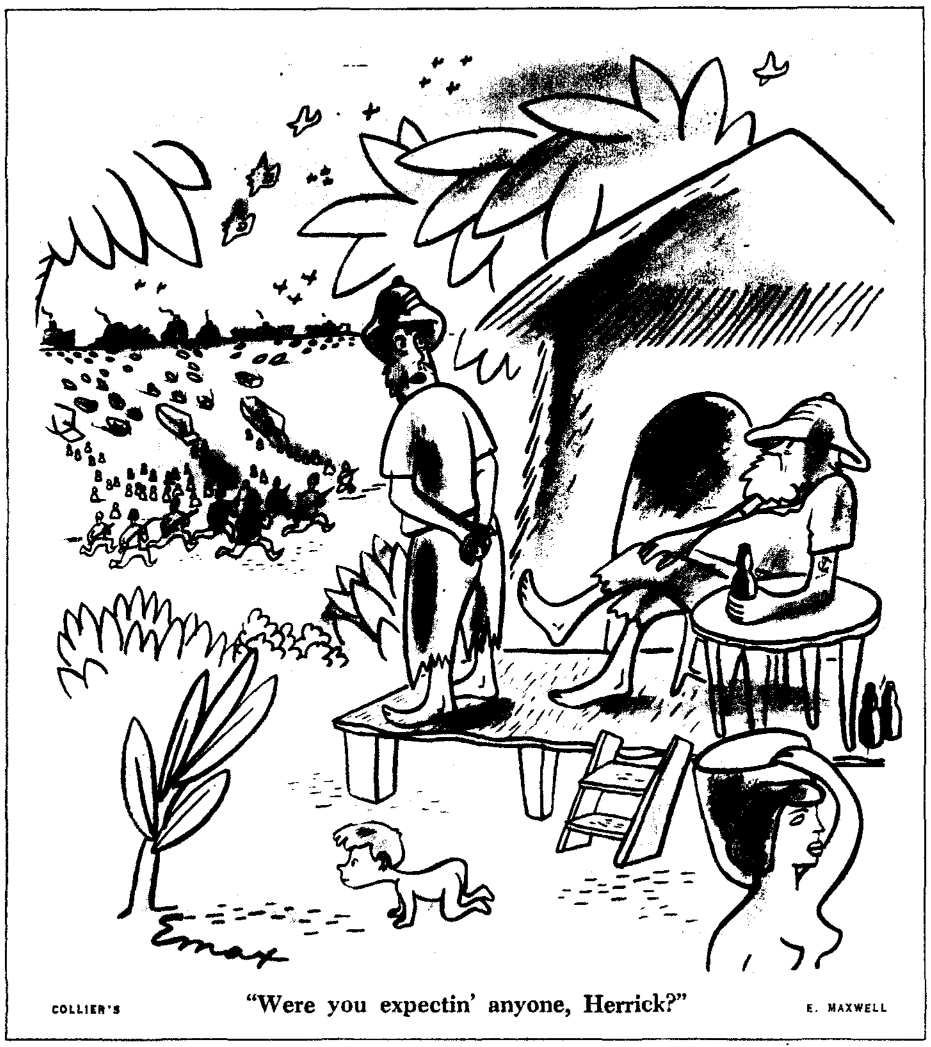
"Oh, Harry!" she said. "Boy, I'm glad you came, Harry." She pulled the flowered blue kimono tight about her waist, pushed back a disheveled strand of red-brown hair, smiling anxiously. Harry was embarrassed. "What's up?" he said.

SHE came out into the hall and closed the door. "Harry," she began, and then went on, "Harry, sometimes you take care of Frank, when he's sick, and I thought . . ."

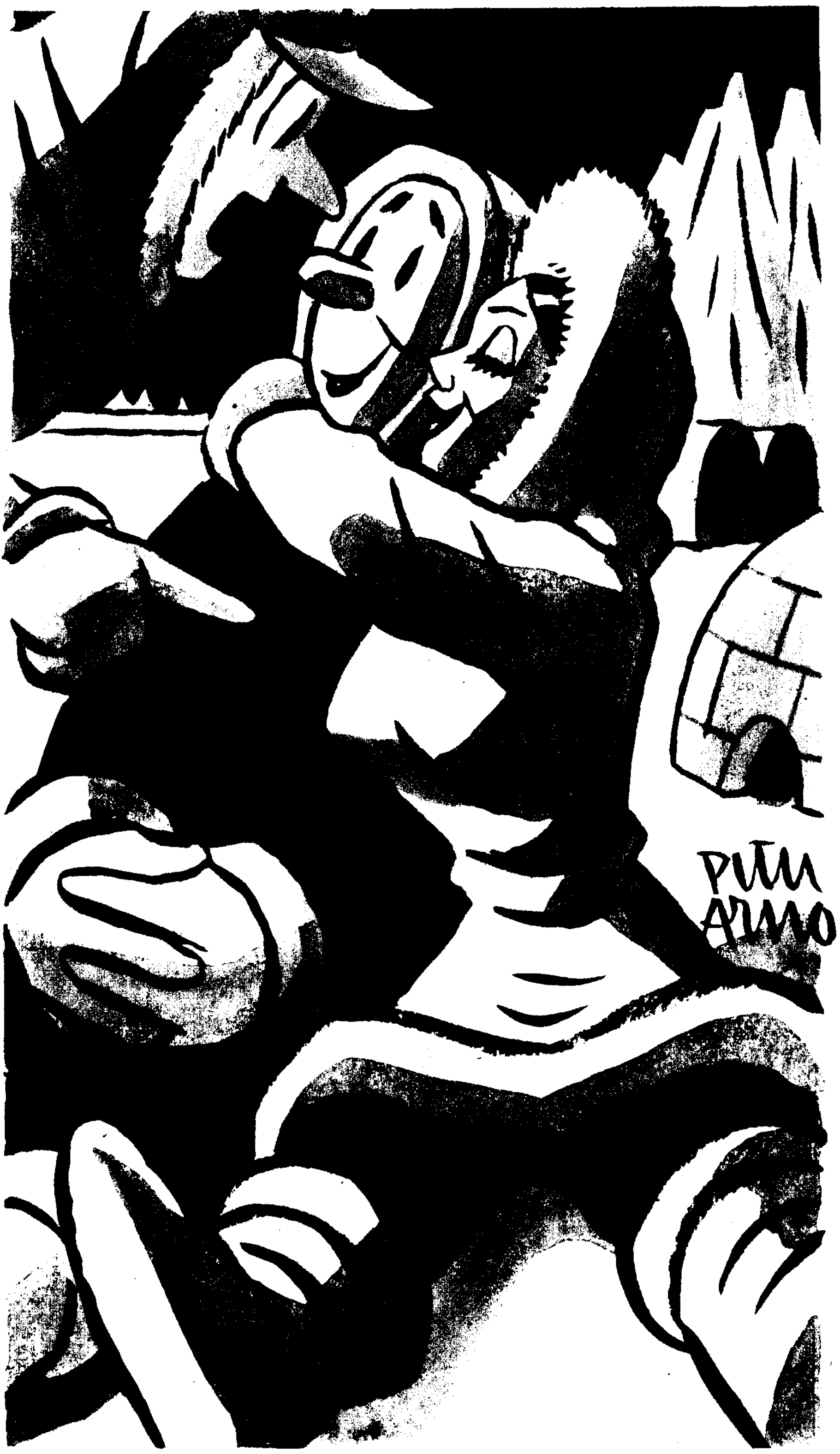
Harry frowned and said again, "What's up, anyways?" He knew what Rita meant. When Frank got to hitting the bottle, and his housekeeper called up Doc Turley, Doc usually got Harry to help. Doc Turley always said Harry should have been a doctor; he was the only one who could take care of Frank. "Frank?" Harry said. "Frank ain't had a drink in a month. That I know."

Rita gave Harry a long, questioning look, and then opened the door and stepped back into her room. "Come in," she said.

Harry held back a moment, pulling at



COLLIER'S "Were you expectin' anyone, Herrick?" E. MAXWELL



"She says she likes you 'cause you don't have '5 o'clock Shadow'."

"Gee, I guess underneath it all she's just like the girls back home, huh?"

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AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH

GEM

RAZORS and BLADES

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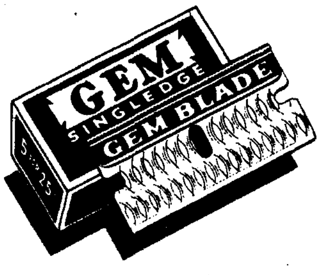

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his necktie, and then he went in, muttering, "Can't stay only a minute." Rita nodded sidewise, and Harry looked and saw the figure sprawled on the bed: a round-faced, curly-haired youth—Mickey, asleep with his mouth open, snoring. Harry stiffened and said, "Well, I'll be damned." He sniffed, and utter dismay swept over his face. "Drunk," he said. "Out cold."

He looked at Rita, and all at once there were tears in her eyes. "Oh, Harry," she said, "I hope you can do something."

Harry sat down on the bed. "He was sleeping in Depot Park," Rita said. "I had to get him somewheres before people saw him there. Before Frank found out."

"Jeepers," Harry said, overwhelmed. "After all Frank done for him, drunk as a lord."

"I know it," Rita said. "That's what I thought, Harry. So I got Red Hooker and he brought him up here in his cab. It was all I could do," she added defensively.

Harry looked at the form on the bed and shook his head. "He can't fight now. Not in that kind of shape."

"I know it," Rita said, nodding. "I know it, Harry."

"But he's *got* to fight," Harry said. "After all Frank done for him, telling how good he was, paying his room and board, getting up that victory supper for him tonight. He owes me eight bucks, too."

HARRY shook Mickey's arm. "Wake up," he said. Mickey's face worked; he opened his eyes and sat up. He recognized Harry and sank back upon the bed. "Pay you after the fight," he said. "You have to wake me up at midnight and dun me?" His eyes fluttered and closed, and his snoring resumed immediately.

"Okay," Harry said grimly. He took off his hat and coat and rolled up his sleeves. "You ast for it."

Rita's eyes were big and wondering. "Can you fix him, Harry?"

"And how," Harry said. He seized Mickey beneath the armpits and hauled him violently upward. "No-no-no!" Mickey cried, making the defensive gestures of a hard-pressed ringman. Harry got behind him and held his arms. "Where's the bathroom?" he said.

Twenty minutes later, Mickey, wrapped in a pair of big towels, reeled into the room and fell upon the bed. Harry came in, carrying Mickey's clothing. He shot a triumphant look at Rita. "Got him walking, anyways," he said. "First boiling hot, then freezing cold."

Rita's eyes dilated with compassion. "Oh, the poor kid," she said.

Mickey sat on the bed with his eyes tightly closed. His teeth chattered, and he was shaking all over. "F-fine way t-t g-get in sh-shape," he said, opening one reproachful eye and fixing it on Harry.

"Oh, you poor kid," Rita said again. She swept up a woolly blanket and wrapped it around Mickey and put a pillow behind him. "You want me to get anything for you, honey?"

"No," Mickey said bitterly. "No. I'm so weak I can't set up, but never mind. What I need," he added on second thought, "is a drink."

"What you need," Harry said brutally "is a coffin."

"I got part of a pint," Rita said.

"No pint," Harry said. "Right in bed for him, till fight time."

Mickey's startled eyes rolled to meet Harry's. Harry said, "You want to fight, don't you?"

A sardonic grin moved Mickey's lips. "Oh, sure," he said. "I can't hardly wait." He stretched his arms wide in a dramatic gesture, and hiccoughed. "Fight?" he demanded. "I need stren'th. I need a drink."

Harry wetted his lips. "All right," he said to Rita. "But just a little one."

Rita fumbled among the shoes in her closet and found a half-filled pint. She held it in her hand and gazed blankly about the room. "What you doing?" Mickey inquired sarcastically. "Aging it?"

"No glass," Rita said.

Mickey clucked in mock dismay. "Maybe," he said, "you'd oughta rub it on my back." He grabbed the bottle and started to guzzle.

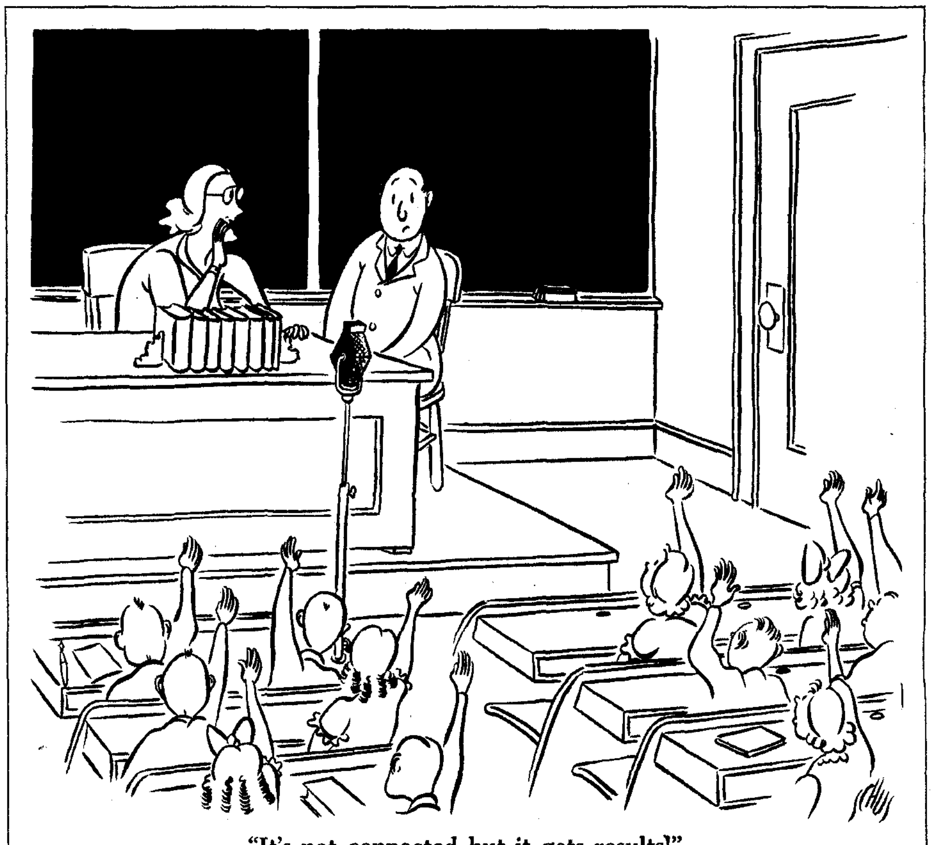
"Hey!" cried Harry, gaping. "I said a *little* one!"

Mickey skated the empty bottle across the floor and jumped up. He stood erect, with a waiting expression on his face, and then he shuddered violently and let out a hoarse whoop. He jigged on his toes, struck a pose, crouched, ducked an imagined blow, and let go with a terrific right-hand haymaker. "Knockemdead!" he said.

Harry sat down with a sigh. "Well," he said, "I guess that done it."

Rita looked hopeful. "Will he feel all right now?"

"I feel wonderful," Mickey said, grab-



COLLIER'S "It's not connected but it gets results!" ADOLPH SCHUS

Future Secretary of America...

She's still living in a world that dreams are made of.

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But whether she becomes secretary to the President of the United States or to the president of some one-man business, her mind and her hands will help speed and influence whatever projects cross her desk.

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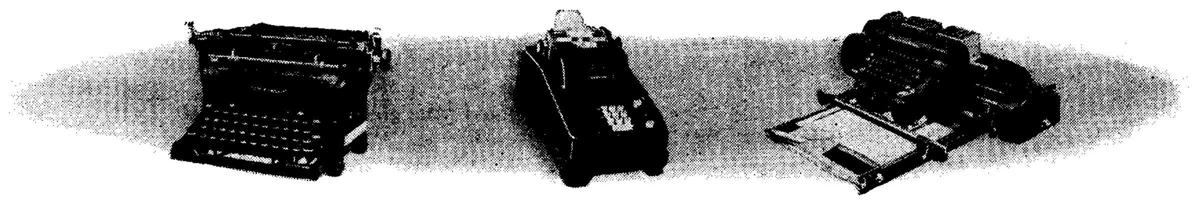

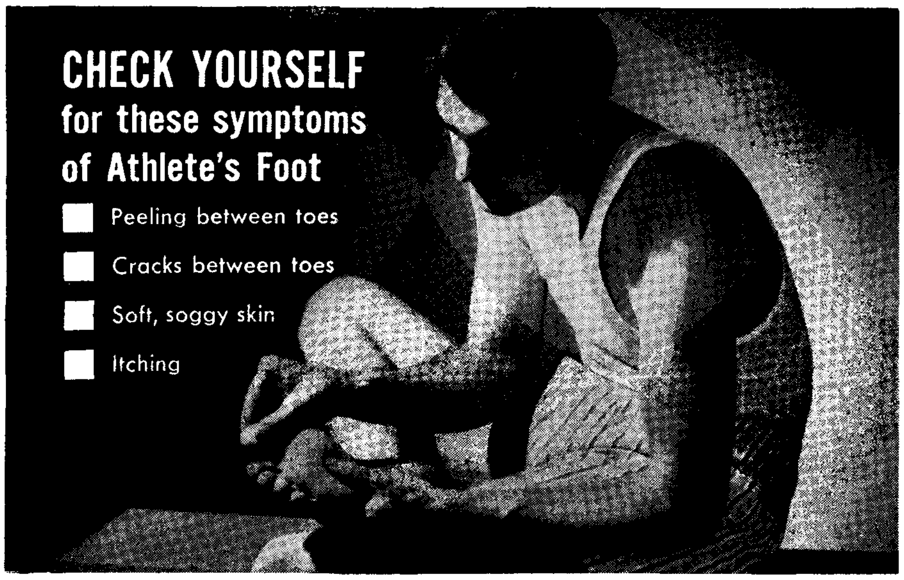
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☐ Cracks between toes
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☐ Itching

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MENNEN QUINSANA
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bing at his loosened towels. He waved Rita toward the door. "Want to get dressed," he said. "Go for a little walk. Get some air."

Harry stood up. "No walk," he said firmly. "You get in bed."

"Need fresh air," Mickey said. He was looking at Harry in an odd, preoccupied way. "This K. O. Scott," he said finally; "he must be in town by now. Let's you and me go see him."

"You lay down and sleep," Harry said.

"No," Mickey said. "We'll go and see K. O. Scott. He'll be all right, he sees how sick I am."

"Ha!" cried Harry, pointing an accusing finger at Mickey. "I knew it—you want to make it a fake fight!"

"Nah, nah!" Mickey said indignantly. "*Not* a *fake* fight!"

"You mean," Rita suggested, "put it in the bag?"

"Well!" Mickey cried with sarcastic brightness. "In the *agbay!* Where did I hear them words before?"

"Whatever you call it," Harry said, "it's a fake."

Mickey put on his pitiful face. He spread his arms wide in appeal. "Harry," he said, "I'm only thinking of all the fans. They want to see me fight. Here I am sick."

"No," Harry said.

"Look," Mickey pleaded. "All you got to do with these boogies is tell them they better not hurt you. Everybody does it."

Rita touched Harry's arm. "Maybe you better," she said. "Think how Frank would feel if Mickey got licked."

Harry said stubbornly, "It ain't honest."

Mickey played his trump. "Look," he said earnestly. "Them eight bucks I owe you. How'm I going to pay you, I don't fight?"

Harry passed one hand up over his face. "Jeepers," he said peevishly, "why'd you have to get drinking, of all days?"

"I was sick," Mickey said. "I thought it would make me better."

Harry turned toward the door. "All right," he said. "You go back to bed. I'll talk to K. O. Scott."

He went out, and Rita followed him into the hall. "I think it's the best thing," she said. "For Frank's sake."

"Well," Harry said, "if it wasn't for them eight bucks he owes me, I'd never do it."

HARRY was pretty sure that K. O. Scott would be at the Homelike Hotel, across from the depot. He sneaked in the back way, went to the top floor in the freight elevator. He knocked at three doors and, at the third, heard a muttered question and bare footfalls within. The door opened, and a slender man, black and naked except for a blanket held skirtwise about his middle, peered out. "Hello, there," Harry said, staring at the cauliflower ears. He was shocked to realize that the Negro must be forty years old. "You K. O. Scott?"

The man hesitated a second; his eyes were deep-set, and now they seemed to glow with a light half curiosity and half fear. "That's right," he said.

"Thought I'd come and talk to you."

K. O. Scott grudgingly opened the door. He sat down on the bed, waiting, and Harry looked around the room. It was dim with the shades drawn, and Harry felt nervous. "Well," he said, "how you feeling?"

K. O. Scott said, "I feel fine."

Harry sat down in a chair beside the bed, sneaking a look at the black solidity of K. O. Scott's chest and shoulders. He tried to put on a friendly face. "Well," he said, "guess you got a hard fight tonight."

"Yes," K. O. Scott said. "They all hard."

"This boy, Mickey," Harry went on, "he's one tough baby. Had a lot of fights. Course he's fought in the Garden, everywhere."

"Uh-huh."

The way K. O. Scott looked at him made Harry uneasy. "Yes," he said again, "one tough baby."

"I know," K. O. Scott said. "I box him once."

"Oh, no," Harry said. "I don't think so. . . . "

"Yes," K. O. Scott said. "Curly hair? Swing wide?"

Harry wetted his lips. "Well . . . how'd you two make out?"

"Oh, good," K. O. Scott said. "I think we give you a good show up here."

"I mean," Harry said, leaning forward, meeting K. O. Scott's eyes for the first time, "who won?"

K. O. Scott reflected. "Seem to me I stop him that time. You know, sometimes win, sometimes lose."

Harry's eyes bulged. "You mean—*agbay?*"

K. O. Scott smiled only slightly. "I won," he said delicately.

HARRY stood up abruptly. "Well," he said, "I hope everything comes off okay."

K. O. Scott looked up inquiringly.

"Yes," Harry said, turning toward the door. "I mean I hope they don't call it off on account of Mickey being sick."

"Sick?" K. O. Scott said. "Why, that's too bad. What's the trouble—drunk?"

Harry was startled. "Well . . ."

"Mighty sorry." K. O. Scott laughed softly. "Heard of a man getting drunk so he wouldn't have to fight."

"Oh, no," Harry said quickly. "Be too bad, if the fight's called off," he went on. "There's Frank, now. He's a great guy. Like a father to this Mickey. He's going to feel awful, if Mickey don't fight."

"Uh-huh."

Harry saw that K. O. Scott wasn't moved, but still he went on: "And all the people here, they been looking forward to this contest. . . ."

"Why, yes," K. O. Scott said. "You know, he ought to go on and fight, even if he is a little sick."

Harry's mouth was grim. "Be too bad for you, too," he said. "You prob'ly won't get paid."

"I got paid already," K. O. Scott said. "I always get mine first, these little clubs."

"But," Harry said, "about Mickey. Everybody up here kind of admires him, you know. And, why, it'd be too bad, if he got licked right here front of everybody, like in his own home town."

K. O. Scott didn't say anything, and Harry wanted to get out of the room. Then he had the bright idea. "*And,*" he said, "worst thing is his girl. His fiancée. Here she is, going to marry him—next week. Next week," Harry went on, and when he saw a flicker of sympathy in the dark eyes before him, he knew he could put it over, "and what if he gets licked? Why, it'll just break this girl—her name is Rita—it'll just about break her heart. . . ."

K. O. Scott sighed. "Well," he said, "I wouldn't think of hurting a sick boy. You just tell him try and make it a good show. I wouldn't want to hurt him."

Harry's face showed his great relief. "Well," he said, "thanks."

K. O. Scott stood up, very serious now. "You're welcome," he said.

"Sure appreciate this," Harry said, backing out the door. He wished that he could explain that he wasn't doing this to help anybody, but only because Mickey owed him eight dollars.

HARRY was back at the Presto Lunch in time for the supper rush at six o'clock. Rita and Frank worked out front, and Harry in the kitchen. There wasn't much time for talking, but once, when Rita came to the service window to order, "*One leg o' lamb, no soup, one ham* *sandwich,*" she whispered, "Did you see him, Harry?"

"See who?" Harry said. "What kind of bread on that ham?"

"White," Rita said. "I mean Scott."

"Say what you mean," Harry said peevishly. None of her business, he thought. He had told Mickey that K. O. Scott had promised not to hurt him, but still he worried. Be just like that Mickey to take the first freight out of town, Harry thought; he sure looked scared.

The rush had slackened by eight o'clock, and Frank came out to the kitchen, taking off his apron; he was red-faced and sweating and excited.

"Boy," he said, smiling happily, "I feel just like a kid on circus day, you know it, Harry?"

"Well," Harry said, "take it easy." He noticed that Frank had been drinking; of course Doc Turley had said one or two once in a while wouldn't hurt. Him so excited, Harry thought, how will he feel if Mickey don't even show up? Out front, Ed was calling for Frank, and Frank grabbed his hat and coat and went out. Harry heard him say, "You sure you don't want to go, Rita?"

"No, no," Rita said.

"All I hope is," Frank said to Ed, "Mickey leaves him stay a round or two, so's we have some fun."

Well, Harry reflected, all I hope is Mickey's got strength enough to stand up ten rounds. If it's the lousiest fight ever seen, Frank'll think it's terrific, just so long as Mickey is standing up when the bell rings. What he needs is a guardian.

THE place was empty at nine o'clock. Harry cleaned up the kitchen and told Charley the dishwasher he could go home. Harry carried the typewriter out front and got ready to make tomorrow's menus. Rita was polishing the counter in an absent-minded way, and finally she said, "Did you talk to K. O. Scott all right, Harry?"

"I talked to him," Harry said, pecking out the letters with one finger.

Rita came and stood behind him. "You think he'll do it?"

Harry looked up irritably. "What d'you care?" he said. "You got to know all about it?"

Rita was staring, big-eyed, at Harry, and he thought she was going to get mad; but she just bit her red lips and said, "I was only thinking about Frank, Harry. How he'd feel."

"Yeah?" Harry said, looking for the H in Hamburger. "Well, I don't care one way or the other, long as I get my eight bucks out of that dead beat of a Mickey."

And Rita flared up. "Oh, you!" she said. "You're so damn' cheap!"

Harry went back to work on the menus. He kept glancing at the clock, and when it was ten, he thought: It'll just be starting now, if Mickey showed up. Rita was in the kitchen. He called to her, "What you doing back there, sleeping? We got to have fresh coffee."

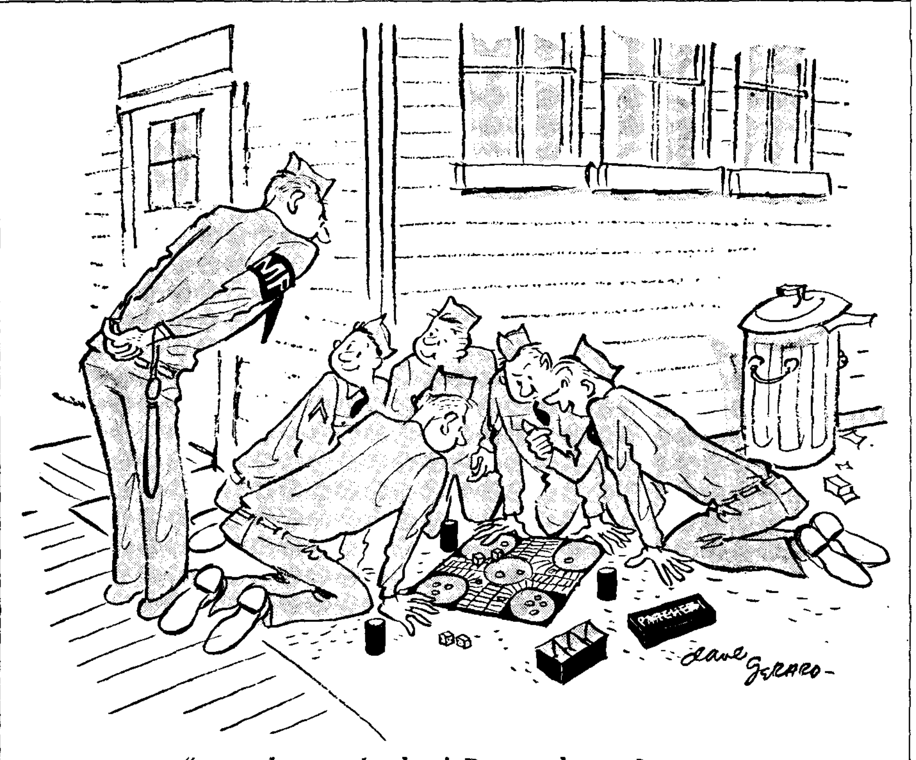
THERE were voices in the street, and people were hurrying past the window, and Harry wondered where they were all coming from. Then he saw Ed and Frank and some others; they all came in, talking loudly, and Harry stood up, ready to hear the worst. Frank's face was redder than ever, and there was a wild look in his eyes. Then Mickey came in, and Harry knew from the cocky grin on his round face what must have happened, even before Frank grabbed Mickey's right arm and yanked it upward, bellowing: "The winnah! *One-round kayo!*"

The place was suddenly full of people cheering, and Frank was shouting to Harry above the others, "Knocked him out first punch!" Mickey, with that wise-guy look on his face was grinning at Harry, pulling out a fat roll of bills, saying, "How much was it I owed you, sourpuss?" And Frank, laughing, pushed Mickey back. "Harry don't want your money, boy. Do you, Harry?" he said.

"Me?" Harry said weakly. "Oh, of course not, Frank. I just been kidding him." After all, Harry thought, why spoil everything, when Frank is so happy?

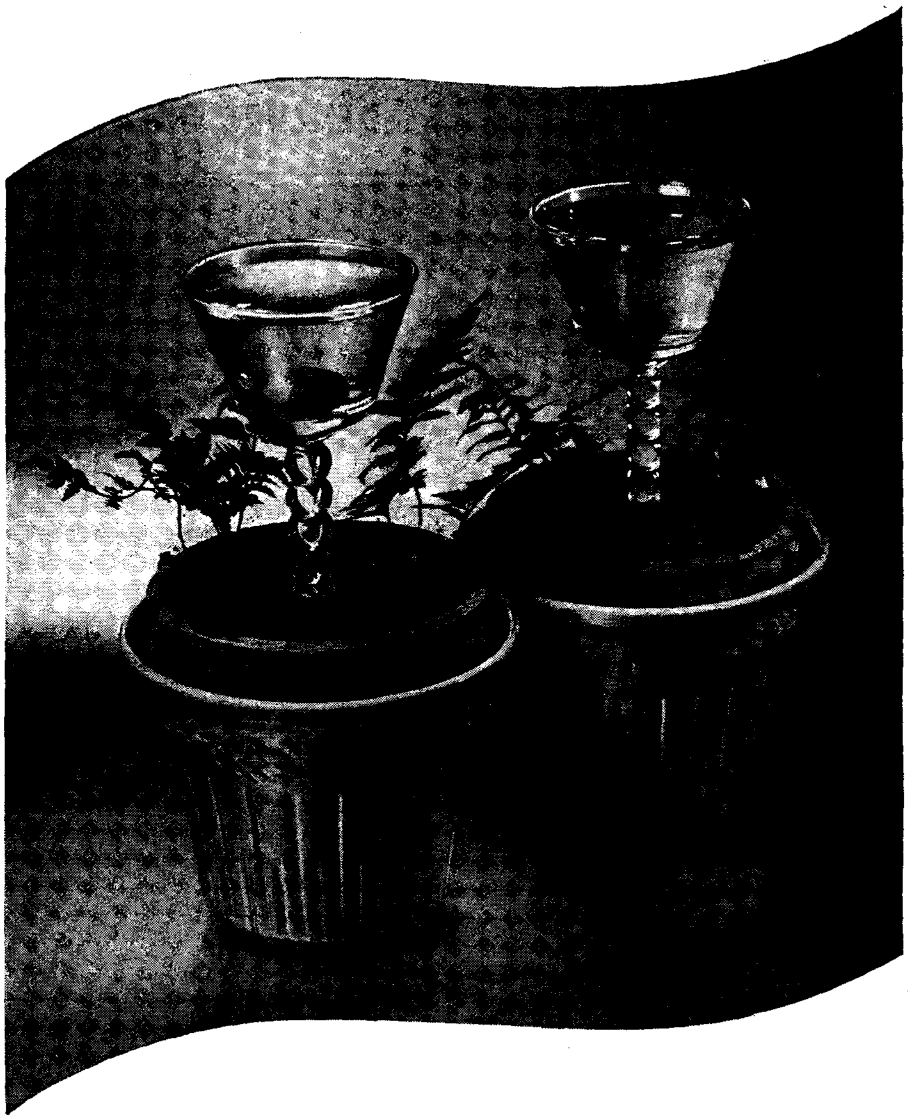
"Course not," Frank said, and then he shouted to Ed, "Fill 'em up, man!" Ed produced a quart from under his coat and started to fill the glasses at the fountain rack. Frank saw the worried look on Harry's face, and he winked. "Just for the others," he said. "I had enough, myself." And Harry was relieved. Just then, Rita came out of the kitchen; she was staring, as if she had been suddenly awakened from a nightmare, and all at once she smiled, she laughed, and her eyes were very bright.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh, *darling!*" She ran forward, and when she was near, everybody saw that she was crying. She stopped before Mickey and Frank, and Mickey turned hastily away to grab a glass from Ed's hand; he drank it, and



"... and seven she does! Pay me, boys—I mean —oh, boy, that sends your man home, Texas!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD



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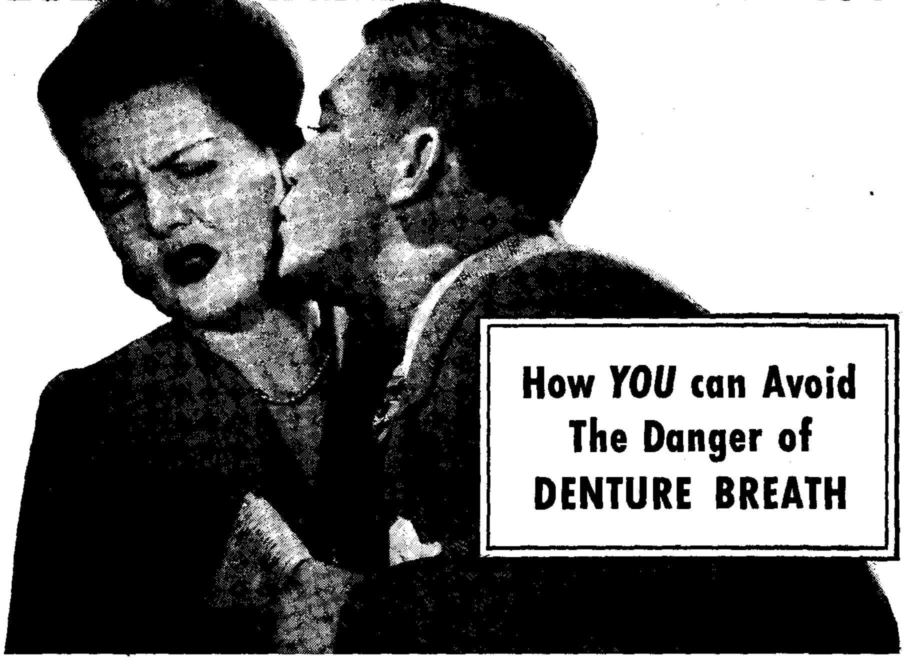


How YOU can Avoid The Danger of DENTURE BREATH

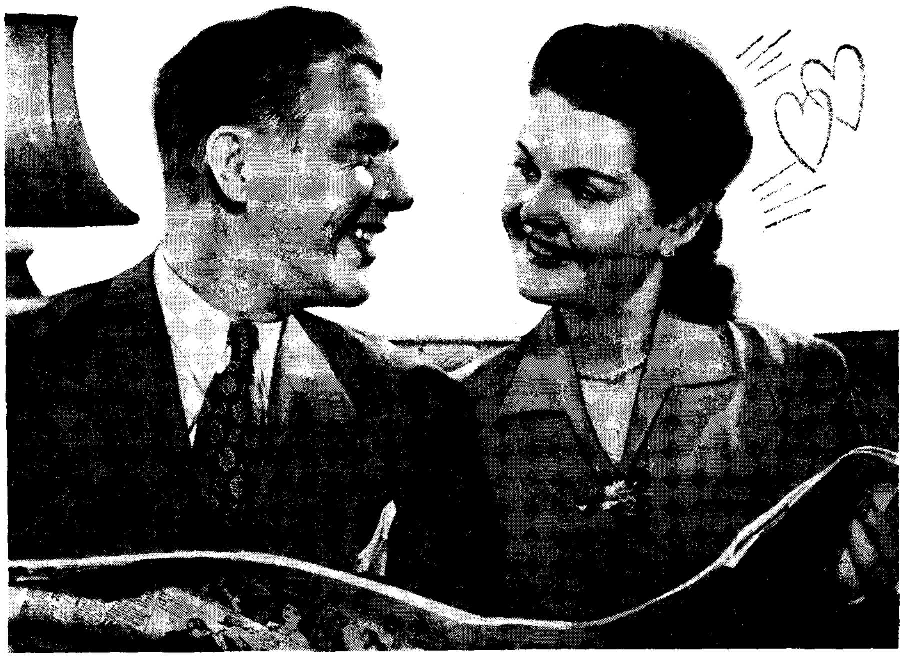
AT 5:30, do you get an ear to kiss instead of lips? Maybe it's...Denture Breath. You may not know your breath offends, but others do. Be careful. Don't brush your dentures with ordinary cleansers . . . it's difficult to reach all the tiny crevices—and besides you are apt to scratch your plate. These scratches cause food particles and film to collect faster and cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

DO THIS EVERY DAY!

PLAY SAFE...SOAK YOUR PLATE IN POLIDENT. Place denture in Polident solution for 15 minutes, or longer if convenient. Rinse—and it's ready to use.

No brushing

What's more . . . your plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth,* and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident—there's no danger. And besides, the *safe* Polident way is so easy and sure.



Later—Friend Husband is now one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sweet and clean. If *you* wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe and use Polident every day. Used this way, Polident helps maintain the original natural appearance of your dental plate for less than 1¢ a day. Get Polident at any drug counter, 30¢ and 60¢ sizes.

FOOD Fights for FREEDOM produce and conserve—share and play square!

Use POLIDENT *Daily* TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

took another. Frank pulled Rita toward him and put his arm around her. He turned up her tear-wetted face. "By George!" he said, laughing loud and looking around at everybody. "You'd think it was *me* done all the fighting!"

Everybody laughed, and Ed said, "I guess that's love, Frank."

Frank kissed Rita and looked at Ed, and the impact of an idea changed his face. "Say!" he said, "it must be, at that!" He raised one hand and grinned round at the crowd. "Gentlemen!" he called. "We're all going over to the Abbey for a victory supper—and I'm going to make it a real *party!"*

He held Rita away from him, laughing at her; she was trying to laugh too, but still she was crying. "Babe," Frank said, "will you marry me?"

Rita hid her head on Frank's shoulder, clutching at his coat collar, and Ed yelped, "Hoo-ray!"

Frank's face was red as a beet, and Harry had never seen him so happy. He held up his free hand, bellowing, "We'll make it a double celebration: Mickey's kayo—and mine!"

He offered his arm to Rita with exaggerated formality, and they started a grand march, right out of the Presto Lunch and up the street. The lunchroom was filling up with fight fans. Harry felt dizzy. Well, he thought, everything came out for the best, I guess.

AN HOUR later, when the fight fans had talked themselves out and had left, and Harry was getting ready to close up, a man came in and sat at the end stool. He said, "Coffee, black," and Harry saw that it was K. O. Scott. He must be waiting for the 12:40 sleeper, Harry thought.

Harry brought the coffee. "I'm awful sorry," he said, "how things turned out." In fact, he was a little afraid.

K. O. Scott looked up quickly, recognizing him. He shrugged and looked away. "I got paid," he said.

His voice was so bitter that Harry was really sorry, and he said, "It's too bad."

"It's all right," K. O. Scott said. "I just forgot to duck."

"Well," Harry said, "I'm awful sorry."

K. O. Scott didn't want to talk. His coffee was hot, but he drank it quickly and stood up. He looked through his billfold and offered Harry a ten-dollar bill. Harry shook his head. "On the house," he said.

Scott said quickly, "No, no. I'll pay," and he still held out the bill.

"On the house," Harry said, picking up the empty cup.

K. O. Scott frowned, and his face grew a little ugly; and then he smiled. He had looked very sad when he came in, and now his eyes shone. "I tell you," he said. "That boy and his girl, they happy, anyway."

"Huh?" Harry said. And then he remembered the lie he had told K. O. Scott about Mickey's going to be married next week. "Oh," he said. "Oh, yes."

"You know, that's fine," K. O. Scott said, smiling at Harry. "A man only really happy once in his life. Here," he said, placing the ten-dollar bill on the counter. "That's for that boy Mickey and his girl. You tell them," he said, smiling shyly, "tell them just a present, a wedding present, from old K. O. Scott."

Harry started to say, no, no, no, but K. O. Scott had walked to the door. He gave Harry a bright grin and saluted and walked out. Harry looked down at the green bill on the counter. He walked over to lock the door and switch off the lights. He was asking himself, what could I do? If I hadn't took it, he'd been hurt; he'd been insulted. Could I done any different?

In the dark, then, he picked up the ten-dollar bill and put it into his pocket and sat down on the end stool. And the illusion he had been trying to make for himself, the feeling that everything had come out for the best, that was all gone; it evaporated, and left him weary and sick. Well, he told himself, I got back my eight bucks.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

distinctive squadrons that swarm up with them. They throw everything at our Yank bombers, including the "lighted kitchen stove," which is how some of our lads describe the rockets.

Their primary object is to break up the tight daylight bomber formations, then to wolf the stragglers. They bomb the bombers from above. They dive-bomb them. They drop aerial mines and parachute bombs and even release small balloons trailing wires in the path of the massed Forts and Libs. They draw smoke screens in front, around, between and above them. They mess up and fill the air with every possible variety of explosive. They fly high above the bombers and let down bombs on towlines to drag among them. All the while they bore in, snap and get away—like terriers worrying a porcupine. They come so close you can almost call it aerial hand-to-hand fighting.

Added to the natural fervor of defending their home soil, those hard-pressing German fighters have another psychological advantage. A fighter pilot knows that his physical size is a small percentage of the total size of his plane and that the chances of his being hit are much less than those of the motor or plane being hit. In single-engine jobs, he's well protected by the engine—an advantage bomber pilots don't enjoy—and if his plane is crippled, he can bail out with a comforting sense of friendliness below.

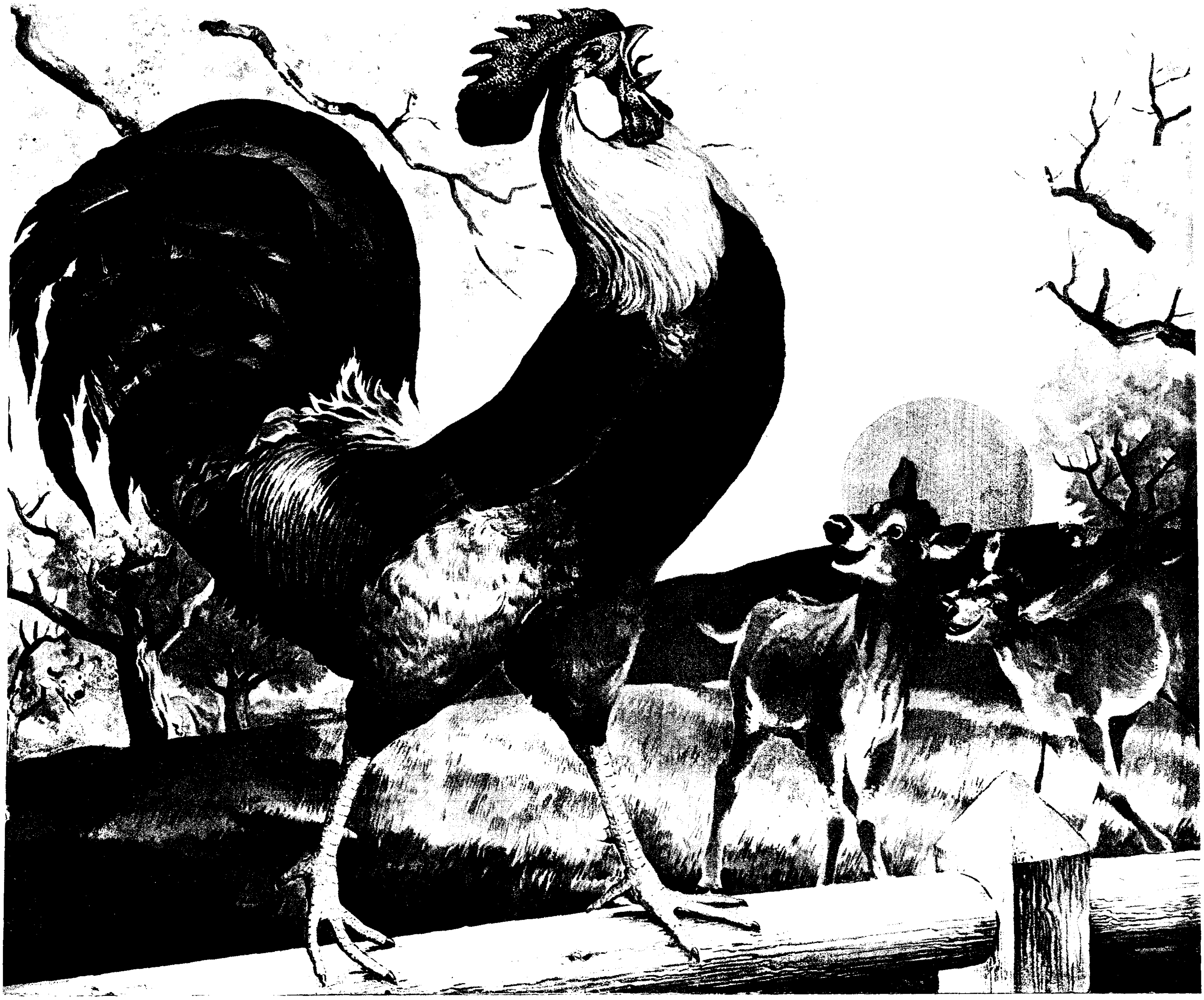
The Yellownose show-offs have been known actually to barrel-roll right through a bomber formation, the planes of which could fire upon them only with the utmost circumspection for fear of hitting one another. They ceaselessly experiment with new tactics and gags. They make massed wing-to-wing rocket attacks as the German infantry used to make massed shoulder-to-shoulder rushes.

On occasion, they handle their squadrons and fire rockets and guns in broadsides on the scope of old-fashioned naval maneuvers—but in magnitude never paralleled on the surface. This is a development which airmen have long prophesied and which, after all, is playing copycat to the Yanks, who were the first to use it in their daylight precision sweeps.

Sometimes the Germans paint their planes to resemble our fighters or copy our fighters' recognition maneuvers. They have sent captured and refitted Yank planes up to try to horn into our formations. They have been known to stage mock dogfights in the vicinity of bombers, using firecracker ammunition. Crewmen say those battles were realistic and might fool the most skeptical. Sometimes the Nazi fliers would break out of these sham fights as the Forts drew near and make quick passes at them. At other times, these demonstrations were simply to divert Yank attention while another covey of Yellownoses dived upon them from elsewhere.

But known gambler tricks aren't much of a menace—to Yank bombers who have long sleeves of their own with Thunderbolts, Lightnings and Mustangs up them. . . .

W. B. COURTNEY



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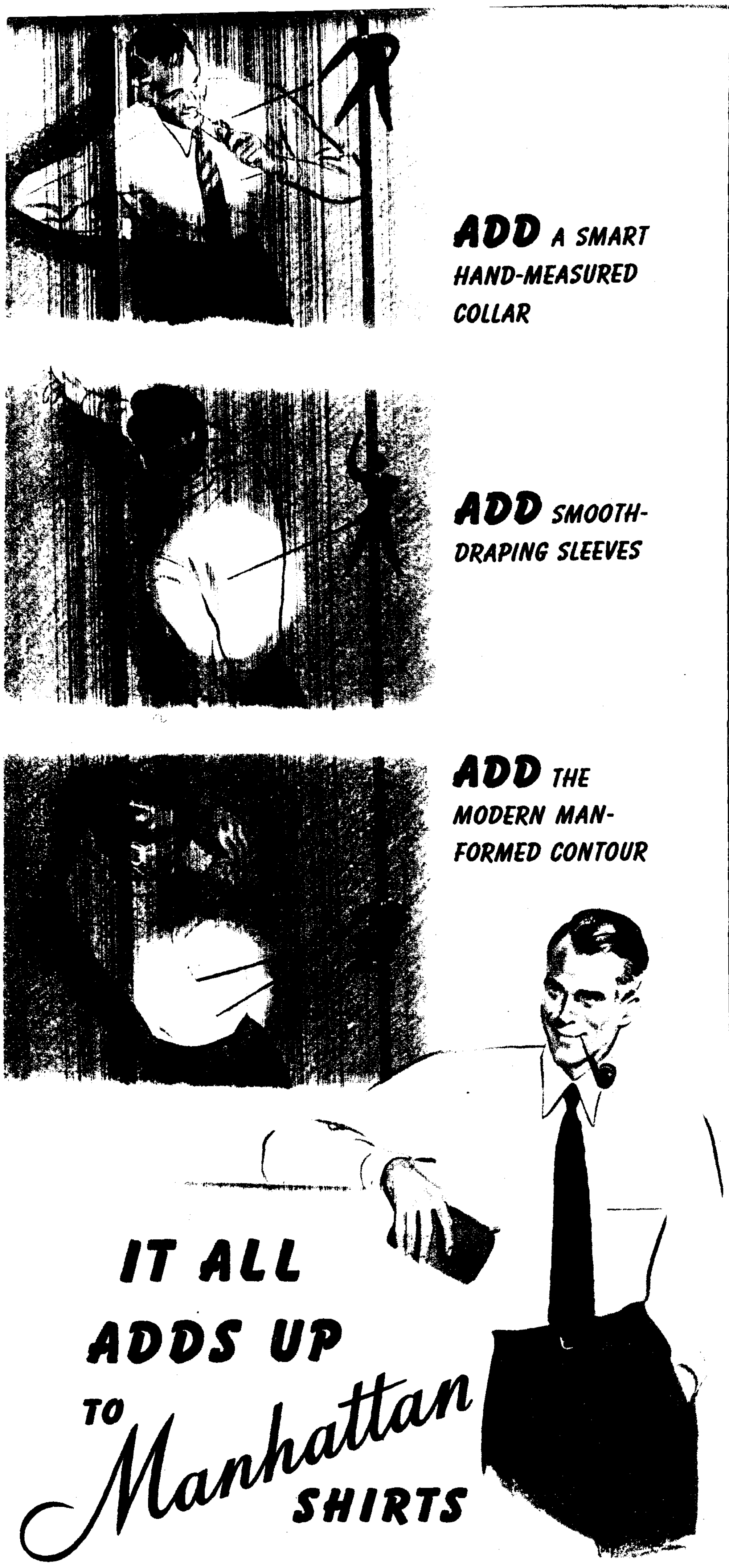
ADD A SMART HAND-MEASURED COLLAR
ADD SMOOTH-DRAPING SLEEVES
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IT ALL ADDS UP TO Manhattan SHIRTS

If you've ever marvelled at the fit, style and quality of Manhattan shirts – remember that 83 years of shirt-making add up to experience that's unbeatable. It's "knowing how" that's perfected the Manhattan *plus* features – and what a difference they make! If you've never worn Manhattan Shirts, now is the moment to discover how *much* they'll *add* to your appearance.

Higher and Faster

Continued from page 13

reciprocating engine of comparable power would weigh approximately 3,000 pounds.

No combat pilot has to be told what weight means in a fighter plane. Scarcely one of them hasn't ripped gadgets out of his ship just to get the shade more maneuverability that spells the difference between life and death.

The lighter and simpler an engine the fewer mechanics it takes to handle it—with fewer tools. For example: Several men and a hoist are required to remove and install a 3,000-pound gasoline engine; a new jet engine could be installed by one man—two at the most—using a couple of wrenches.

The nice thing about the jet is that it can be built with only two moving parts. Literally thousands of parts are essential in a gasoline engine. An abundance of moving parts means more wear, more repair and additional weight in the plane itself—many control mechanisms and gauges by which the pilot keeps the whole contraption working together. More than a dozen gasoline-engine controls are unnecessary in a jet plane: propeller, fuel mixture, cooling system, carburetor heat, etc.

For the manufacturers of airplane power plants, arrival of the jet engine forecasts simpler, quicker and cheaper motor production. To the combat pilot, it has brought the prospect of an instrument panel as simple, by comparison with that of the conventional ship, as an automobile dashboard. Freed from preoccupation with a complexity of instruments and controls to concentrate on fighting, your jet pilot should be able to arrange for a highly gratifying increase in the mortality rate among enemy fighters.

Substantial adoption of jet aircraft for combat should make it possible for the Army to step up its pilot production rate. There would be less to teach air cadets.

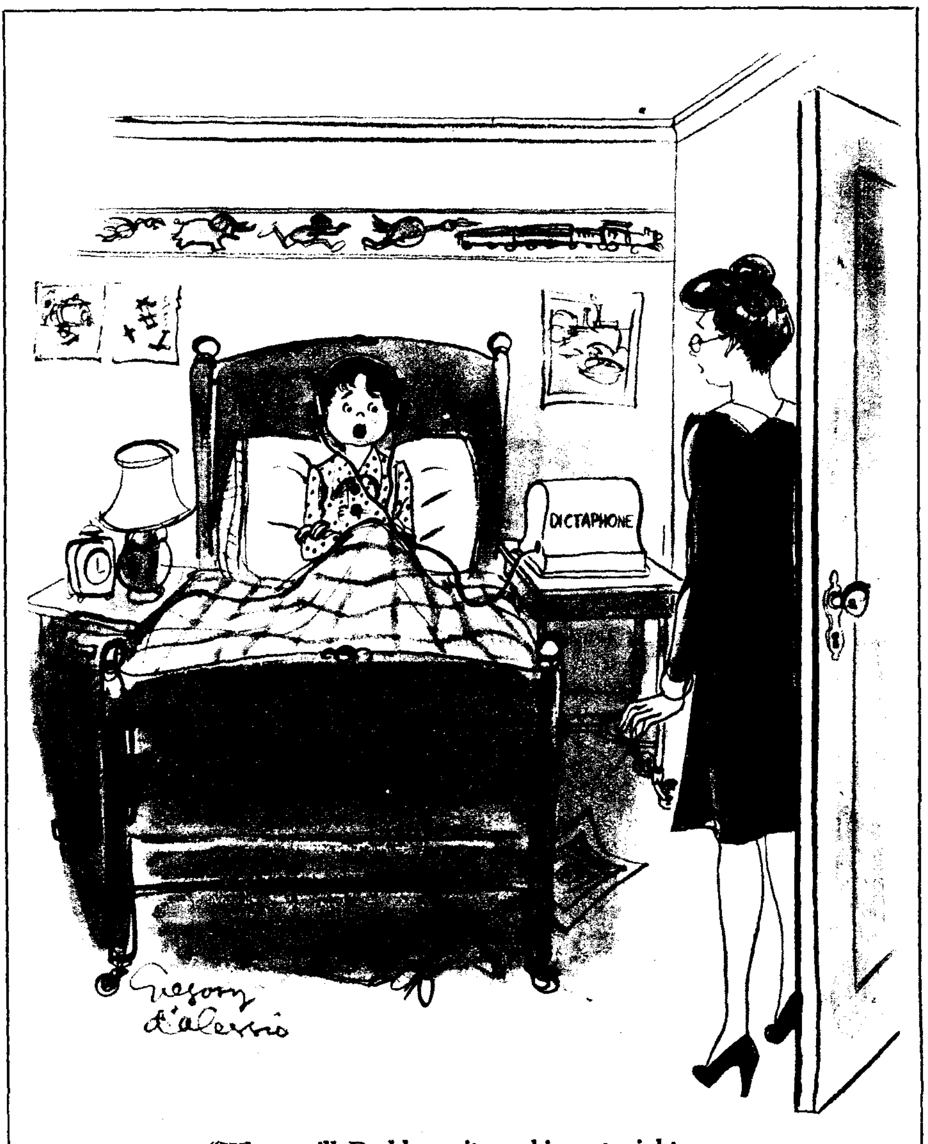
Major General William E. Kepner who commands Eighth Air Force fighters in Britain, and Brigadier General Benjamin W. Chidlaw, chief of the Air Forces' matériel division, have been inactive too long to fly ordinary fighters. Yet each of them, after a few minutes' instruction, flew the Squirt without difficulty. They said it took them back to their training-plane days.

Conventional airplanes, on take-off and during flight, tend to pull in the direction in which the propeller is spinning. Obviously, a propellerless plane would exhibit no such tendency—explaining in part, the ease with which it may be handled.

A Safer Ship to Fly

When one engine goes dead in a twin-engined ship, it usually tends to indulge in acrobatics due to the action of the still operating motor and propeller. The twin-jet plane, even at very high altitudes, handles as easily on one engine as on two. The story is told of a jet flier who took off on one engine without being aware of it until later. In some two-engine aircraft, engine failure during take-off may be promptly followed by a crack-up.

At this writing, the first jet airplane accident has yet to occur. And that's an airplane which, in the language of airmen, was flown, almost literally, "off the drawing board" with almost no preflight experimentation. That's the ship about which Frank H. Kelley, an assistant to Lawrence D. Bell, president of Bell Aircraft, had only one question on the first of October, 1942: "Will it fly?"



COLLIER'S

"When will Daddy quit working at night so he can tell me bedtime stories in person?"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Stanley, its first pilot, said it flew like a glider. It had none of the thunder and vibration of engine and propeller that blasts at instruments and plane and nerves in conventional fighters. There was only a deep, muffled roar from the jets, audible to Stanley, inaudible to the group on the ground until the plane passed overhead. Thus, the Squirt (which might well prove to be the best interceptor of the war) should be capable also of strafing and bombing an enemy who couldn't hear it until it was gone.

Let's reduce a jet engine to its simplest components. That's all the Army will let us do, anyway. Think of a large cylinder, tapered at one end to form a nozzle. At the larger end of the cylinder, we install an air compressor. Back toward the nozzle, we place a turbine. Compressor and turbine are fixed on the same shaft. We turn the shaft. The compressor draws in air, compresses it to several times its sea-level pressure and injects it into combustion chambers, between compressor and turbine, where it is mixed with fuel and ignited.

The result of combustion is a blast of hot, expanding gas. Part of this force turns the turbine, which keeps the compressor running. Part of it roars out through the nozzle to provide forward thrust.

Think of the jet engine as a machine which draws in blocks of air at atmospheric weights, compresses them into much smaller blocks, converts them, by combustion, into blocks of gas very much larger than the original. The gas blocks, by the force of their expansion, are expelled in a steady stream at high velocity.

If a man should walk into our jet, he would be pitched violently to the ground. If he were to hold a brick in the stream of gas, it would be torn from his hand and hurled fifty feet, or more. Our jet also would be very hot.

At this point, you are apt to have the idea that the jet engine is a kind of self-running mechanism that keeps going faster and faster until it runs out of fuel. Not quite. It has to be started very much as an automobile engine is started, and the fuel has to be ignited. Its speed is regulated by the rate fuel is fed to it for combustion by means of a throttle. No reciprocating engine, driven by a series of explosions in its cylinders, can duplicate the jet's smooth flow of power.

Unlike reciprocating engines, the jet requires no warm-up. You don't have to wait until your power plant is hot enough to hit on all cylinders. You can take off with a jet a few seconds after it is started.

Perhaps you are wondering why propulsion principles, which have been kicking around for twenty centuries, weren't adapted to the airplane long ago. Well, the truth of the matter is that successful operation of the jet airplane became possible only after a whole succession of subsidiary discoveries. They comprise the big secret of this war. You and I could go to jail for as much as knowing about it.

Aviation's Greatest Chapter

Group Captain Frank Whittle of the Royal Air Force, started work on the Squirt's engine in 1933. In May, 1941, the first successful jet plane flight was made by the British. In September of the same year, an engine from that ship was sent to the General Electric Company. In less than six months, G.E. engineers and craftsmen had improved versions of the British original ready for flight tests. The first Squirt flew exactly one year after Bell was given the assignment to make it. He pronounced the jet "the first big advance in aviation since the beginning."

"Up to the time the first jet plane got into the air in California, the airplane was essentially the same as the Wright brothers' ship, except for refinements," he said. "Up to then, we had just been making improved applications of flight principles first put to work at Kittyhawk in 1903.

"Think of the years we have worked over the Wrights' airplane. Then think of the months, by comparison, we had to work with Captain Whittle's engine. Imagine what can be done in a few more years."

Perhaps it was the realization that potentialities of the jet lie almost entirely in the future that caused one top government official to say, as he watched the Squirt do its stuff near Washington recently, "I don't believe it."

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

gloomy mortuaries. Mr. Dunne says that he is plumb tired of seeing neon signs, God Bless America, over the doors of morticians. Mounted on his electric scooter, Mr. Dunne is now racing up and down the Southwest, selling morticians the idea of substituting Try Our Lay Away Plan.

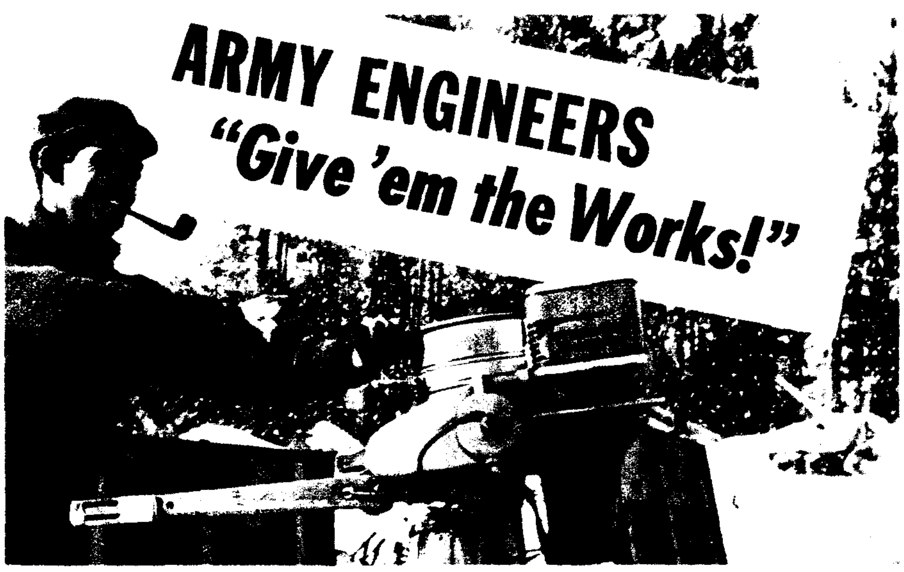
AND Miss Doris Doland of New York City reports that she overheard two young ladies knocking off a little economics. Said one, "What's bankruptcy?" The other said, "It's something corporations do when they run out of money." Said the first, "Don't it cost them a lot of money?" And the second, "Sure, but they ain't allowed to do it until they've spent it." And the first girl said, "Oh."

SO WE had a nice talk with Mr. John F. Ferguson of Los Angeles, California. In his position as ticket seller for one of America's great railroads, Mr. Ferguson has come to know a stuffed shirt when he sees one, and particularly when he hears one. Mr. Ferguson's railroad is hard put to carry all the citizens who apply for transportation. In fact, it doesn't quite do it. One of the rules is that no one person may occupy a whole bedroom on crack trains and occupy it alone. Got to have a roommate. One of the government's more unpleasant officials had somehow reserved one of these bedrooms. Mr. Ferguson appealed to him to share the double-berth room with a gentleman whose business required that he get to San Francisco immediately. "No," said the great man from Washington. "The government has reserved this bedroom for me, and I cannot share it with anyone, particularly a businessman." And that was that, bureaucrats being that.

FOUR or five lesser bureaucrats were comforting themselves with a few quick ones in a Washington bar. After settling the war and its aftermath, one of them predicted that it would all wind up in a revolution in this country. This silenced the others for a moment. Then one of them said, "Gosh, it's going to be funny without F.D.R., Sammy the Rose, Harry the Hop, Harold Ickes, Madame Perkins, and the rest of them to run things." But the first scoffed. "Hell!" said he. "I said revolution, not miracle."

AND that's about all we have room for, except that from an unidentified paper, Mrs. L. Nora Feeter of Chattanooga, Tennessee, sends us an ad: "Mr. B. M. Ruhabart wishes his wife to know that he has moved from their residence to 433-A Front Street." . . .

W. D.



"What would the Ar-my do with-out the En-gi-neers?" pops the $64 question in "Song of the Engineers". A hard one to answer! Wherever the Army advances, in tropic jungle or arctic outpost, the Engineers are out in front preparing the way . . . building air fields . . . throwing bridges across broad rivers . . . constructing highways over formidable mountains . . . resourcefully transforming "impossible" assignments into routine tasks.

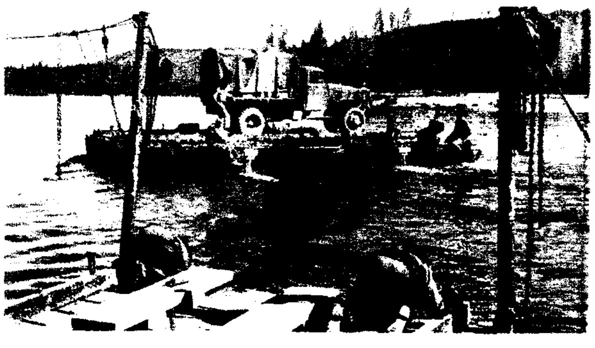
Speed is a vital factor with the Engineers, and outboard motors have proved highly useful in ferrying and bridging operations. The Evinrude above, fresh from its packing case, will soon know what it is to "get the works" from the hard-working Engineers.

①

Mounted on the stern of a standard Engineers' ponton, (the Army term is *ponton*, not "pontoon"), this Evinrude makes fast work of transporting bridge material. It takes *stamina* as well as power to deliver the goods in this kind of service.

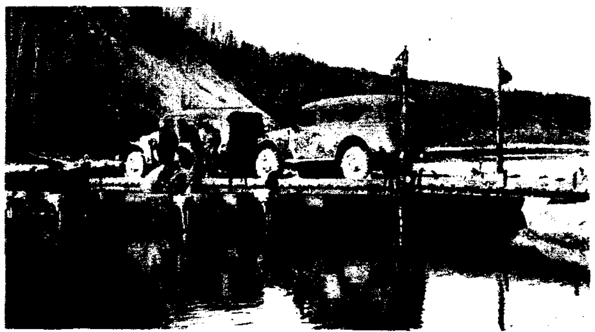
②

Ferries built quickly — here's how the Engineers do it! Several pontons are decked together with standard bridge material and, with motors mounted, the ferry is ready! Here 3 Evinrudes do a "triple screw" job pushing a truck up stream.



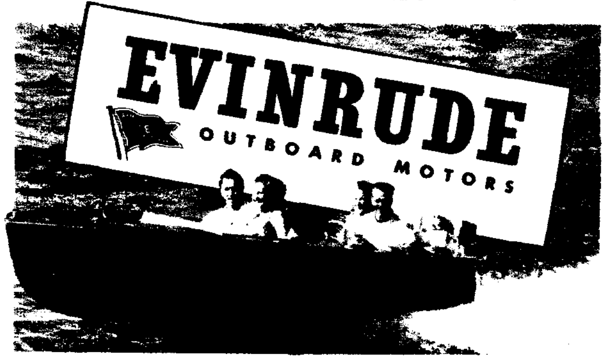
③

Ready to go with another load. Such service is not as spectacular as that performed by the great Evinrudes that drive the Engineers' speedy Storm Boats, but it's as important—and it may have to be performed under battle conditions!



④

After Victory there will be thrilling new Evinrudes for all to enjoy! Today it is *our* job to deliver to our fighting forces the finest motors that all our skill and long experience can build! EVINRUDE MOTORS, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

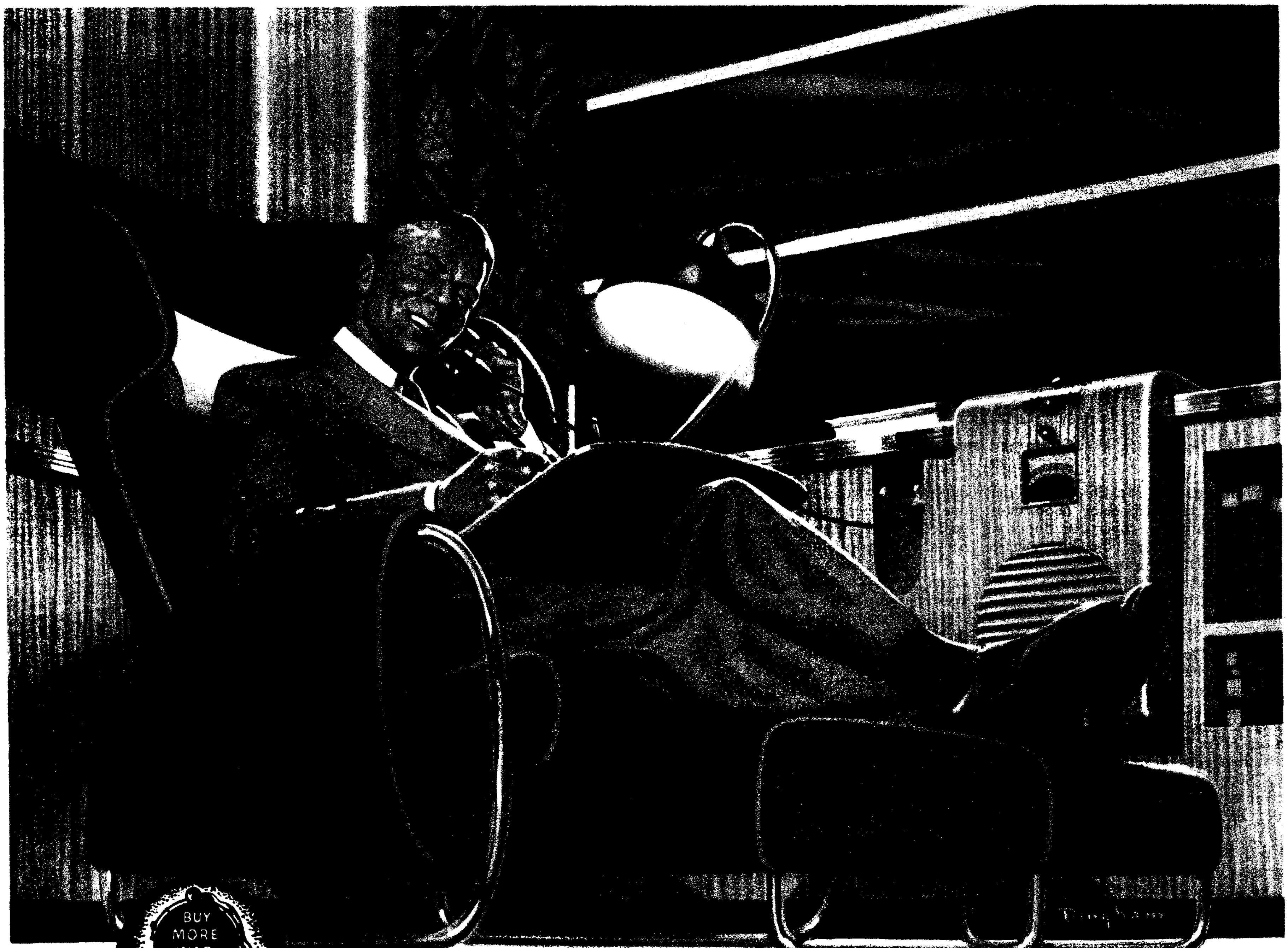


EVERY DOLLAR YOU INVEST HELPS SPEED VICTORY . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS

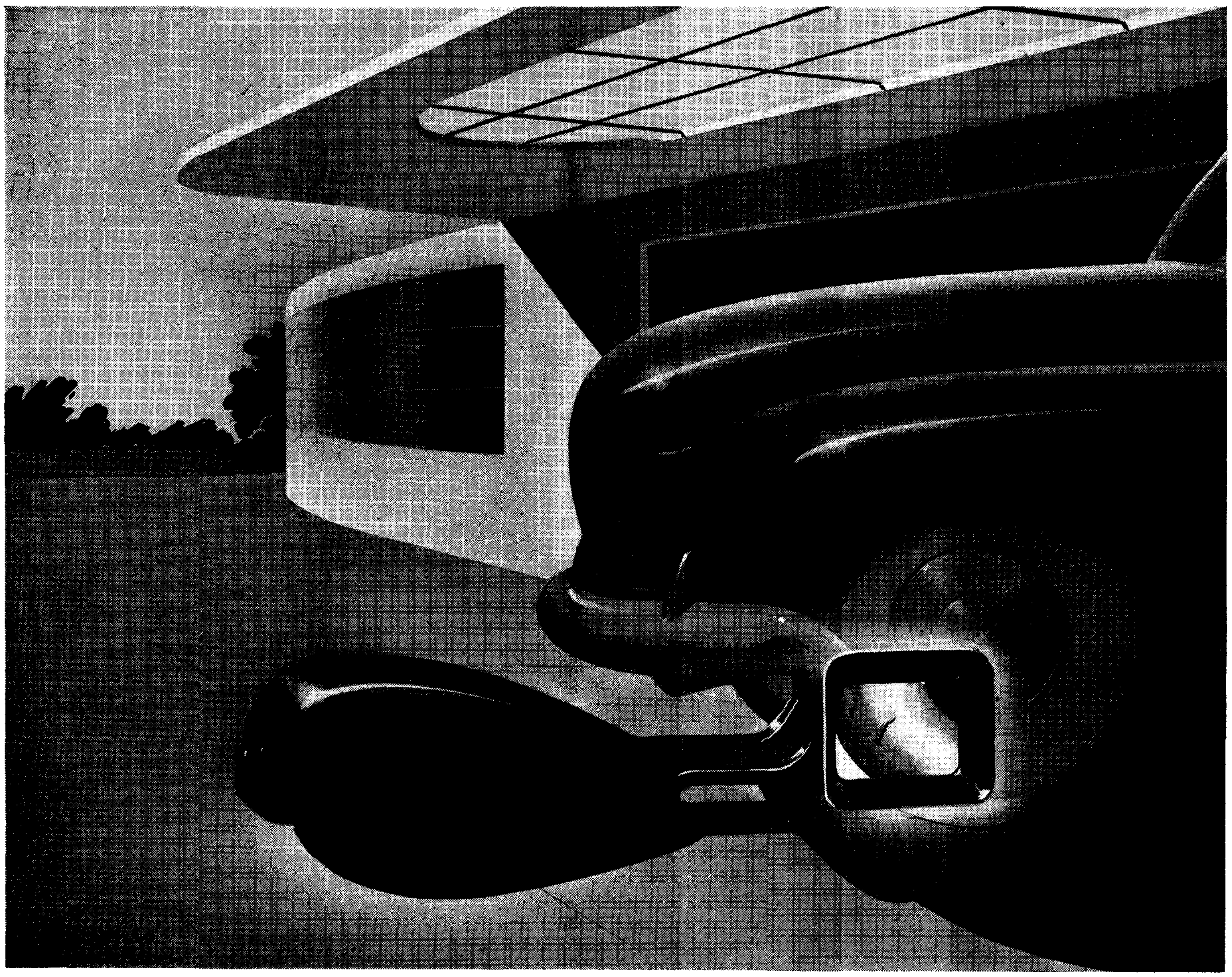
ALL THE *Comforts* OF ROAM!

The day is coming when a train trip will again be something to look forward to eagerly—something to be enjoyed at ease, in spacious comfort—and all at moderate price. • That of course will be after the war is won. • It will be when the armed forces no longer need nearly half of all our passenger equipment to move fighting men. • It will be when many coaches and Pullmans now busy in war service can be honorably retired to make way for new cars with comfort, convenience and thoughtful appointments beyond anything the past has known. • That will take money—vast sums of money. • It will take time. • But we believe that it is worth while today to tell you what we plan for tomorrow—to help you realize that the wartime service we are able to give today is by no means a sample of what's in store for the future.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



BUY MORE WAR BONDS



KENNETH W. THOMPSON

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

X-Ray for Tires

The elusive nail that works its way into your tire and remains there to rip open the inner tube at some inconvenient future time will be ferreted out in the postwar service station by a simple machine any attendant can operate. Without even removing the tire from the car a compact X-ray machine will throw a beam of invisible rays through the rubber, to show up the smallest metallic object on a fluorescent screen. If nails are found, the attendant will chalk the spot with an X and so save much time for the repairman.

The problem of the lost glove will not bother future mothers. The Army Quartermaster Corps has invented a method of knitting wool gloves with the thumb in line with the fingers. Tomorrow you will buy your children spares to keep on tap for emergencies. There will be no rights or lefts.

Gas-Engine Prodigy

The ingenuity and persistence of Harry Sparkes, racing-car enthusiast and well-known engineer, has licked one of the toughest gas-engine problems ever encountered, namely: what to do with excess heat. His newly discovered principle of copper-jacket air cooling promises spectacular power from standard engines with more than double today's operating life.

Sparkes, putting in night after night in his home laboratory, found that engine troubles are mostly due to the fact that the heat of the burning fuel cannot be evenly dissipated through the steel cylinder walls. Cracked and scored cylinders and pistons, stuck rings, warped valves, short life generally—all resulted from "hot spots" developed as the heat piled up in zones that were inadequately cooled. These zones, expanding and contracting at different rates from the surrounding metal, cause the engine to "grow" and become permanently distorted. In airplane engines, the heads often burst from the strain.

Sparkes decided that a "blanket" of copper around each cylinder would balance the heat flow and eliminate the zones. Working for eight years, he finally learned how to shape such a blanket and weld it to the steel cylinders so as to obtain the heat transfer he needed. His first experimental engine proved the principle sound.

Today a small Sparkes engine is being rushed into production to do a highly important secret job in the coming invasion of Europe. If it performs as expected, it will be the first small gas engine ever to operate reliably on high-octane fuel without quitting in a few hours.

A few postwar Sparkes promises are: A vertical "pancake" automobile engine, streamlined into the front cowling, operating at high temperature and great efficiency, yet cooled by air. It will run for some 50,000 miles without major overhaul.

An outboard outfit consisting of a small engine-driven electric generator weighing only 30 pounds. Installed at any convenient spot in a boat, it will drive the propeller by means of an electric motor. Campers can take the engine unit ashore with them to supply electricity for lighting and cooking.

There will be important applications of the Sparkes cooling method to the brake shoes of trucks, busses, airplanes and high-speed trains. Brakes of steel are a major cause of trouble in these services today.

Long-Distance Television Ahead

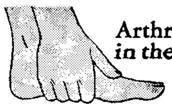
Today's severe limitations of television will be forgotten as soon as special relay stations, now under development, dot the country. Long-distance transmission is impossible now because these very short radio waves shoot off into space in straight lines at the horizon and are lost. The relay stations will pick up the programs just as they leave the earth and rebroadcast them to points farther on.

These entirely automatic "lighthouse stations" will be erected twenty to fifty miles apart, arranged in a pattern that will leave no section of the country without television service. Thus, a few parent stations, where the programs originate, will blanket the continent. New electronic control devices will allow the relaying to be repeated without loss in quality.

Relayed television will have a most important use in future world communication. By erecting narrow-beam stations in a line so as to pass signals along only in one direction, visual pipe lines can be established across wildernesses, through chains of islands, even across the polar regions themselves. These same circuits can also be arranged for multiple transmission, so that telephone, telegraph and news picture services can be operated on the same channel.

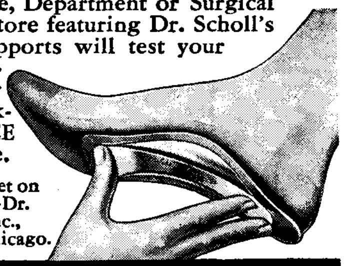
A mysterious chemical substance produced in sewage disposal plants promises to be a powerful killer of bacteria. Sewage is already an important source of methane gas for running engines, grease, industrial acids and fertilizers. The latest discovery may provide large quantities of disinfectant at next to no expense. ★★★

FEET HURT?
IT MAY BE WEAK ARCHES!



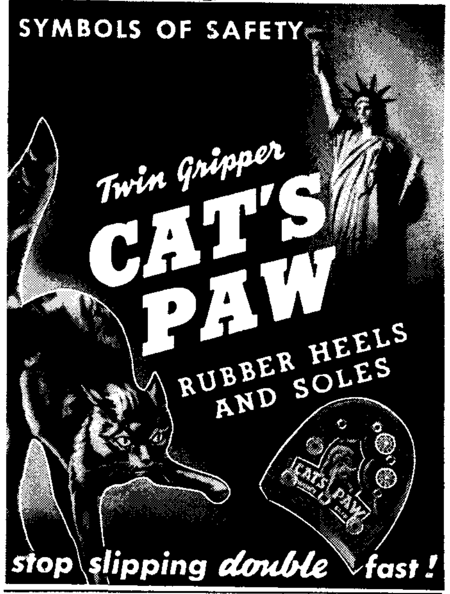
Arthritic or rheumatic-like pain in the feet or legs; tired, aching feet; callouses; sore heels or excessive fatigue after standing or walking, often are traceable to weak or fallen arches. If you have any of these symptoms due to foot arch weakness, Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and exercise will give you quick relief. They are thin, light, flexible and adjustable as the condition improves. Are *molded* to the contour of your foot. Worn in any properly fitted shoe: Any Shoe, Department or Surgical Supply Store featuring Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports will test your stockinged feet for archweakness FREE of charge.

Free booklet on Foot care—Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. AS, Chicago.



Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS
One of Dr. Scholl's 40 Aids for the Feet

OTIS
MODERN UNDERWEAR
Otis quality means longer wear—more important when underwear is so scarce.
Trade Mark
OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth St., New York 13, N.Y.
ALSO
OTIS HOSIERY



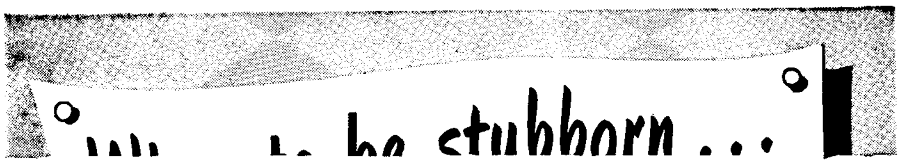
HEALTH QUIZ

	YES	NO
Do you have headaches?	☐	☐
Do you lack pep or vim?	☐	☐
Do you get irritable easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel depressed—nervous?	☐	☐

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

Room with Bath $2.00 up
HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

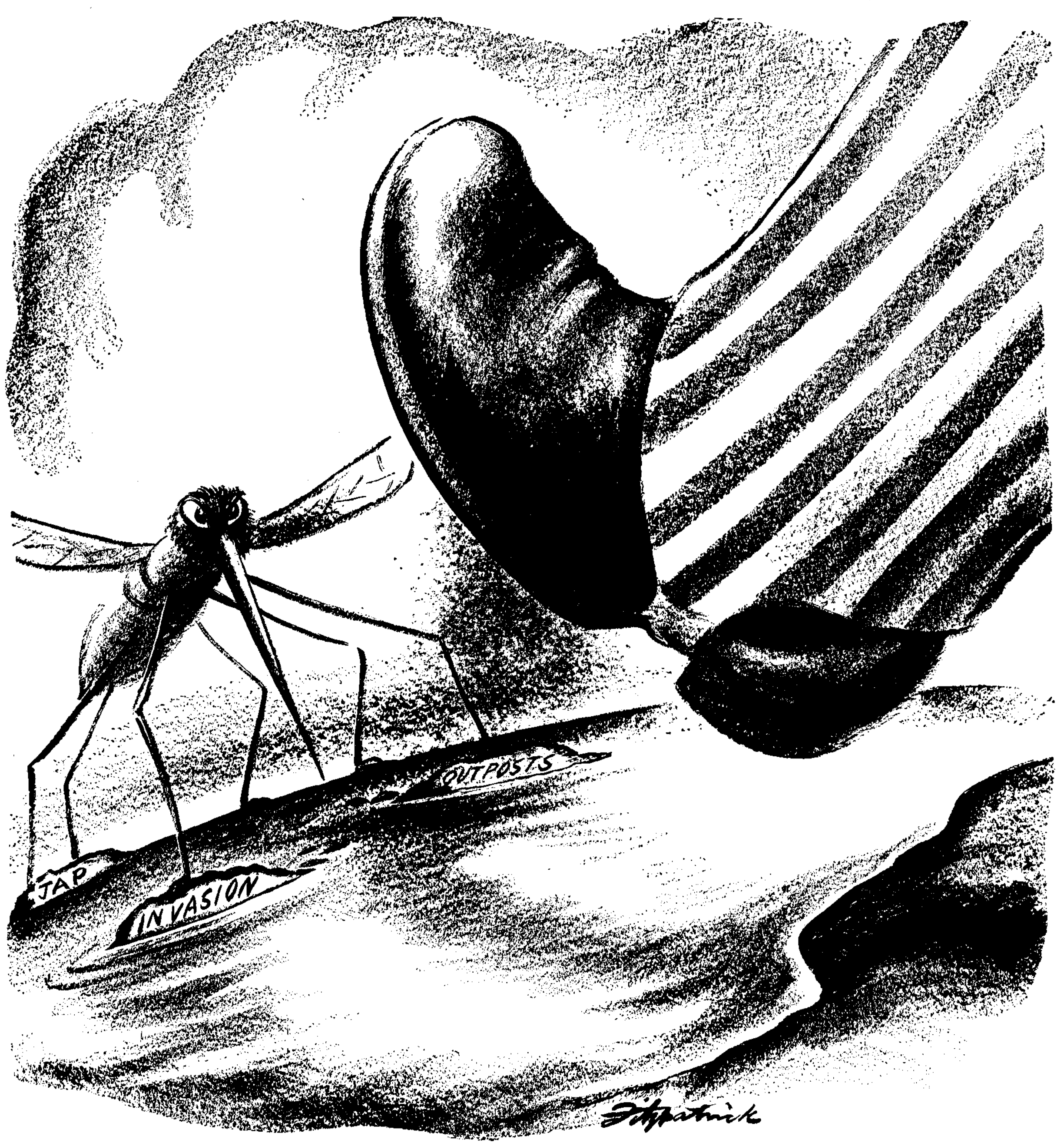


Man's Best Friend

Continued from page 71

to the alcoholics as well as to the others, Unlike the liver, the little gall bladder

COLLIER'S WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor HENRY LA COSSITT Managing Editor



WHAT WE NEED IN THE PACIFIC

IT IS understood that Undersecretary of State E. R. Stettinius' London conversations with British leaders have had to do with, among other things, the subject of ownership and management of the islands of the Pacific after the Allies have won the war.

Here are our opinions in the case—opinions worked up, we believe, from the point of view of the best interests of all parties concerned except Japan.

As almost every event in the Pacific war since Pearl Harbor has shown us, we shall need after this war an integrated series of Pacific island and atoll air bases and naval stations such as the Japs now maintain thousands of miles out from their home islands. The idea is to have each base within easy fighter-plane range of another, so that they will be mutually protective; and to have this network's outer rim thousands of miles west of our West Coast.

Therefore we think that the United States after this war should have complete, exclusive ownership and control of the Marshall and Caroline groups—Kwajalein, Jaluit, Ponape, Eniwetok, Truk and all the rest—and that we should keep an appropriate number of these places consistently garrisoned with strong sea, air and ground forces.

We loud-pedal exclusive U. S. ownership and control because some vague talk is vibrating around and related topics. For another, there is the well-known fact that too many cooks spoil the broth—especially when they operate in a small kitchen. Imagine, for illustration, a trio of American, British and Chinese high commissioners trying to function together on a little atoll twelve miles long, with fighting forces of the three powers crowding the same little place. It seems to us that such a setup would be several times as dangerous as the simple Army-Navy dislike which contributed so much to the disastrous lack of alertness at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941.

The United States ought to have, too, all of the Samoan group, on the southern route to Australia. For both sentimental and practical reasons, we could use a few of the Solomons. After all, it was mainly American men and material plus the brains of MacArthur and Halsey that blasted the Japs' grip off the Solomons.

Formosa, the big island off China, should go back to China. But if we are to guarantee the Philippines' independence, we should have the little Pescadores Islands between Formosa and the mainland.

In the Philippines themselves, as an aid to keeping them free, we should hold permanent outright legal title to at least two strong naval and air base sites. We should make and keep these points as

necessary for us to see that the Japs shall not use the Bonins as jumping-off points for some later war against us. So how about a U. S. mandate over the Bonins after this war, such mandate to last until Japan proves she intends to keep the peace? We might then safely restore these islands to Japan.

There is another aspect to all this besides the defense aspect. The central Pacific islands lie along the best weather route for peacetime airplanes plying between America and the Orient. With enough of these islands in our hands, our planes can make short hops from island to island across the Pacific—meaning they can carry light fuel loads and big pay loads.

In all this thinking and planning, we believe the main thing for us to keep in mind is the tenacity of the Japs. Their leaders openly philosophize that Japan may lose this war, but that Japan will keep on starting more wars until it rules the world.

That is precisely what the Jap warrior caste intends. We shall be fools if we do not do everything in our power to make Japan after this war powerless to fight any kind of war except a civil war.

A Tip from Lord Chesterfield

Make courtesy your chief concern. Regardless of what other talents you may have, you will not achieve success in life without it.—*Lord Chesterfield: Letters to his godson.*

IN WHICH connection we're interested to hear that the nation's airlines are applying Chesterfield's advice to the handling of what must be one of the most irritating and thankless wartime jobs of them all. The job is that of "bumping off" nonpriority plane passengers—of breaking the news that somebody who has bought his ticket is not going to fly when he thought he was, because some fighting man or official has to have the space as a matter of war necessity.

It appears that the airlines' ticket employees take care to be as charming as they know how to be in the performance of this major operation. Writes one bumped-off customer to a New York newspaper:

> The girl who gave me my bad news must be doing the same thing all day long, and I am sure she cannot care whether the Joe Zilches get to Cleveland or not. But she made me believe that she was sincerely regretful and sympathetic at my bad luck. . . . It's baloney, and I know it; but it's nice baloney. I like it.

Which is about as succinct an essay as could be written on the value of courtesy to business concerns as well as to individuals.

Wisdom from Rick

RECENTLY, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker ripped out a suggestion that looks constructive to us. As is well known, far too many youngsters have been quitting school to take highly paid jobs in war plants, in violation of the spirit if not the letter of child labor laws. Why not, says Rick, draft any of such male youngsters as have reached the age of seventeen and are fit for armed service?

These boys are presumably enterprising and aggressive customers; few of whom will profit themselves or society by being forced to stay in school against their wills. Kids of seventeen, eighteen, nineteen and twenty notoriously make the most durable, courageous and adaptable fighting men. In this time of national need for the best available manpower in the Armed Forces, these 17-year-old refugees from

"Must we join the ladies, Charlie?"

DRY Paul Jones... a gentleman's whiskey since 1865

DRYNESS (lack of sweetness) is a priceless quality in whiskey. In *Dry* Paul Jones whiskey, this quality brings out all of the fine bouquet, the rich flavor and body that make *Dry* Paul Jones a truly great American Whiskey.

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

FOR MY GUESTS
IT'S
CHESTERFIELD

Watch the change to Chesterfield

You'll like them...your friends will too...for their real mildness and better taste. The right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos makes the difference. You can't buy a better cigarette.

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